



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

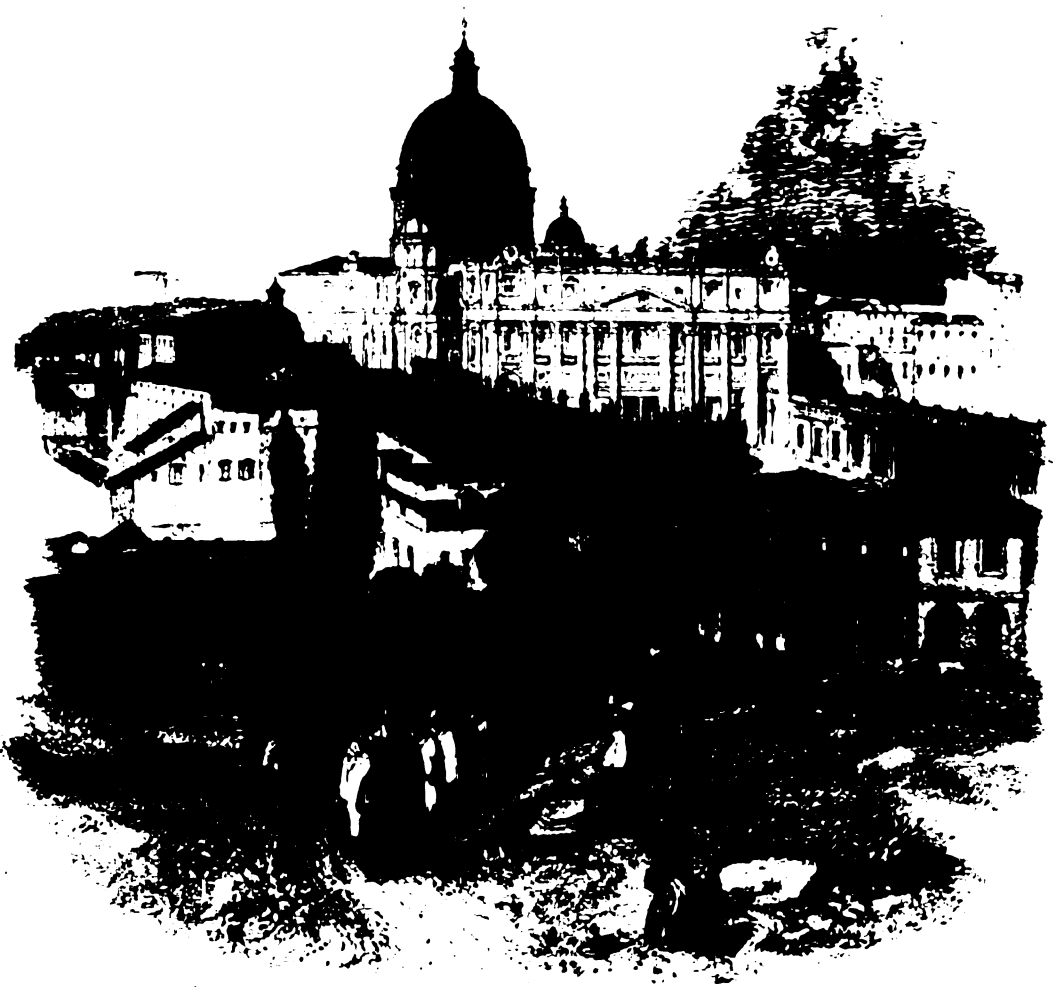
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



*The Lands of the Messiah,
Mahomet, and the Pope*

John Aiton

22-30r
S 346

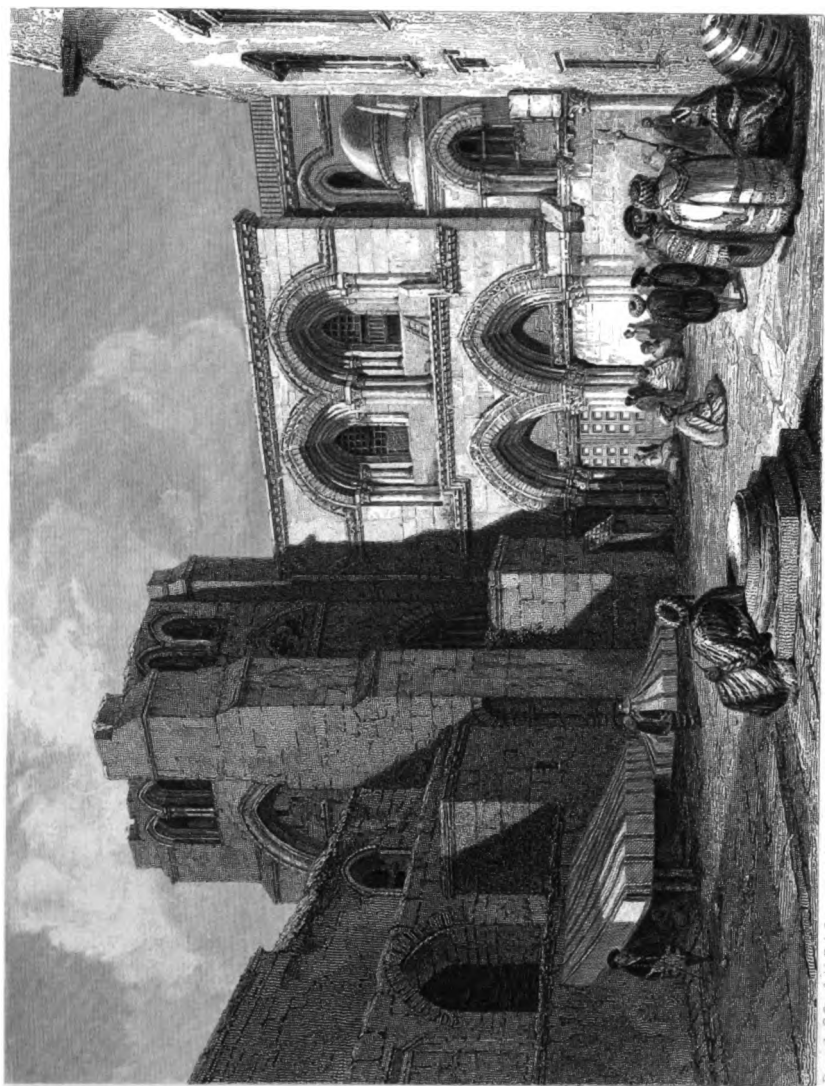
יהוה



140

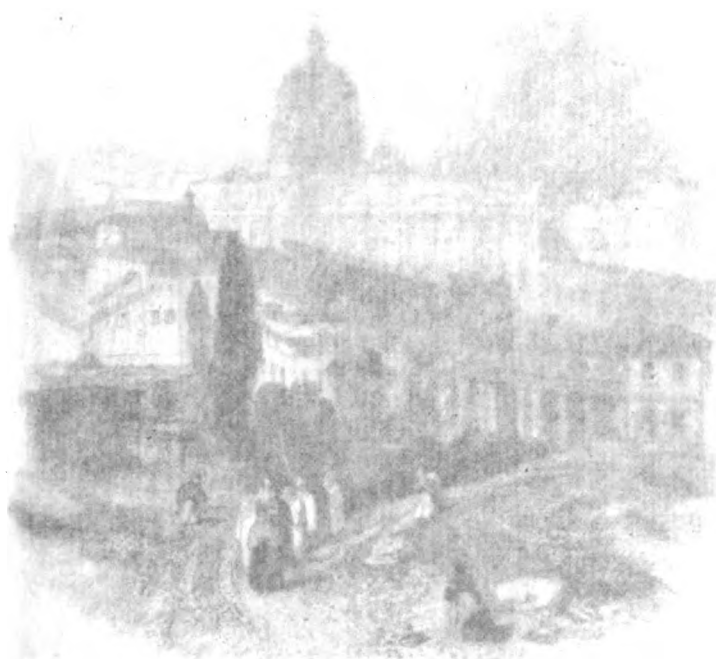
100

THE LANDS
OF THE
MESSIAH, MAHOMET,
AND
THE POPE.



Engraving by G. H. Fisher

THE LANDS



A. Callahan & Co.

THE LANDS

OF THE

Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope,

AS VISITED IN 1851.



Edinburgh.

Edinburgh.

H. Collier, & Co.

THE LANDS
OF THE
MESSIAH, MAHOMET,
AND
THE POPE;

AS VISITED IN 1851.

BY JOHN AITON. D.D.,

MINISTER OF DOLPHINTON.

SECOND EDITION.

A. FULLARTON AND CO.:
LONDON, DUBLIN, AND EDINBURGH.

1852.

EDINBURGH:
FULLARTON AND MACNAE, PRINTERS, LEITH WALK.

THESE TRAVELS
ARE DEDICATED WITH GRATITUDE AND RESPECT
TO
THE NEIGHBOURING CLERGYMEN
WHO SO KINDLY PERFORMED ALL MY PAROCHIAL DUTIES
DURING MY VISIT TO THE LAND OF THE MORNING,
AND TO
ANOTHER ESTEEMED CLERICAL FRIEND,
THE ONLY SURVIVING SON OF MY FIRST PATRON,
WHOSE ASSISTANT I WAS TILL HIS DEATH.

MANSE OF DOLPHINTON,
18th May, 1852.

INTRODUCTION.

FORTY years since, a trip to Greece was esteemed not only to be difficult, but dangerous. Young men of fortune seldom ventured so far as Malta. The activity of Sterne has long been admired for undertaking a sentimental journey in France, and it required courage in the artist to enter Italy. These countries are now swarming with English tourists, and every year cartloads of travels are published till they have become stale and unprofitable as fetid fish. Morning-ward of Europe matters are still somewhat as they were in France and Italy at the end of the last century. The distance is great, the intercourse limited, and the discomforts are formidable from the warmth of the climate, and even from the dangers of disease and robbery. Above all, the delay occasioned by the voyager being so often put into quarantine, and otherwise detained waiting for steamers, is rather vexatious. But notwithstanding these serious drawbacks, a few sturdy tourists are constantly traversing all the corners of Turkey, and more especially Egypt and Palestine; and several works of very considerable merit have lately appeared as to these countries.

The Author, in the spring of last year, was permitted by Divine Providence to accomplish what from his earliest recollections had been the desire of his heart—a journey into the Bible-Lands of the East, into the once stirring localities of Western Asia, and

homeward through the classic countries of Greece, Sicily, and Italy. And having accomplished such a jaunt of about ten thousand miles in extent, he feels naturally desirous to record the memorials of a summer marked by such change of scenes and varieties of feeling, that he may share them with those who, from experience in this way, sympathize with them,—that he may recall them for his own satisfaction,—and that he may interest the reading public with some information, and several pious reflections.

But the bilious critic says, really there is no use for another volume of travels in the East, when so very many have already fallen dead-born from the press. It is only to pour the liquid out of one bottle into another, to give it a stronger colouring a little different, then to shake it well, and set it up in the window before a newer light to attract the attention of novices. Besides, we are told even in parliament, that not one book of a season pays the publisher, and that three hundred copies are not sold in one work of a thousand which are advertised; and I have heard of a worthy clergyman, who wrote a bulky commentary on the Revelations, being compelled to sell a house for every thick folio volume he produced. Candid reader, and kind purchaser! my sagacity or consummate vanity brings me to a different conclusion. I think that I have travelled further to the East, and traversed more interesting countries in one trip, than many single tourists have hitherto done. Different men view even the same country with different eyes, and several cross lights are required to bring out the real state of matters. The countries referred to in the following pages are at present in a state of rapid transition, which should be accurately noticed in detail, as often as travellers have the opportunity. In Africa, on the banks of the Nile, in the Holy Land, down the Jordan, and along the shores of the Dead Sea, in Asia Minor, throughout European Turkey, and especially in Italy, the prophecies are in the act of being speedily fulfilled to a greater or

less amount in the different localities, and important events are turning on the wheel of fortune, which may, ere long, astonish the civilized world. Every movement therefore should be marked, the progress towards civilization and Christianity should be detailed from time to time; and the working of the five great rival European powers, which are all quietly gaping for a slice of Turkey, when it is cut up, should be detected; and the manners and inclinations of a population so enormous should be shadowed forth in every variety of light. In a word, no traveller who has the capacity of a hen, should traverse these distant regions without contributing some mites of information and devotion to the public treasury of amusement and piety. The work may be abused in the periodicals and pamphlets of the day, or worse still, it may attract no notice whatever. But at any rate,

“Tis pleasant sure, to see one’s self in print;
A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t.”

If no other human being ever peruses this work, the Author hereby pledges himself, whether or no, to take it up at a time, and thus to travel in his own easy chair all the parts mentioned over and over again, certainly with as much pleasure, and probably with less risk and expense than before. And whether the transaction may pay or not, I am not the man in such an affair to sell a house at this time, in respect that I possess no such heritable property in my own right. But this I know, that the enterprising publishers have bought the manuscript at a handsome sum, and all is stereotyped with the confident expectation of selling ten thousand copies of the work.

It is hardly worth while to add, that readers who have never roughed it through thick and thin, either in Africa or Asia, may, in the simplicity of their hearts, startle at some of the oddities mentioned here and there,—and perfumed dandies, glittering in their

fine shirt new from Peter Scott's repositories, may turn up their nose at the frequent allusions to vermin in Egypt, or to the incident of travellers washing their own linens, and keeping their carcase under the water till their shirts were dried in the hot sun; but still facts as dignified and important too are told by every traveller exactly as they occur.

CONTENTS.

	Page
I.	
ROUND THE PENINSULA AND UP THE MEDITERRANEAN,	1
II.	
EGYPT—ALEXANDRIA AND GRAND CAIRO,	40
III.	
THE PYRAMIDS,	60
IV.	
THE DESERT,	75
V.	
THE RED SEA, AND THE PASSAGE OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL ACROSS IT,	108
VI.	
THE NILE BOAT,	184
VII.	
THE HOLY LAND—JAFFA, AND THE JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM,	151
VIII.	
JERUSALEM,	176
IX.	
GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT, THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, AND BETHANY,	202
X.	
BETHLEHEM,	222

	Page
XI.	
JERICHO, JORDAN, AND THE DEAD SEA,	233
XII.	
JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM BACK TO THE COAST BY GIBEON, EMMAUS, BETH-HORON, AND LYDDA,	263
XIII.	
GALILEE—CÆSAREA, MOUNT CARMEL, NAZARETH, ACRE, TYRE, SIDON, BEYROUT, AND MOUNT LEBANON,	280
XIV.	
PRESENT STATE OF THE JEWS IN THEIR FATHERLAND,	299
XV.	
PHENICIA, CILICIA, PISIDIA, LYCIA, CARIA, LYDIA, THE ISLANDS IN THE PAMPHYLIAN AND ÆGEAN SEAS, AND IN THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO,	341
XVI.	
THE SEVEN CHURCHES IN ASIA,	382
XVII.	
TROY, THE HELLESPOINT, CONSTANTINOPLE, THE SEA OF MARMORA, THE BOSPORUS AND THE BLACK SEA,	413
XVIII.	
GREECE,	443
XIX.	
THE LAND OF THE POPE,	470
XX.	
ROME, ISLAND OF ELBA, LEGHORN, PISA, FLORENCE, CORSICA AND FRANCE,	507

7.

THE
LANDS OF THE MESSIAH,
MAHOMET, AND THE POPE.

CHAPTER I.

ROUND THE PENINSULA AND UP THE MEDITERRANEAN.

HAD Julius Cæsar been permitted in 1851 to revisit this world, that we might show him how much Britain had advanced since he first invaded our shores, it would have been desirable that he had popped up his head through the pavement at the Wellington Statue, before the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England. Had he been guided by our own warrior, his equal in arms and in everything else, to some of the London lions;—had he been shown the Crystal Palace, and been conducted along the more crowded thoroughfares to the terminus of the South-Eastern Counties Railway, and seen the Electric Telegraph sending despatches to Paris in a minute;—had he jumped into an express train, and gone to Southampton very smoothly at the rate of sixty miles an hour;—had he been taken on board of a man-of-war carrying a hundred and twenty guns all sixty-eight pounders;—had he been told that it required nine miles of canvass to make one set of sails, and an oak forest of five

A

hundred acres in extent to furnish her timbers ;—had he next visited one of the Ocean Steamers belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company; verily, the old Roman hero would in this way have seen more wonders in one day than he ever beheld in his life. These steamers—the “Himalaya,” for instance, now building—measure upwards of three thousand tons, and are propelled by engines of twelve hundred horses’ power. They realise a rate of speed equal to that of eighteen miles in the hour; and in spite of both wind and tide, going upwards of four hundred and thirty miles daily, they reach Alexandria in a week. In one of these steamers, Cæsar would have found himself not merely in a floating hotel, but in something like an English royal borough with its carpenters, smiths, bakers, butchers with their live stock, grocers with three thousand pounds of tea in their boxes, wine merchants with three thousand bottles of rich and rare wines and six thousand bottles of inferior liquids, spirit dealers with puncheons of rum and brandy, confectioners, and poulterers with their stock of game and fowls almost innumerable,—and all this for one outward and homeward voyage, notwithstanding that fresh provisions for the crew and passengers are taken on board at every foreign port which the steamer reaches. Cæsar’s ghost would have been above all things astonished at seeing the engine department, so powerful, majestic, and shining like silver. Although it combines and condenses within the space of a breakfast parlour the energies of twelve hundred horses, yet a boy with one hand can stop the vast movement in a moment, and a bucketful of coals and of water carries away the whole three thousand tons over the stormiest ocean like a thing of nothing.

The Ripon steamer skimmed down the Channel with us like a sea-gull. The day was bright, and the passengers were glittering in fine linen as yet nothing soiled by the weather. For a time family circles clubbed by themselves, and every body looked inquiringly at his neighbour, as if to take cautious observation of the longitude and latitude of his rank and respectability. Gossip soon began its tittle-tattle. This young lady, beautiful and handsome, was certainly taking the overland route to India on a matrimonial speculation; and that lady and her intelligent companion, going to Hong Kong were married last week. He with the brown wig and white whiskers is a popish priest, on his way to Jerusalem, desirous to bury his bones in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. But soon the company began to mingle on deck, and to drink wine with one another at dinner, and to be merry friends all till the last sight of England, and sea-sickness, and the sleepless Bay of Biscay, made the landsmen rather humdrum for a day or two.

When more than two days out of the sight of land, and unmercifully tossed on the long rolling swell of the Atlantic, another sight of the shore becomes an interesting novelty to a passenger sea-sick and sick of the sea. But the land is more welcome to an Englishman, should it be a corner of Europe hallowed by events memorable both by field and flood, with battles interesting from our boyish recollections. My son had spent two miserable days in bed, but on the morning of the 23d of April, he came down from the deck to tell me that the coast of Spain and Corunna were within sight. I ran up the cabin stairs, when lo! over the port-bow the high hills and sunny plains of the Peninsula were looming not far distant, and Cape Finisterre was seen lowering far ahead,

mingling its dark outline with the blue wave below and the blue sky above. The battle-field about three miles above the harbour of Corunna was pointed out. The general face of this part of the country seemed to be composed of rock, with a scanty soil, and some small scattered clusters of pines like fox covers crowned the summit of the ridge. The British lines were said to have been posted on the secondary range, and a height half-a-mile above it was occupied by the French. My heart sank within me when I noticed that Soult's position commanded a point blank range of Sir John Moore's. The hamlet of Elvina was pointed out, the severest part of the battle-field, near which a battery was planted, which proved to be most destructive to our war-worn troops. I turned from the heart-rending scene with a tear in my eye, and chose rather to look at a solitary sea-fowl floating on the wave, and then flapping its wings through the shrouds. It gave me some satisfaction in my melancholy mood to observe crowds of majestic ships sweeping the horizon in every direction, and with the help of the captain's spyglass to read on their flags flying at the main that these were merchantmen belonging to my own country, or that this was a frigate the crew of which was paid partly out of my own pocket. We soon came up to the bold headland of Cape Finisterre, off which Sir Robert Calder captured the remaining French ships, which under Admiral Linois had escaped from the battle of Trafalgar.

On doubling the Cape, the town and harbour of Vigo rose into view. It was from this spot that the Spanish Armada sailed to fill Great Britain with Popery. But a wind arose, and sank their fleets. It was to Vigo that the English transports were sent to bring home the troops under the

command of Sir John Moore. But when it became apparent that Sir John could not reach Vigo, despatches were sent to have the transports brought round to Corunna. The important duty of carrying these was intrusted to a single dragoon, who got drunk by the way and lost his letter. Hence when the retreating army, wearied, hungry, and heart-broken, came within sight of the sea, there were no transports to be seen, and nothing else for it but to fight a severe battle with a proud foe, merely to gain a few hours existence on shore, and then to proclaim the miserable affair as a great victory. Just at the time when the despatches reached Vigo, a snoring breeze rose in the right direction, which brought the transports to Corunna with singular rapidity. And thus it was that on these seas the Almighty has twice favoured our country by the blowing of his mighty breath. Had these transports arrived in time, everybody would have got safe on board before the French came up. As it unfortunately happened, the delay served to add lustre to the British arms, and to restore whatever discipline might have been wanting among our troops from the extreme hardships of so long a forced march. But even this was bought too dear at the expense of the immortal Moore.

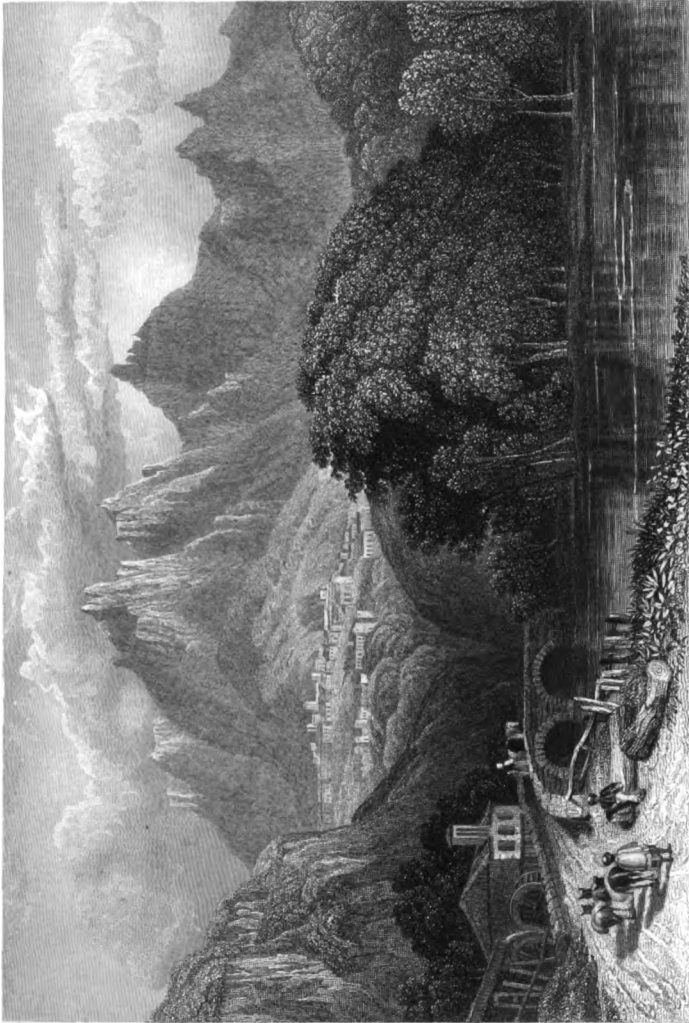
After a terrible night of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, daylight brought us to the skirts of Mondego Bay. Here the English troops landed on their second expedition to the Peninsula. Near this Vimeiro was pointed out, where Wellington fought his first battle, and above it along the ridge the famous lines of Torres Vedras were distinctly traced by the naked eye. And then Cintra, on the side of a sunny hill, presented every variety of the beautiful both in nature and in art. Rocks, cataracts, precipices, convents, and

palaces, were seen and admired all around. Well might Byron speak in raptures of Cintra, because the bold mountain scenery, the lemon and orange groves, the waving rows of cane and cork trees, the picturesque village itself, the old Moorish castle on the hill above crowned by the Penha Convent and the lofty domes of the Royal Palace, would make this a very pretty place even in Asia Minor. Besides, travellers going to the East are here for the first time charmed with the novelty of scenes which they afterwards see every day.

In doubling the Rock of Lisbon, we happened to dash into the midst of the squadron of English war ships cruising off the mouth of the Tagus. And the question naturally arose, What right have our ships to be there? And how would England act were the Portuguese to blockade the mouth of the Thames? But after all, this feeling is merely ideal. Our protection is useful to Portugal, and this locality is central and safe for English purposes. For from this position a fleet can sail rapidly into the Mediterranean, if need be, or across the Atlantic, or up the French Coast; and at any rate, the ships and crew are better afloat certainly than rotting in a harbour.

I was called up from bed at four o'clock in the morning to take a passing squint at Cape St. Vincent. It is a long romantic promontory, with some broken masses of rock at its base, and standing out into the ocean, having a lighthouse of course on its summit. This spot was held sacred by the Romans, and on it there was a Druidical circle in which, as Ford tells us, on the authority of Strabo, the Iberians believed the gods were wont to assemble at night. There is also a convent on its summit, which is called the Church of





Engraved by R. Kloman.

Drawn by C. F. Smith, A.R.A. from a sketch by Genl. Sir S. M. D'Almeida.

U N I V E R S I T Y

the Crows: the mount still bearing the name of these birds who watched, as tradition affirms, over the corpse of St. Vincent after his execution by Dacian at Valencia. But this locality is more memorable as having been the scene of our victories in 1797, when fifteen of our ships under Sir John Jarvis out-manœuvred and captured twenty-five belonging to Spain. It was on this occasion that a young commodore leaped in the heat of the action through the cabin window of the *San Nicholas*, one of the Spanish ships, and took it. But in an instant *San Joseph* discharged a broadside on the captors, when the youth boarded her also from the deck of the *San Nicholas*, and then he cheered on his crew, and captured both the vessels, which were first-rates. Commodore Nelson thus received the swords of the two conquered Spaniards, which he coolly handed to William Feary, one of his bargemen, who as coolly put them under his arm; and in a few minutes Nelson and old Feary were as active as ever somewhere else in the hurry of the battle, all as if nothing remarkable had happened.

Bearing up towards Cadiz, which we saw in the glowing sunset, with its superb cathedral and convents and its long ridge of white Spanish buildings, I passed at a distance the little fishing town of Palos, as memorable in its own way as most of places. From this port Columbus set sail over the unexplored solitude of the broad Atlantic, for the discovery of the Western world, and to this same insignificant place he returned after having found America.

But all the while Cape Trafalgar and its bay and battle were uppermost in my mind. As our course lay over the whole scene of action, soon after dinner everybody was on deck to witness the spot, where every man in the English

fleet did his duty, and where Nelson fell, at the very place which was stained by the blood of his Secretary, who had fallen early in the action. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," he exclaimed. "I hope not," replied his Captain. "Yes," said Nelson, "my back is shot through." An hour and a half after, but not till the opposing ship had struck her colours, Hardy ran down into the cockpit to the dying Admiral. He found him in intense agony, but looking up, Nelson said, "Well, Hardy, how goes the battle?" "Very well, my lord, fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's ships are ours." "I had bargained for twenty," said Nelson. "I hope none of ours have struck." His energy survived to the last; and when told that Collingwood would probably assume the command, he said impatiently—"Not while I live."—Then he added, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Before his death the navy of England's enemies had ceased to exist.

We entered the Straits of Gibraltar in the dark, and after firing guns, and sending up rockets, and returning a variety of flaming signals, we dropped anchor in the bay. But before sunrise next morning, everybody was astir, and boats were alongside to carry us on shore. I landed at the Old Mole under the Moorish fort, and alongside of a battery called the Devil's Tongue. Not a cloud was in the calm and glowing sky, nor a ripple on the whole of the silver sea, which yet seemed to sleep in its dignified repose. What an amphitheatre swept along the surrounding scenery! On the one hand was a range of high undulated hills glittering in the morning sun, but without a particle of mist,—the mountains of Grenada and the Sierra Nevada being in the background. These romantic shores of Spain seemed rising from green and corn-covered slopes into brown hills, and purple

mountains capped with snow, and eleven thousand feet in height. On the African side, more dimly seen were the rocks and fortress of Ceuta backed by the bold precipices of Abyla, forming with the Rock of Gibraltar the two pillars of Hercules, the entrance of the Strait connecting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic ocean. Beyond were the stupendous atlas range of mountains of the Modina Sidonia, cutting the canopy, and covered with snow. But the great object of interest was the Rock of Gibraltar itself, which struck my heart with awe. From the position I first saw it in, it brought Arthur's Seat to my recollection. There was the lion couchant formed as distinctly as our own at Edinburgh, and looking with secure complacency over the neutral ground, connecting this fortification with Spain. I remarked that the paws were awanting, and was told the reason, namely, that every bulk or boulder on the rock had been carefully smoothed down, to render its face as plain and perpendicular as a stone wall. The whole rock seemed to be a huge and indistinct mysterious monster, rising boldly to the height of twelve or fourteen hundred feet—one lofty precipice being overhung by another still loftier and more perpendicular. It was literally bound round and round, above and below, within and without, with barracks, and forts, and batteries, and curtains, and ravelings, and ramparts, and confined terraces, and esplanades. Here, there, and everywhere, in straight and in zigzag lines and crescents, were cannons mounted in every variety of bristling batteries—some pointing downwards, others up, and all in every direction. And then what a mingled mass of houses, and hill, and rock, and verandahs, and green gardens, and vines, and orange and Mediterranean trees, and shrubs, and luxuriant hedges of

geranium, and varieties of flowing aloe, and shelving banks of green grass,—every thing edged by the blue bay.

When we landed everything seemed to be solid, and heavy, and bomb proof at all points. And what a mixture along the narrow and steep streets, of countenances and countries, creeds and costumes! There were from Tangiers creeping cringing creatures, with remarkably low foreheads, and little faces, less intelligent than those of the monkeys jumping on the rocks. These might make an Englishman almost ashamed that he belonged to the human species. There were short, full-faced, and fat men, with dark complexions, and red flowing garments, white turbans, yellow slippers, and bare feet and legs; these were Moors. That man with the dry distressed parchment-like countenance, keen eye, and restless gait, is a Jew clad in gaberdine, and probably a native from Barbary. Those with coarse dirty flannels covering over the trunk of their body, are Arabs from the African Deserts. And that tall, well-proportioned, copper-coloured man, with a black scanty beard, is a native of Morocco. There were plenty of merchants with their sombrero, and Turks with their tamboosh.

To my mind the most interesting object at Gibraltar was the flag of Great and unconquered Britain flying free as the wind, or flapping playfully around the staff; fixed firm on the top of the rock so well fortified: but securer far even than this in the brave-hearted courage and caution both of our soldiers and sailors. See, I remarked to my boy, how it spreads on the wings of the four winds of heaven, affording an interesting emblem of the extent and security of our dominions abroad, and of the sacred and civil rights of our people at home. Perpendicular rocks mounted with can-

non, armies and navies, may afford protection to the English flag, but its main security rests firmer than Gibraltar itself in the liberty every Englishman enjoys both in Church and State.

Mounting the hill at once, and meeting a Spaniard driving his goats into the town, our party breakfasted thankfully in five minutes on rich milk and brown bread, and went through the galleries and up to the summit. Here I had a rich reward for the toil I encountered in climbing the steep ascent. I had a bird's-eye view of the works beneath, of the coasts of Europe and Africa, of the Mediterranean, of the town of St. Roque, of the eyrie-placed city of Ronda, of the plains of Andalusia, and of the mountains of Grenada. As we were only allowed six hours on shore, and as the last mail steamer had left some of the overland passengers at Gibraltar, I was put to the push in going through the streets, into the shops, and on to the batteries, and through the crowded markets and gardens, which were also guarded by twelve-pounders in plenty. All the passengers having gone on board, the anchor was heaved about noon. The excitement was kept keenly up till long after the Ripon turned Europa-point, and steamed direct up the Mediterranean. There, cried one, is a transport leaving Gibraltar with troops; she has taken the Straits for the Atlantic, and may be bound for the West Indies. Nay, says another, she is bound more likely for the Cape and Caffre war. There is a first-rate man-of-war with every inch of canvass spread to the wind and a band of music playing, what a fine sight! She is from Malta. Yonder is the steamer from Liverpool we passed off Cape St. Vincent, and here is a French frigate, really a clean and a clever ship; but she would have caught a mistake had she come half as near the rock forty years ago.

“The grand object of all travelling,” says Dr. Johnson, “is to see the shores of the Mediterranean.” On these shores were the four great empires of the world—the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, all our arts, almost all “that sets us above savages have come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean.” These remarks are true, but they were trite even at this earlier period of James Boswell, General Paoli, and Dr. Johnson. They seem to have been pilfered from the works of honest George Sandys, who wrote about the year 1612; and who, for anything I know, may have borrowed them from some other writer of an earlier period. What a list of memorable cities is furnished from these shores—Carthage, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Tyre,—Damascus, Antioch, Aleppo, Rhodes, Smyrna, Troy, Constantinople, Athens, and Corinth, Venice, Rome, Naples, Palermo, Syracuse, Florence, Pisa, and Leghorn—what scenes of monumental grandeur, memorials of race upon race;—the intellectual harmony of the Grecian temple, the colossal magnificence of the Roman amphitheatre, the solemn gloom of the Gothic cathedral, and the fairy elegance of the Arabian palace. What a variety of warriors fought and fell on these shores,—Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, Alexander, Hannibal, Scipio, Marius, Cæsar, Pompey, and the other heroes of Rome; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Miltiades, Themistocles, and all the heroes of Greece. What poets, philosophers, historians have written on the shores of that sea! How many memorable battle-fields from Alexandretta to Trafalgar! Above all, what spots have been trode by men of genius and goodness, patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs! Here was the garden of Eden, the cradle of the human race. Here was Bethlehem, the birth-

place of Jesus, and Nazareth where he lived, and Calvary where he died, and the Holy Sepulchre from which he rose on the third day, and the mount of Olives from which he ascended into heaven! On these seas Barnabas, and John, and Peter, and Paul voyaged, regardless of the perils of water, and mindful only of their Master's work. As long then as the world lasts, travellers of every age and country will direct their course up the Mediterranean, with a zeal and veneration which no other sea can inspire.

With a very bright burning sun, and a balmy breeze from the west, the Ripon steamed along the shores of Spain, with its brown stern and rugged mountains, its broken glens, its beautiful bays, and its white harbours and towns all in the foreground, and its towering Sierra Nevada, or snowy range, rising behind, majestic and sublime as Mount Blanc itself. By and bye we ran over towards the coast of Morocco, the territory of the unfortunate Ab-del-Kader, a barren country bordering on the desert. For a time the beautiful mountains of Spain seemed still to be near, but at length these and Europe altogether sank fast and far into the blue distance; and it was noticed that the very waves were bluer and more beautiful than before. In the evening we all enjoyed our first Mediterranean sunset, unquestionably the finest sight any voyager ever beheld. The deck was crowded till midnight; and with passengers walking and talking, and music from the band, time passed like a holiday. The night was most beautiful, the air fresh and balmy, and every constellation in the sky shone brighter than another. The sea, luminous with phosphorus, unfolded bouncing waves of spangled light beneath the paddle wheels, and far behind the ship it formed eddying shoals of silver foam, as it fell from

the rudder like the tail of a comet. In the morning the high mountains of Karomer and the town of Bedis-de-Gomaira surrounded with forests, attracted the eye. All sea-sickness was now gone, every face was bronzed with brown health, and there were mirth and tramping the deck, smoking cigars, playing chess and quoits, writing letters and journals, tracts, treatises, and travels, taking latitudes and longitudes, consulting the charts, reading pamphlets and periodicals, and peeping oft through the captain's spy-glass, till we crossed the sea near Algiers or young France as it is now called. And surely the French are entitled to the name, since at present they have eighty thousand of their best troops roasting away their vigour between the burning soil and sun of Africa. Were England to send such forces to her colonies, what an immense standing army she would require to maintain, and how would honest Joseph Hume and Mr. Cobden howl out their lamentations at the fearful expenditure! But cost what it may, these men must be sent out of France, somewhat on the same policy that scum is skimmed off a boiling pot, for fear the fat run into the fire, and burn the whole house. But it is remarkable that so many fine soldiers of France should first have been frozen under the snow in Russia, and now fried on the burning sands of Africa. Thus the Lord seems still to be holding their restless infidelity in derision, and even now speaking to them in his wrath, and vexing them in his sore displeasure.

There is as striking a contrast between the shores of Europe and Africa, as there is between the inhabitants of these two quarters of the world. And the geographical outlines of both coasts indicate the national characters of the different people. The southern side of the Mediterranean

presents a dead and low tract, relieved a little by brown and barren hills of sand dreadful to look at. Here the inhabitants are removed but a few degrees in intelligence above their monkeys. Here civilization has made no progress, and Christianity has never taken root; or when carefully planted it has withered as quickly as Jonah's gourd. But on the northern shores of the Mediterranean there are a bold coast, much fertility, and every variety of the beautiful and sublime; all indicating that the powers and graces of the human intellect have ever flourished there, telling us of the pride of Spaniards, and showing that Christianity, however it may have been corrupted by popery, has ever kept its hold on the stern and stubborn minds of the people.

We passed, early in the morning, the city of Algiers, with its beautiful bay. This white-looking seat of African luxury and art, and the capital of the country, is built on the declivity of a mountain upon which the houses rise gradually like an amphitheatre, and terminate almost in a point at the summit, behind which towers the bold range of the Atlas mountains. Here begin our afterwards endless details of "swelling mosques," "glittering domes," and "tapering minarets," remarkable only because now seen for the first time in these the beginning of the lands of Mahomet. I noticed also plenty of forts, and batteries flanked with fortifications cut out of the solid rock, and saw that the town was protected by a wall said to be twelve feet thick and forty feet in height. But all these were formerly proved by Lord Exmouth, and latterly by the French, to be mere gingerbread, incapable of resisting European artillery. For days we sailed at the rate of thirteen or fourteen miles an hour along the African coast. It seemed highly picturesque, and not unlike Scotland in the

shape of the country, but in other respects altogether unlike anything else I had ever seen. Steep purple hills rising abruptly from the sea, and broken with dark ravines, are here brightened with emerald lawns, and there gloomed over by the dark foliage. Villas speck the wooded expanse along the borders of the bright blue sea with its line of sparkling foam, while the snowy summits of Mount Atlas are cut clearly out against the bright blue canopy above.

On Sunday the 28th of April, when we were going nearly due east, and when crossing the meridian line, passengers and crew were mustered almost to a man at noon by the ringing of the ship's bell for public worship, which I conducted in the Presbyterian form. Often at home, in the still morning of a Sabbath in summer, the solemn peal of my own church bell, announcing glad tidings of salvation, has sounded sweeter than any music I ever heard; and once when, on the battle-field of Dresden, I stood beside the monument of Moreau, and heard the Sabbath morning bells of that beautiful city warning the inhabitants of the coming devotions in the Protestant churches, I felt my heart both soothed and elevated. But never, either at home or abroad, did I feel my mind more interested, than when the crew were mustered on the deck, every man looking clean and healthy, and when the slow solemn peals of their church bell filled the air with soft vibrations, and swelled over the waves, and floated on the wind. The congregation, consisting for the time of near three hundred individuals, met in the saloon below, which was more than double the size of my own parish church. The red Union Jack of old England, which has so often braved the battle and the breeze, was laid over the head of the dining table; and to all our feelings it seemed quite ap-

propriate to the solemn occasion. Without, the wind howled, and the water weltered, the steam engine groaned, and the paddles, moving like mill wheels, made the Ripon bound over the waves: but above the Union Jack lay the gospel of promise and of peace, and the penitent expression of piety and prayer was seen in every feature of every face. The text was taken from St. John's Gospel, 3d chap., 14th verse, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life." The congregation, which consisted of various creeds and countries, listened with very earnest attention to the great gospel truths which naturally arose out of the passage. But a bearded Frenchman, full of benevolent gaiety, told me afterwards that he did not attend de preach; but as God was good he would not burn sinners in hell; and he said, with the tear in his eye, that he would drink claret with us all in the sky after death. Poor fellow, although he was very acute and well informed generally, he knew nothing of Christ, and the purposes served by his death in atoning for the sins of a lost world. His whole creed and hope of salvation rested on the goodness of God, without thinking of his justice. In a word, he was an infidel almost without knowing it.

There came on board at Gibraltar a Mussulman from Morocco, carrying a small bag of coffee, and his kettle, for pouring out cold water on his body when at his devotions. He was tall and handsome, and he wore a white turban, the folds of which hung down over his shoulders. His body was covered with a large and long blue robe flowing loosely down to his heels; but his legs and arms were bare, and only

part of his feet were covered with a pair of broad flat yellow morocco slippers. He had a fine countenance well tanned, a long black beard, and a keen piercing eye. After talking to him for some time, Captain Moresby introduced me to him as a "Brother Officer." "The one," he said, "was a priest of Mahomet on his pilgrimage to Mecca, and the other a minister of the Messiah on his way to Jerusalem." On hearing this the African turned up his eyes to heaven, and said, "Allah! Allah! Allah!" He held out his hand to shake mine with great respect. He clapped my shoulder with affection, and then muttered a prayer in the Arabic language, probably that I might be converted to Mahometanism. I talked with him often, and learned that this was his third pilgrimage, and that on this occasion he was sent by a rich and powerful native of Morocco, who hired him thus to carry his sins to Mahomet's coffin, and to offer up prayers at Mecca for the salvation of his soul. I brought him a Bible translated into his own language, which he read with apparent ease. When he offered it back, I pressed him to keep it as his own, and to take it home with him. He kept it for two days, and sat over his crossed bare legs reading it on the deck, saying buon! buon! good! good! almost every time I passed him. But at last he came up to Captain Moresby, with an air of polite determination, and returned the Bible to him. This grieved me to the heart, as I had formed sanguine expectations of opening up his mind to the knowledge of Christ. But I was sorely disappointed, and proposed to renew my endeavours, had he not evidently avoided my efforts. Every day, morning, noon, and night, I did what I could to make some impression on his mind, speaking of the Messiah: but the want of language between us, and his un-

conquerable blindness, rendered the task hopeless in so short a time, respectful and earnest as he seemed to be on religious matters. The captain remarked that the simple circumstance of the Bible having been bound in pig's skin, would be enough to terrify him from keeping it. With great punctuality he appeared on deck at sunrise and sunset, to pay his devotions: on all which occasions especial care was taken that he should not be interrupted.

Passing the Islands Pilo, and Piano, and the Cane Islands, we came to the ancient site of Utica, lying like a book half open, and in the bosom of beautiful swelling hills, sloping down to the bay, and forming a regular concavity. We also passed the island of Galaeta, and sailed along the gulf of Byserta with its town, port, and lake. This town was formerly one of the best ports in Tunis—it seemed to be about a mile in circumference, and to be defended by several castles and batteries. Here we were within two or three miles of the shore, which is chiefly composed of sandy downs. But behind and on the face of the ridge, there are cultivated fields, and woods, parks, and African gentlemen's seats. Every eye on deck was on the alert, and every glass in requisition, passing constantly from hand to hand. The natives could be distinctly discerned, looking at us, as eagerly as we were all gazing at them. Soon after this the gulf of Tunis opened to our view with its city and port. The city is the capital of the province of the same name. It stands on a plain surrounded on all sides but the eastern by considerable heights, and separated from the sea by an extensive lagoon, or basin of shallow water. The citadel called El Gaspe is in a ruinous condition. The buildings are principally of stone, but they have a mean appearance, being only one story high,

with flat roofs for collecting rain water, of which the city is scarce, as the heat is frequently excessive.

To-day at breakfast, our intelligent captain told us, that he had a treat in store for us this forenoon. "We shall be off Cape Carthage in two hours, and I shall run the ship as near the shore as I can, that you may see the site and ruins of this ancient city. It is within the promontory on the north-east side of the lake of Tunis." In a minute all was excitement, and everybody was on deck, and the words, Dido and Æneas, Hamilcar and Hannibal, Scipio, and Cato, and Marius, were in everybody's mouth. I felt as if one of the wonders of the world was just about to be exhibited. And so it was. What a halo of renown there is around these seas, capes, and bays; and how many school-boy recollections rose in delightful succession on my mind! In that deep and noble bay lies the grave of a fallen Empire, once the emporium of the Mediterranean, and the rival of imperial Rome. On that flat waving shore now within sight, stood a celebrated city, the site of which, when I was at school, I little expected ever to behold. The harbour is now choked up, and the ruins are now nearly three miles distant from the sea, but they once extended to the very shore. How many thousands of ships once crowded that bay! How many hundreds of thousands of Carthaginians have left that port to invade Italy, and Spain, and Sicily, and Sardinia! With what pomp and pride must Hannibal have sailed over these waves to conquer at Cannae, and to beard the Romans at the gates of their capital! But how changed now the scene! There was not a ship within sight; utter desolation pervaded the shore, and the daughter of Tyre sat lonely on her rock by the sea. For two or three miles along the beach there

are continuous ruins, buildings of the city, blocks of mortar, columns of marble, fragments of piers, and jutting foundations. These strew the site of Carthage, to tell us what it once was. The land is now divided into fields, and green with corn. The bay is beautiful as ever. Its headlands and rocks in the sea are as picturesque as any in the whole Mediterranean: but altogether the scene is lonely and lovely.

On the morning of the 30th of April, when sound asleep in bed, and dreaming of home, I was awakened by the steward, to say that as Malta was right a-head, and would be reached by 10 o'clock, breakfast was to be served an hour earlier than usual. I started out of bed, dressed, and read to my son the account by St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles, of St. Paul's shipwreck. When I went on deck, there were before me two table-lands of white arid rock, girt around with abrupt shores, and glaring with painful radiance under a deep blue sky, and a burning morning sun. The nearest table-land was Goso, a little spot of earth, the famous island of Calypso, my notice of which must be taken word for word from the description of the inimitable Warburton. "It contains all the beauties of a continent in miniature; little mountains with craggy summits, little valleys with cascades and rivers, lawny meadows with dark woods, trim gardens and tangled vineyards; silvery sands and craggy shores, all within the circuit of five or six miles. In our eyes it was still the enchanted island, and in our ears the faint sounds that came to us over the sunny sea, were of shepherds' lutes or woman's song."

When these words were being copied by my amanuensis, poor Warburton was in health and in high spirits. He had

effected an insurance on his life for ten thousand pounds, and was about to sail in the ill-fated Amazon for America. But soon after, and now when I am reading these sheets for the press, he is laid as a corpse in the bottom of the Bay of Biscay. He was last seen on the awful occasion of the loss of that new steamer, standing near the captain, considering, no doubt, how they could escape from the terrific fury of the elements around:—the fire burning through the ship, and flaming like a volcano—the steam engine still going, and propelling the ship with the energies of 800 horse power—the stormy wind roaring around the eddying flame—and the raging sea below engulfing one life-boat after another. When the ship was blown up by the fire reaching the powder magazine, a quantity of skyrockets flashed high into the air, flickering and flaming for a moment over all the multiplied horrors below, adding a strange sight of novelty to the scene. Mr. Warburton wrote as if with the pen of a magician. His imaginative descriptions foam and float before the mind like the phosphoric lights dancing on the swelling waves of the sea as seen from a steamer in the dark. What a pity that a writer of his genius should have suffered in such a confusion!*

* Who ever heard of one Company having lost eight new steamers out of thirteen! There seems to have been something worse than accident. There was gross mismanagement and confusion in the handling of the life-boats. In addition to the directions given by the Admiralty, to prevent fire from the engines, might not there be means afforded to the man at the helm, or on the cross gangway, or at any rate on the spar deck, for stopping the steam engine below? The plugs too of the several life-boats should be attached by chains to the boat, so as to be ready when required. When a fire breaks out on board, the boats should be lowered in a minute, and provisioned: so as to admit the passengers going into them, while the crew are employed in extinguishing the fire.

At first sight of Malta, I remembered that it was once the citadel of Christendom, and that for ages it was garrisoned by intrepid knights, half warriors, half priests, who opposed the infidels with the enthusiasm at once of religion and chivalry, and who afterwards became lazy and debauched voluptuaries. But all this, and even the distant view of Mount Etna presented to us this morning for the first time, seemed to be nothing to think about. St. Paul's bay was the absorbing impression, because it was the first of those sacred scenes hallowed by holy recollections to which I had come. With a mixture of humility and satisfaction, I thought, can it be possible that Paul was tossed amid the perils of these waters, and that twice he sounded this very beach? Was it where we now sail that the perishing crew took up the ship's anchors, and committed themselves unto the sea, and loosed the rudder-bands, and hoisted up the mainsail to the wind, and made towards the shore? How faithful, I thought, and minute these details; and what a presence of mind, and promptitude, and seamanship was manifested by the apostle, surpassing that of the officers of the ship; and what a pious interest these incidents now excited in my mind! Can this be the beach on to which the apostle swam with the help of boards and broken pieces of the ship? Can these be the people whose barbarian ancestors showed no little kindness to the wet and wearied servants of Jesus? "Yes, indeed," said Captain Moresby, "there is that certain creek with a shore into which the crew were minded, if it were possible to thrust in the ship." And he added, "it is remarkable still to this day among mariners, for the two contending currents between the Selmoon island and open sea, and that flowing into the bay, at the meeting of which you see the ship was

wrecked." Can it be, I asked myself, that in one of those singular caves, nooks, or reefs, which have been formed by the fretting action of the waves, Paul, a prisoner for Christ's sake, found shelter? Can it be, that on that rising flat before us, still wild and thinly inhabited, and crowned by the city Citta Vecchia, the apostle gathered his bundle of sticks, "because of the present rain, and because of the cold;" and when the sticks were laid on the fire, "there came a viper out of the heat, and fastened on Paul's hand? And when the barbarians saw the venomous beast hanging on his hand, they said among themselves, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom though he has escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live. And Paul shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm. Howbeit the people looked when Paul should have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly. But after they had looked a great while, and saw no harm come to him, they changed their mind, and said that he was a god." Can it be that on the ridge of that rise the city was placed, where Publius, the chief man, had his possessions, and where his father lay sick of a fever, to whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laid his hands on him, and healed him? And, moreover, right in front of us now, and as if within gunshot, there stood, raised on a pedestal, a colossal statue of the apostle of the Gentiles, looking over the sea and scenes of his sufferings, and pointing with outstretched arm to the identical spot where the ship was run aground, "where the forepart stuck fast and remained immovable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves." Further to indicate the traditional scenes of the shipwreck, a little whitewashed chapel has been erected, and dedicated to St. Paul at the "Ain Resool," or the fountain

of the apostles: for here, be it remembered, he spent the whole winter.

It is but fair to mention, that a doubt has been started as to the island on which Paul was wrecked. It is maintained by Georgi, Bryant, Falconer, and Lord Lindsay, that the shipwreck took place at Meleda in the Gulf of Venice, an island anciently known by the same name as Malta, namely, Melita. But tradition, from time immemorial, has pointed out Malta as the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck. It is called Cala di S. Paolo, or St. Paul's Bay. Besides, had the ship been wrecked anywhere but at Malta, there would have been found some other place agreeing either in name, description, or tradition, within the limits to which we are tied down by calculations, founded on the narrative: and such there is not. Abela, who wrote in 1642, states also, on the authority of an ancient manuscript, that the ruins of the residence of Publius, the chief man of the island, stood here. He says, "*Villam hospitalem S. Publii, vicinam rupibus dethalassis quibus, (Acts 27) navis Pauli quassata maris tempestate tetet impacta donec solveretur a fluctibus, fuisse in clevo ad orientem ac Septentriones adversum,*" &c., p. 230.—But the dissertation of Mr. Smith of Jordanhall, and of Mr. Shepherd the historian of Egypt, have proved that it could only be Malta. These have taken the map and compared it with the islands and places mentioned on the coast. They have noticed carefully, as narrated, the rocks and quicksands, and the course run by the vessel which contained the Apostle. And as the same difficulties, the same winds and storms, are encountered by ships every year in autumn, and the same harbours are in the same place for shelter still, every natural feature at present existing proves beyond dis-

pute that Malta was the island on which the Apostle was wrecked, and not Melita in the Adriatic Gulf. I had an opportunity at Malta of ascertaining the sentiments on this point of Captain Greaves, who has been appointed to make a nautical survey of the Mediterranean. From all the observations he has been led to make, he also is of opinion that Malta is the scene of the shipwreck. Here the rocky places, the creek with a sandy beach, and the place of two seas, are features which still distinguish the coast, so that in fact, the agreement between the locality and the narrative is almost perfect at Malta: whereas there is nothing of the sort at Meleda in the Gulf of Venice.

Mr. Smith says, they sailed from Cæsarea to Sidon, where Paul was permitted to go unto his friends to refresh himself. Loosing from thence, they were forced by contrary winds to run under the lee of Cyprus (leaving it on their left hand), and through the sea of Cilicia, that they might be favoured by the land breeze, which prevails there during the summer months, and by the current which runs to the westward. Thus favoured by the breeze and currents, they arrive without any recorded incident at Myra of Lycia. In a ship of Alexandria they came over against Cnidus. Then they ran under Crete, over against Salmone. Working up along the southern coast of Crete, they reach Fair Haven near unto the city of Lasea. Here they were detained till navigation became dangerous from the advanced state of the season. When sailing close by Crete towards Port Phenice, the ship was caught in a violent northerly wind blowing off the land, which drove them before it towards Clauda: but fearing the Syrtes, and to avoid being driven on the African shore, they turned the ship's head and

brought it to on the starboard tack, with her right side to the wind. Then they lowered the gear, and then they lightened the ship by throwing the tackling overboard. A dreary interval of eleven days succeeded in which neither sun nor stars could be observed. Here Paul encouraged them by relating his vision of an angel. But when the fourteenth night was come, as they were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country—they had probably observed the breakers off the point of Koura, which is in the track of a ship coming from Clauda, and they had also probably smelt the land, as sailors are wont to do. Mr. Smith proves from three independent sources, that the wind must have been E.N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ N.: and that the ship's head must have been to the north to avoid the Syrtes. The direction therefore of the drift, he proves to be in the direction of Malta *to the nearest degree*, and the rate of drift compared with the time consumed, brings the ship, according to the calculation of two nautical friends, also to Malta. In this way, Mr. Smith proves that the ship could have been wrecked nowhere but at Malta. The objection as to the serpents not being now venomous in Malta is frivolous; because they have ceased here, as in Arran and in Brazil, to exist, from the increasing population and cultivation of the country.

It is interesting also to mention, that Josephus, the Jewish historian, may have sailed in the same ship with Paul, as also did St. Luke, and their friend Aristarchus* the Macedonian of Thessalonica, also a prisoner, and the young Titus. And it is remarkable, that the eminent historians

* Colossians iv. 10.

and missionaries of the gospel times seem all to have been shipwrecked on this beach, if not in the same ship, near the same place, and in the same year. Josephus gives the following statement in the beginning of his own life, Vol. II., p. 905., Hudston's edition in Greek and Latin, published at Oxford. 1720.

“But when I was in the 26th year of my age, it happened that I took a voyage to Rome, on the occasion which I shall now describe. At the time when Felix was Procurator of Judea, there were certain priests of my acquaintance, and excellent persons they were, whom, on a small and trifling occasion, he had put into bonds to send to Rome to plead their cause before Cæsar. These I was desirous to procure deliverance for, and that especially because I was informed that they were not unmindful of piety towards God, even under their affliction: but supported themselves with figs and nuts. Accordingly, I came to Rome, though it were through many hazards by sea, for our ship was drowned in the middle of the Adriatic sea. We that were in it, being about six hundred in all, swam for our lives all night, when upon the first appearance of the day, and upon our sight of a ship of Cyrene, I, and some others, eighty in all, by God's providence, prevented the rest, and were taken up into the other ship. And when I had thus escaped and was come to Decearchia, which the Italians call Puteoli, I became acquainted with Aliturus. He was an actor of plays, and much beloved by Nero, but a Jew by birth: and through his interest became known to Poppea, Cæsar's wife; and I took care as soon as possible to entreat her to procure that the priests might be set at liberty: and when besides this favour, I had obtained many presents from Poppea, I

returned home again." This passage, should it refer to St. Paul, contains the very interesting information that it was through Josephus and a Jewish actor that the Apostle gained an introduction to Cæsar's house, through the influence of which he ultimately obtained his freedom. Hence we read in Phil. iv. 22, that there were saints in Cæsar's household, and that Christianity had reached the palace of Nero himself.

In regard to this very interesting statement on the part of Josephus, I have made reference to the chronological harmony found to exist in the matter, for the purpose of corroborating the facts, and if possible, of identifying the shipwreck of Josephus with that of Paul. The reader will observe the important fact stated by Josephus, that this shipwreck took place in the 26th year of his age. On turning to the *Ancient Universal History*, vol. xiv., p. 272, note K, it will be found that Josephus was born A. D. 37. And again, on consulting the chronological table of the Holy Bible, appended to *Calmet's Dictionary*, edited by Taylor, 6th edition: London: Holdsworth, 1837, p. 941, he will find that the date of Paul's shipwreck was A. D. 63. Now on adding the historian's age at the date of the shipwreck, viz. 26 years, to the year in which he was born, viz. 37, the sum resulting therefrom is exactly 63. Archbishop Usher gives A. D. 62 as the date of St. Paul's shipwreck; and Pearson, in his '*Annales Paulini*,' p. 372, gives dates different from either. But Dr. Gray, in his '*Connection of Civil and Sacred Literature*,' vol. i., p. 262, corroborates the date A. D. 63.

All the coincidences mentioned in the two accounts are so striking in their agreement that I feel inclined to direct the reader's attention to the probability. I have no desire to

cook the facts; but let the reader take Josephus in one hand, and the Acts of the Apostles in the other, and he will find that Paul and Josephus both sailed in the same year from Cæsarea for Rome; that they were both shipwrecked in the same sea, the Adriatic, in the night-time; and that they both swam for their life. They both ultimately reached Puteoli. And far more remarkable still, Josephus tells us, but in a very cursory way, that "at the time when Felix was procurator of Judea, there were certain priests of my acquaintance, '*Sacerdotes quosdam mihi familiares,*' and excellent persons they were, whom, on a small and trifling occasion, he had put into bonds to send unto Rome to plead their cause before Cæsar. These I was desirous to procure deliverance for, and that especially because I was informed that they were not unmindful of piety towards God even under their affliction." Now what better description could have been given of the Apostle Paul even by St. Luke himself? Next, the reader will find the result to be another remarkable coincidence. St. Paul is not only set at liberty, but he gains access to Cæsar's household, and converts some of them to Christianity—all, I am inclined to believe, through Josephus and Aliturus. It is not impossible that such literary characters as Josephus, Paul, and Luke, might have been familiar friends from an earlier period, especially when the two latter were Jews, the one a native of Tarsus, the other of Antioch. Being all desirous to visit Rome, they might go in company: Josephus being anxious to procure their liberty. One objection to this supposition seems to be, that Josephus, himself a Jew, would never have denominated St. Paul as a priest, because he did not belong to the sacerdotal family, being of the tribe of Benjamin. Another objection, some-

what more weighty in my estimation, arises from the Apostle having been shipwrecked on a shore, and the historian having been foundered in the midst of the sea. But such may have been the two accounts of the same affair, given by different writers at different times, the one being very general, and not pretending to be at all accurate in minute details. Even here, however, there seems to be more concurrence than at first appears. St. Luke tells us, that in his ship some got to land, by casting themselves into the sea and swimming to the shore. More still, Paul writing about one of his shipwrecks, says, "A day and a night I have been in the deep," that is, shipwrecked and supported on spars or fragments of the broken ship. Nay, Luke says, that in this instance, those who could not swim got to the land, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. In these circumstances, it is not at all impossible that Paul may have reached the shore of Malta, either by swimming, or on a raft, and Josephus may have been drifted back into the ocean, and there at last picked up by a ship of Cyrene going to Rome. There only then remains the difference in the two accounts as to the number of passengers, the one given as under 300, and the other about 600. But this statement of Josephus is a proof to me that he wrote in a vague cursory way, for I suspect that no ship of the ancients, of whatever class, much less a merchant-ship with a large cargo of wheat, would likely contain 600 men.

What a superb panorama starts up on entering the harbour of Valetta. The high walls with the names of line of battle ships painted on them—the clean and white houses glittering in the sun, and with their verandah windows rising one above another, the arches of the lower Barracca,

the three cities on the opposite side of the harbour, the monuments of departed worth in the army and navy, the porch of Ricasoli and St. Angelo, the fortifications of Florian, the walls of Cottonosa, the merchantmen and the ships of war—with so bright a sky and genial a clime—form a picture like that of a fairy land. How deep the bay and how spacious the harbour, where a thousand sail of the line may ride safe, and probably in one of the best positions in the world. The fortifications excel those even of Gibraltar,—the one being the work of nature, and the other of science. Napoleon, when on his way to Egypt, walked round the bastions on the evening of his arrival at Malta. He stopped suddenly and exclaimed, “What sublime fortifications!” to which Caffarelli replied, “It is well, General, there were some one within to open the gates to us. We should have had more trouble in working our way through had the place been empty.” Wherever a voyager turns his eye he sees everything defended by lines of impregnable fortresses.—Here there is an immense defensive curve bristling with batteries around the head of a deep cove; there, fort after fort cover the entrance to a harbour. Any one may see in a minute without the aid of science, that wherever an enemy were to attempt to move, he would be checkmated at once, and that were he to succeed in surmounting a first, or a second insuperable barrier, it would only be to encounter another and another still more terrific. The batteries are so placed, that they protect not only the position for the protection of which they were erected, but they answer so as to pour forth a simultaneous cross-fire from every quarter, such as would soon sink the finest fleet which ever entered the Straits of Gibraltar.

But now the Ripon has let go its anchor, and what a crowd of boats, ancient-like, and gaily painted, and covered with white awnings, and manned with natives almost naked; and what a variety of religious names they have got—such as “Mary the mother of Jesus,” and others still more profane. Now there is a confusion of tongues beyond description; with frantic gesticulations the natives contend for baggage and to take you on shore. Swarms of naked brown boys like water-rats endeavour to attract your attention by feats of diving. You throw over small coins, and they plunge into the sea after them, and scramble for them below so long, that they are given up as drowned, till at length the strongest of them comes to the surface with one of the coins in his teeth, and one in every hand. But now we are on the landing-place, and what a host of beggars calling out *Nix mangiare*; and this too is the name of the street. To give coppers only increases the difficulty, and the crowd thickens around till licks and kicks are employed to get elbow-room. Hurrying along amid drought and dust, I crossed a crowded drawbridge over a deep fosse covered at bottom with bananas and orange-trees. I passed under a deep dark gateway, then mounting upwards, and through the market, and still in the midst of brown, bleary-eyed natives, I reached a long street of stairs, and here we toiled, and blew, and sweated as if we had been so many blackguards condemned to the treadmill. All appeared to be full of brilliancy and life, careless, elegant, and luxurious. But the people seemed to be still graver and more majestic than those of Gibraltar—their turban seemed more voluminous and their haik more flowing—their movement more stately—their attitude more statesque. Observe now these Maltese

religious ladies tripping along, and showing off their neat ancles when coming down the flights of steps. They are covered from top to toe, with an elegant black silk mantilla, tastefully drawn round the head, so as to show only their brown pretty faces, and to give a distincter expression to their keen, queer, deep dark eyes. Behind, walking slow and stately with a three-cornered broad-brimmed hat, a brown unmeaning face, with eyes like a green gooseberry skin, and a full, fat, and greasy carcase, there are Maltese popish priests, of whom let nothing be said, good, bad, or indifferent. The lower orders in their ordinary costume wear sailor-like trousers, loose and flowing on the legs, but tightly gathered up at the waist, around which they tie, as in Spain, the crimson sash, surmounted by a loose shirt and a straw hat, or Phrygian-shaped cap set a little to one side. Their appearance is something more oriental than the common people at Gibraltar. Their black hair, and the colour and expression of their eyes, are more of the African. By their side there frisks a goat to give milk and mirth to the children. Follow them to their homes, and their main entrance to a dark and damp-like cavern, on the ground floor, is obstructed merely by a screen of cotton cloth; and should you turn it aside, there you see strong healthy fellows, some of them sound asleep, lying at full length on the floor, and their wives busy like other good women about many things.

Nothing can be more regular or beautiful than the city of La Valetta. The streets intersect each other at right angles, and everywhere open up a view to the eye. The buildings are of solid stone and of careful and costly architecture. They are adorned with green pointed projecting balconies. Everywhere there are delightful promenades,

and lofty terraces which seem rather to be carved out of the white rock than built into it. The walls too are cut through the solid rock on the land side, to a depth in some places of no less than eighty feet.

I traversed the Strada St. Luccia, and saw the far-famed church of St. John, with its noble vaulted nave, its rich marbles, and gorgeous paintings. I enjoyed its religious gloom, and cool retreat from the oppressive sunshine, and its diffusive odours of floating incense. I visited the chapel beneath, and the grand altar, where, in handsome monuments repose the ashes of L'Isle Adam and of La Valette. Then I went to the Strada Reale, the main avenue intersecting the city from north to south. Here there is much stir, and here the architecture of the spacious houses is really picturesque—with deep portals, and projecting galleries, and green painted oriels of wood work. The shops are full of London comforts and Parisian elegances. I went next to the ramparts of Valetta, which afford an excellent promenade, and everywhere command interesting views. Here was noticed, as before at sea, the tall spire of the collegiate church of St. Paul's, erected by the late Queen Dowager Adelaide, out of gratitude for the benefit to her health she derived from her residence at Malta, and from a Christian desire to provide for the numerous Protestants resident there. Next I passed round the northern line of the fortifications, till I reached the Upper Barracca, where there is another striking prospect of military and naval grandeur and power; which associated with a sense of the great interest it protects, produces a feeling nearly allied to the sublime. I visited the monument of Sir Ralph Abercromby, whose embalmed body was brought down the Mediterranean from Egypt,

enclosed in a barrel and buried in one of the ramparts. The inscription on the monument is by far too long, though very just. I visited also Ponsonby's monument, and that of Maitland, and that of the Marquis of Hastings, the neatest and best inscribed of any at Malta. I noticed the following general statement with pride:

MAGNÆ ET INVICTÆ BRITANNIÆ
MILITENSIVM AMOR
ET
EUROPÆ VOX
HAS INSULAS CONFIRMAT.
A. D. 1814.

I waited on Sir Thomas Carmichael, my neighbour at home, who happened to have the command of one of the war-ships in the bay. Through his kind attention, and that of Lieutenant M'Kenzie, R.N., we were all enabled to inspect the largest and most efficient ship in the world,—the Queen, a four-decker, which carries a hundred and twenty-four guns, sixty-eight pounders, and which has eleven hundred men on board.—Talking of population, it may be mentioned that this rich island bears on its surface twelve hundred souls to the square mile—a population more dense than any other part of Europe. This shows how much art and industry can triumph over natural sterility. The whole soil and surface and subsoil, everywhere in town and country, have been industriously cultivated. Even the rocks have been broken up, and covered with a portion of earth from other countries. I had read too that a traveller might dine in Malta, on flesh, fish, and fowl, for a halfpenny, and have

pomegranates, and lemons, nectarines, figs, grapes, and melons in every variety to the bargain, and I was simple enough to try the experiment ; but I found to my cost, that the statement was part of the nonsense sometimes mentioned by very judicious travellers.

The sun had set as usual in Mediterranean splendour beyond description, and the evening gun had just been fired, when the Ripon weighed anchor. As Malta was reckoned the most southern land in Europe, although its soil, climate, people, and language are African or Arabic, I felt as if I was now leaving the utmost verge of my fatherland, and about to dash, like a leap in the dark, into the Levant, and to me at least, its unknown regions of the eastern world. With regret I left Malta, and its long sweep of bastions and batteries. I regretted the close of such a holiday, where I had enjoyed myself in the gayest scenes by land and by water I ever beheld. I regretted thus to bid adieu to the last and best British standard I would see floating for many a week. I regretted the leaving of some voyaging friends on shore, who required to go no farther in the meantime. And especially, I was sorry to part with the kind and pious Mr. Mayers, a converted Jew, who was going as a Missionary to Adrianople. More than all this, the feeling now sunk into my heart that I was soon to be separated from my married daughter, and my son, whom I was accompanying so far on their way to Calcutta ; where Mr. Joseph Bray, my son-in-law, dear to me as either of those, was engaged in constructing the Experimental Railway. I felt anxious too, as to how I might accomplish my journey alone in Egypt, in the Holy Land, and in Asia Minor. And I was afraid that some important changes might happen at home ere I re-

turned. But I cast my cares upon God, and made my wants known to Him with prayer, and earnest supplication, believing that He alone could sustain me.

The distance from Malta to Alexandria is eight hundred and fifty miles. We had a strong and favourable breeze, and we ran it in grand style. But little land is seen on the African coast, and that much the same as what was seen before when passing Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli. It only remains for me therefore to bid a heartfelt adieu to the Ripon, and her amiable and very intelligent Captain Moresby. May every voyage for the future be to him, his officers, passengers, and crew, as pleasant and profitable as this has been to me and mine. Farewell for a while to the Mediterranean, on whose waves I enjoyed so much rational excitement, and real gratification! Farewell to the islands of our fatherland, and to the shores of civilization and Christianity! And welcome for a while Egypt and its Desert, its River and the Red Sea, and dearly welcome the Holy Land, its Jerusalem and Jordan; and welcome also the far distant shores of Asia Minor, the birth-place of St. Paul, the prison of St. John, and the site of the Seven Churches of old! Welcome the Plains of Troy, and Constantinople, the Bosphorus, and the Black Sea, and Greece, and Sicily, and Italy, and France, when homeward bound.

Now for a word or two as to money matters,—travelling economics. The fare from Southampton by Gibraltar and Malta to Alexandria is forty pounds; say three more, or five if very extravagant, for the steward, the music on board, and the incidental expenses on shore at Gibraltar and Malta; including the purchase of a few trinkets. Ten or twelve pounds may be saved by taking the route to Trieste; but the

sight of Gibraltar is worth all the difference. Should the traveller go by Paris and Marseilles, he saves three days, and joins the P. and O. steamer at Malta. And should he sail a few days before the 20th of the month, on the 17th I believe, he will be taken to the principal coast towns in Spain and Portugal, and carried on to Gibraltar in time to meet the steamer of the P. and O. Company. This Company is one of the most active and successful in the known world. It has given general satisfaction to the passengers; and any attempt to supplant it would decidedly turn out to be a public calamity. I merely give the good advice which I got from everybody: "GO BY THE RIPON, AND CAPTAIN MORESBY." I got also from my friend, Mr. M^cIntosh of Lamanca, an introduction to Captain Ingledue, the active superintendent at Southampton. In saying this much of others, it would be unjust and ungrateful to omit mentioning how much I and my friends were indebted to the kind and business-like attention of Mr. William Bowie, East Indian and Colonial Agent, St. David's Street, Edinburgh; who made our arrangements as to our passage to Alexandria. In fact, I cannot do my readers in Scotland a greater service, than to recommend them to apply to Mr. Bowie when bound for the lands of the morning.

CHAPTER II.

EGYPT, ALEXANDRIA, AND GRAND CAIRO.

SITTING in the Ripon on Sunday the 4th of May, after sermon and an early dinner, the cry came down from the deck that land was in sight. All ran up the gangway as fast as hands and feet could carry them,—all but the Captain and his intelligent officers, who asserted that Egypt would not be seen for two hours, and till we were within a few miles of our reaching the shore. Accordingly, it was soon discovered that whatever the sight might be, it was not land; simply because it seemed to move as if sometimes nearer, and often to a greater distance. “It is the mirage of eastern countries,” said the Captain; and a very interesting exhibition it was. Before me was a level-lying like shore with hills rising up behind, and then a fine lake of water would appear, and trees growing on its banks, some of them with their heads downward. But all this was atmospheric deception. I observed to the left, and perhaps thirty miles across the Levant, a stately English ship of war; but instead of riding on the waves, her native element, she was sailing apparently high and dry up among the clouds, so that I distinctly saw her deck and different tiers of guns fifteen or twenty feet apparently above the horizon: whereas

by all the rules of seeing ships far off at sea, I should scarcely have discerned her shrouds. Whilst we were all talking and wondering at sights so strange, we were told to exercise a little patience when we would see the mirage often, and far more perfectly in the Desert.

But by and bye even the Captain gave out that the land of Egypt was in sight. In its natural features it had nothing imposing, being merely a low, long, dark line of coast, as flat as that of Holland, with sandhills and solitary palm-trees here and there ; but the thought that this was Egypt made the sight very imposing after all. We were approaching Alexandria, the ancient capital, and still the key of Egypt,—the connecting link of the eastern and western world,—for eighteen hundred years the emporium of commerce,—the city of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra,—the burial-place of its founder, Alexander the Great, and the best monument modern times can produce of the extraordinary sagacity of that warlike Macedonian of old. Here too was collected in ancient times the greatest library the world ever produced, and which was burnt on the principle that if it contained only what was in the Koran it was superfluous, and if it contained anything else it was dangerous, and ought to be destroyed. Here the Septuagint translation of the Bible, one of the noblest works of man upon earth, was effected. Here too stood the ancient lighthouse, the famous tower of Pharos, said to be one of the seven wonders of the old world.

As I neared the harbour, what a panorama of gigantic monuments of grandeur and of antiquity were already before me ! The double harbour is in the form of a crescent. How spacious it is, and so exactly fitted for the purpose. There, on that horn of it, stands the palace of the Pacha

and his harem, protected by extended batteries, which seem very insignificant compared with those of Gibraltar and Malta. On the opposite side there is a long low sweep of sand everywhere studded with busy windmills. The noble city stands in the centre, worthy of its founder and important position. The coast merges onward to the bay of Aboukir, the sight of which in a moment dispels all the distant recollections of antiquity, and fills the mind with a name dearer to Englishmen than that of Pompey and his pillar,—Cleopatra and her needle. My impression on looking at the bay was, what a confined corner for the scene of so important a conflict! It must have been ship to ship, muzzle to muzzle, and man to man: and in such a narrow locality, and at midnight, awful must have been the sensation produced by the blowing up of the L'Orient, and its crew of seven hundred men sent all to eternity in a moment.

We jumped down into the landing boat. I was scarcely seated when my son said, "Every man I see is either blind in the right eye or he squints most villanously." "Notice," I said, "the forefinger of the right hand." "It is cut off," he cried. I told him that the midwives put out the right eye of male infants with a red-hot wire soon after they are born, hence the blindness; but it sometimes happened that the trembling hand missed the sight in the operation, and wounded the eyeball only; hence the squinting. Afterwards the fore-finger of the right hand is chopped off, and all this to disable them from being soldiers, and that they may escape the conscription. Nay, they even knock out their front teeth to incapacitate them from biting the cartridge. But the late Pacha was not a man to be done in this way by a set of old wives. He raised whole regiments of cavalry where every

dragoon was without his right eye, the fore-finger of his right hand, and both his front teeth.

The half naked mahogany crew soon landed us amid the savage clamour and confusion. How African everything seemed, part Turkish, part Frank, with wild Arabs, Copts, Armenians and Jews, black men and brown, bond and free, with crowds of women gliding about in long veils, having holes only for their eyes to peep out at, but graceful in their gait. Others had a pitcher full of water on their head, and a child astride on one shoulder like the Ishmaelites and Midianites of old. I was conducted through crowds of these men and women, porters and customhouse myrmidons, camels, and donkeys, and dogs, to a van with two horses, sent down for our accommodation from the Hotel de Europe. Then there began a thorough process of bumping through the narrow streets of the suburbs, dark and dirty, and crowded with every oriental variety. How wretched the mud hovels of the poor natives appeared, and what a ruinous aspect of melancholy desolation was presented! The streets were skirted by miserable booths, shaded with rotten mats, and filled with dates, figs, onions, tobacco, small looking-glasses, shining tinsel, and glaring calicoes from England. But mean as the bazaars were, how comfortable the shopkeepers sat cross-legged on their carpet, with a chibouque in their mouth, or the cup of coffee in their hand, and making their salaam to a passer with the utmost dignity. Some were employed in reading the Koran aloud, rocking their body backwards and forwards all the time, in a monotonous singing tone. Others were evidently at prayers. All the while, what with the cries of water carriers, the sellers of beans, and venders of sherbet, all uttered in the

Hebrew, Arabic, and Turkish tongues intermingled, made me think I was in an enchanted land. I entered their square, and reached a large airy hotel, and all around there were lofty white buildings, with consular flags flying from the roofs of several of them. Now there was much of the usual bustle in opening carpet-bags, selecting bedrooms, and delivering letters of introduction to merchants and others. Mine were to Mr. Robert Thorburn, and to Mr. Davidson, than whom there are no two men more enterprising, successful in business, or hospitable at their own table, no, not in any other quarter of the world. Begin with but one introduction, say to the Episcopal clergyman of the place, or to the gentlemen already named, and your pockets are filled with letters to their friends at Grand Cairo.

It is needless to describe the lions of Alexandria. Anybody may see them in a day, and an active man, well mounted on a donkey, may accomplish them in five or six hours with ease. They are Cleopatra's Needle, which is useless as such, it is said, because it wants the eye;—Pompey's Pillar, which, it is surmised, never belonged to him;—the Pacha's palace, the arsenal, the dockyard; the slavemarket, which can be seen to better purpose at Grand Cairo or Constantinople, and the bazaars; all of which have often been admirably described already, and none of which after all are very interesting. Besides, the cities of the far east are all so much alike, that a few phrases, were they even jumbled together in a glass and drawn out at random, would describe any one of them: such as dirty streets, stinking gutters, narrow lanes, filthy rags, starved dogs, stately dromedaries, stubborn donkeys, lazy lubbers, cross-legged Turks, skulking Jews, black Nubians, brown Bedouins, sounds unearthly, sights disgusting, smells distress-

ing, grand squares, splendid bazaars, glittering domes, tapering minarets, dear and dirty hotels, and a variety of other such elegant expressions too tedious to mention. The great thing is to pick up the general character and condition of a place in its broad outline—to notice the manners of the people, and to mark in what respects they differ from those of our own kingdom, so that we may return home with the impression uppermost in our mind that we enjoy the best country, and even climate, all things considered, probably in the known world. For example:

On landing at Alexandria I saw a ship unloading, and box by box were being handed to the lighter, according to the number each respectively bore. Some mistake more or less important had apparently been made by one of the native operatives on the occasion. Instantly two sticks were laid on his head with dreadful effect. The poor fellow seemed to be stunned and stupified for a time. On this account it probably happened, that he fell into a second similar blunder, when a stick was thrown, not horizontally, but perpendicularly, and so aimed that it struck the socket of the eye. In one moment he lost the sight of it, and the ball hung by a ligament on his cheek. He uttered a hideous yell and staggered; notwithstanding of which other two cudgels were applied to his arm while he had the power to hold it up in protection of his head. Horror of horrors! I thought, verily in the fulfilment of prophecy, God has been pleased to curse this garden and granary of the world, and to permit foreigners terribly to tyrannize over its degraded people.

Egypt appears as a slave in Hagar, Gen. xvi. 1. according to the curse, Gen. ix. 25. But there is an encouraging promise to missionary labours here in Psalm lxxviii. 31.

“Princes shall come out of Egypt: Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.” Isaiah is still more explicit in calling Egypt into the church, xix. 19—22. “In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign, and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt: for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them. And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day, and shall do sacrifice and oblation; yea, they shall vow a vow unto the Lord, and perform it. And the Lord shall smite Egypt; he shall smite and heal it: and they shall return even to the Lord, and he shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them.” The toothless, fore-fingerless, and one-eyed state, of this oppressed nation, is a striking instance of Canaan’s curse and slavery. But there are symptoms of a change for the better even now; and the number of Mohammedans is decreasing every year. Let more missionaries be sent out immediately.

Napoleon said justly that “Alexander displayed his genius more in founding Alexandria and in contemplating the transportation thither of the seat of his empire than by his most dazzling victories. The city,” he said, “ought to be the capital of the world, as it is situated between Asia and Africa, and connects Europe with the Indies. It affords the only safe anchorage for five hundred leagues of coast, extending from Tunis to Alexandretta. It is one of the ancient mouths of the Nile. All the squadrons of the universe might find moorings there, and in the old port they are safe from storms and invasion.”

What a hurry-skurry there was in the dark in getting into the vans at the hotel door to be conveyed to the Mahmoudie canal. When I arrived I found the barge in which we were to be conveyed both very confined and dirty. But it proceeded at tolerable speed, drawn by horses which were pursued by well mounted Arabs yelling, lashing, and cracking with their whips.—We all passed a fearful night of suffocation, and jamping, fasting and feasted on by millions. I managed to stretch my carcase for an hour or two in a stinking cabin, but to sleep it was impossible. The poor overland ladies, what with one discomfort and another, were almost driven to distraction. Some red-coated bedlamites, unfortunately infatuated with wine, had to be held from jumping overboard. The ramping and stamping and roaring and scrambling for room to sit or lie, was horrific. Such was my first introduction to Egyptian discomforts, reeking with putridity, and swarming with every variety of filth and vermin. At last the day dawned, when matters were not quite so bad; but we moved over our fifty miles of ditch water to Atfeh in a manner the most uncomfortable any poor sinners ever suffered. Leaving Alexandria, the canal winds along the shore of the Mariotes. The land at first is very fertile with corn, flax, and cotton. The villages are placed upon little hillocks over the immense flat. Again I came to large tracts of uncultivated swamps, and sandy slopes which were occupied by countless numbers of geese and waterfowl.

The Mahmoudie Canal is little better than a broad ditch, but after all it is a noble work of its kind. It was reconstructed in 1819 by order of the late Pacha, to supply Alexandria with water, and to connect one of the branches of the Nile with that city. Mahomet Ali brought by compulsion

three hundred thousand men, and ordered that the work should be executed in a given time. He accordingly provided food for the labourers, and only the exact quantity for the period he had estimated. They were kept to their work from morning till night, by guards of soldiers. The only instrument used in the excavation was the common hoe of the country; when the soil was loose or moist, mere sand or mud, the poor workmen scraped it up with their hands, and their wives and children moved it away in their baskets. In six weeks the waters of the Nile were led to Alexandria, but it was ten months before the work was entirely completed. This was much beyond the stipulated time, and consequently, as the Pacha withheld any more rice, twenty thousand of the workmen perished from famine, exposure to the hot sun, and the severity of their toil. What a savage brute, after all, this Napoleon of the east must have been! The canal still requires constant cleaning, which is effected by means of a large dredge. The mud is carried away in small baskets on the heads of women, who are adorned with bracelets, anclets, nose jewels, and strings of beads, all bedaubed with mud. Although dressed only in a blue chemise, they seem to be generally pretty, light hearted, singing gaily, clapping their hands to keep time, and laughing merrily at our strange appearance as we passed them.

At Atfeh I saw for the first time the sacred Nile, and its banks, which once flowed in blood, and was filled with frogs, and whose rise and fall, far up in lonely grandeur, still spread the blessings of a golden harvest, where rain seldom falls, and dews never drop to refresh the ground. Upon this mighty stream Moses floated in his bulrush cradle;

and on its banks the child born to us at Bethlehem found refuge with his parents, from the murderous Herod. Atfeh is an insignificant place, but full of the bustle of commerce. The river is about five hundred yards broad, running at the rate of between two and three miles an hour. Of itself, it seemed less majestic than I expected, having sunk at the time, as it generally does, to its lowest ebb in the month of May. I remembered besides, that this was but one of the many outlets of this mighty river. Accordingly I soon after this passed the branch of the Nile turning down to Damietta. Now the Nile began to present a more animated scene. There were trading vessels with wheat, and beans, and parties of natives carrying their produce to the great city,—there was a more gay and busy population on the banks, exchanging ceremonies and salaams from the land to the water inhabitants. There were also more groups of trees, and these were of greater beauty; but the passage was tame and even tiresome, with little variety of any kind to interest a European. The monotony of this voyage was increased not only by the scarcity of water in the river, but by the very defective state of the steam machinery on board the boat we were doomed to sail in, which was absolutely ruinous. The boiler burst with us no less than four times, and was repaired each time in a way I don't know; and had it not been that the passengers were at last transferred to a steamer more active and flatter in the bottom, no man could have told when or whether we would have reached Cairo in the course of the present century.

By and bye I saw a long avenue of trees close to the river. It was the garden of Schoubra. Beyond, in the distance, the Mockattam range of mountains and a rocky

promontory appeared. This was the citadel of Grand Cairo itself. Then we were promised a sight of the Pyramids. At last I beheld the very tips of them rising in view more and more every ten minutes. Oh what a crowd of ancient recollections and expectations, and what gratitude and pride arose in my mind when now these giant images of durability were presented full before me! Everybody stood on deck silent and pale, staring at the distant and heavy masses, pointing with simple sublimity to the sky. The first sight of these same Pyramids in 1801 brought, in one moment, the whole French army instinctively to a stand; and the fine countenance of Napoleon kindled with enthusiasm, as he cried to his soldiers, "From these lofty summits forty centuries are watching your proceedings."

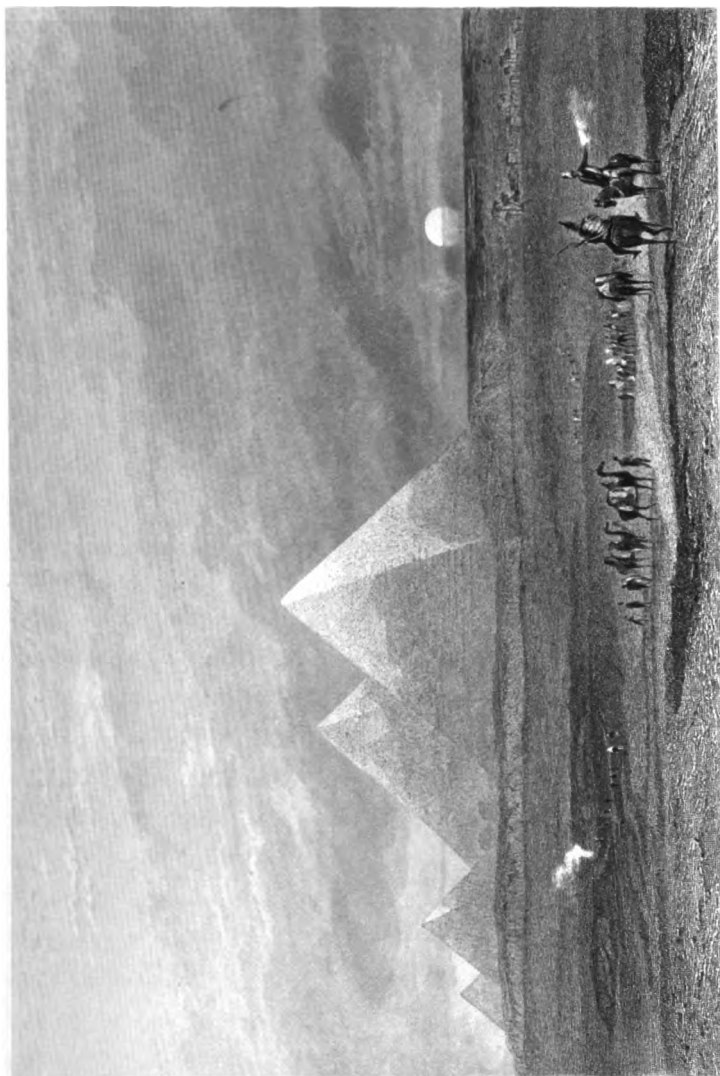
When I landed at Boulac another oriental scene of novelty was presented. Crowds of men and women, all in their shirts only—lazy looking-on watermen calling for employment, porters packing luggage on the camels, donkey boys, little active urchins offering their asses, crying, "Here him best donkey"—"you Englese no walk"—"him kick highest"—"him fine jackass"—"me take you to Cairo." There were also plenty of custom-house folks demanding fees to which they had no right, and sturdy rascals seeking buckshish, and miserable beggars imploring alms. Walking through this promiscuous crowd, with all the dignity they could muster, there were venerable sheiks, or Egyptian oolema, with white turbans, and long silvery beards, and tawny sinister faces. And there were passengers not a few, with a carpet bag in the one hand, and a lady hanging on the other arm, crowding from the deck to the shore.

The moment I mounted the stair at the pier of Boulac, I

.....

.....

pro
Ca.
Py
in
cro
gra
gia
Ev
dis
the
bro
to :
wit
sun
v
was
shir
me:
littl
bes
—“
also
the:
mis
pro:
the:
turl
Anc
the
ing
T



Engraved by E. Pruden

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. from a sketch taken on the spot by C. Barry Key

THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF GIZA
AT SUNSET

found myself in the red dusky haze of an Egyptian atmosphere. It was near noon, and the rays of the hot sun trembled over the boundless valley of the Nile on to the minarets of Cairo, and further still to the sombre pyramids. Now indeed the scene before me presented a superb illusion of beauty. The bold range of the Mockattam mountains, its craggy summits cut clearly out in the sky, seemed to run like a promontory into a sea of the richest verdure; here, wavy with breezy plantations of olives; there, darkened with acacia groves.—Just where the mountain sinks upon the plain the citadel stands on its last eminence, and widely spread beneath lies the city—a forest of minarets with palm trees intermingled, and the domes of innumerable mosques rising and glittering over the sea of houses. Here and there, green gardens are islanded within that ocean, and the whole is girt round with picturesque towers, and ramparts occasionally revealed through vistas of the wood of sycamores and fig-trees that surround it.

From Boulac I was conveyed to the British Hotel at Cairo, the Englishman's home in Egypt, conducted by Mr. Shepherd, the Englishman's friend in the East. The approach to Grand Cairo is charming and cheering, and altogether as fanciful as if I had been carried with Aladdin's lamp in my hand through a fairy region to one of the palaces mentioned in the Arabian Nights of Entertainment. I passed along a broad level path, full of life and fancy, amid groves and gardens, and villas all glittering in grandeur. At every turn something more oriental and magnificent than anything I had yet seen presented itself. Along the level broad highway, a masquerading looking crowd were swarming towards Cairo. Ladies wrapped closely in white veils,

were carrying water on their heads. Long rows of dromedaries loaded with luggage were moving stately forward. Donkeys at full canter, one white man riding, and two black men driving, and thumping the poor brutes most unmercifully with short thick sticks, were winding their way through the throng. Ladies enveloped in flowing robes of black silk, and veiled up to the eyes, were sitting stride-leg on richly caparisoned asses, showing off with pomp a pair of yellow morocco slippers, which appeared on their feet from under their flowing robes. And before these, clearing the way, there were eunuch slaves crying, "Darak ya Khowaga-riglak! shemalak!" which probably may mean 'stand back and let her ladyship pass.' There were walkers and water-carriers, with goat skins full on their back, and fruit-sellers, and orange girls, and ourselves and others driving at full gallop, regardless of all the Copts, Abyssinians, Greeks, Turks, Parsees, Nubians, and Jews which crowded the path. But curiosity of this sort is soon satisfied, and these novelties are passed, when I find myself in the midst of the city, more full of mud and misery, dark, dirty twisting lanes, arched almost over by verandahs, and wretchedly paved or not paved at all, full of smells and disgusting sights, such as lean mangy dogs, and ragged beggars quivering with lice, and poverty stricken people—all this more than the whole world can produce any where else, not excepting even the Jewish city of Prague; which astonished me beyond comparison till I saw the poorer portions of Cairo. The quarter of the Jews in Cairo is also horribly gloomy, characteristic of their degraded position. Its alleys are so narrow that the upper storeys meet. It is provided with strong and heavy gates at both ends to shut them in from assault at

periods of public commotion. But they are wealthier than their sordid appearances indicate.

Ever from the period I landed at Alexandria the heat had been very intense, and by the time I reached Cairo it was quite suffocating. The samsee winds had been blowing from the south-east over the Desert, and to say the least of it, the violent burning air seemed to be simply insufferable. The atmosphere at Cairo had a yellowish hue tinged with red. The sun appeared as if of a deep blood-colour. And although there was not a cloud in the sky, yet it seemed to be partly concealed by a lowering haze. The sand and dust raised by the wind increased the rarity of the air, and aggravated the other painful effects of the heat. Respiration was difficult, and perspiration was entirely stopped. The mouth, tongue, and whole throat were dry as withered parchment; and a prickling sensation was felt over the skin as if caused by electricity. Water, which I drank so plentifully as to produce vomiting, seemed only to increase every difficulty. It is curious, but nevertheless true, that it appeared to me to be a satisfaction to find the whole inhabitants of Cairo making every preparation against so serious an assault. They were shutting up doors and windows, sitting in the dark, and watering their basses and barricades to cool the air that entered by them. They assured me that Cairo had not suffered so much from a heated atmosphere for at least fourteen years; and this I was not slow to believe.

But in spite of sun, and wind, and heated air, I lost no time in hiring a dragoman, mounting a donkey, and scamping along the principal streets and bazaars, Jewish, Italian, and French, to the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, the Mahmooddeeyeh mosque, and city gate, and more especially to the

slave market, and above all to the citadel. The slave market is a large court surrounded with rude cells, which I found crowded with negro girls, some lying in vacant apathy with all their faculties undeveloped, and others whose mere giggling gaiety raised them a little higher in the scale of animal creation. Some were brooding sullenly under the sense of cruel and hopeless wrong. I noticed one of them, young, handsome, and fine featured, but with woolly, greasy, matted hair. Through my interpreter, and in answer to my question, she brought out a fine touch of the deeper feelings of nature. I asked if her parents were alive. A large tear at once rolled down her cheek, and she said, "Thank God, my mother was dead before I was carried off from my own door." She was jet black from Nubia, and all but quite naked. Her features were regular, and might even have been considered beautiful, notwithstanding her negro complexion and her woolly black hair, woven in grease into tiny bristling plaits. Her form was plump and graceful, and she had an expression of very thoughtful melancholy in her face. I looked with pity on the poor girl stolen from her native glen, and from the bosom of a fond family. I was told that she twice sought the opportunity of jumping into the Nile, when brought as an unwilling captive down the country. It was dreadfully disgusting to see so innocent and interesting a creature brought out from her cell by a Jew seemingly desirous to purchase her, who turned her round, felt her joints, examined her teeth, and made her go through her paces like a horse at a York fair.

I next visited the citadel, which stands on a high rock commanding one of the finest views in Egypt, and containing the habitation for the winter half of the year of the late

Mahomet Ali, his mosque and mortal remains. Here I visited Joseph's well, with all the hallowed feelings which the name is calculated to inspire. Another great point of attraction is the spot where Mahomet Ali coolly committed one of the bloodiest deeds that ever disgraced the character of fallen man. On the 1st of March 1811, Mahomet Ali collected all the Mameluke Beys in the north of Egypt into the citadel at Cairo. He gave out that he wished them to share in the ceremony of investing his son Jousoun with the caftan. It was remarked on the morning of that day, that the sun rose the colour of blood, and the face of the Pacha looked dark and troubled; but at times he cleared it up with a smile of kindness to deceive his victims. The Beys came mounted on their finest Arabian horses, in their magnificent uniforms, forming the most superb cavalry in the world. The Pacha presented them with coffee, and paid them all honour. At length they were commanded to move in procession from the citadel. Meanwhile Mahomet Ali placed himself on a terrace, seated on a carpet, and calmly smoked his Persian pipe. He took care to be so situated that he could see all that was to take place below. He permitted the procession to reach the critical point; he then ordered the gates of the citadel to be closed upon the hitherto unsuspecting Mamelukes. When the portcullis fell behind the last of the proud procession, they were at once hemmed in like a ship in the lock of a canal. Before and around them there was nothing visible but blank pitiless walls, and barred windows, and the only opening was upward towards the bright blue sky. Mahomet Ali waved his hand, and forthwith the heights above bristled with guns. The caged and defenceless warriors had only time to look around them

with one stare of surprise, indignation, and despair, when every musket was fired, and most of them fell at once beneath the shower of bullets. Volley after volley flashed from a thousand guns, upon this devoted band. They met their fate nobly. Some calmly crossed their arms upon their mailed bosoms. Some covered their turbaned heads in prayer. Some drew their flashing swords, and uttered fierce curses,—all in vain. And one sprang rapidly beneath the deadly fire, into a red and writhing mass. He spurred his charger over heaps of his slaughtered comrades, and his noble Arabian fairly leaped the battlements, and although the poor animal was killed by the dreadful fall, the rider escaped, amid the storm of bullets, and found safety, first, in the sanctuary of a mosque, and next, in the Desert. The body of their brave leader, Chalyne, was afterwards dragged through the streets of the city with a rope round his neck. Those of the Mamelukes who were not shot in the citadel, were afterwards seized and beheaded. Four hundred and seventy Mamelukes were slaughtered in the citadel, and for several days after there was a general search in the city of Cairo for more victims, and five hundred houses were sacked. Before Mahomet Ali's thirst for blood was satiated, the number of the Mamelukes murdered, amounted to upwards of a thousand. The Pacha justified this deed upon the plea that if he had not shot the Mamelukes, they would have shot him. When told that the deed excited the indignation of Europe, then said he, "I shall have a painting done representing the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and by its side will I place another of the Mameluke massacre. Let posterity decide on their respective merits." Barbarism and untamed passion seem to have been his characteristics.

Memorable as the city of Grand Cairo was before from these events, it was within an inch of being perhaps still more memorable in the annals of my little world, by the massacre of my own precious self, almost on the spot where the Mamelukes fell, and by the same instrument of destruction. I had dined with the Honourable Charles Augustus Murray, Her Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul-General for Egypt, and decidedly the most influential man in that country. It was the last night I was to spend in Cairo: and Mr. Murray or his late lamented lady (whose talents and endearing virtues had gained the respect not only of English residents in Egypt, but that of the Turks and foreigners universally of other nations), happened to ask me if I had seen the constellation of the Southern Cross, one of the most beautiful in the whole sky. On my replying in the negative, Mr. Murray advised me, late as it was, to go up to the citadel, where I would have an opportunity of seeing it in perfection. And he kindly provided for me one of his own body-servants, and a large donkey splendidly caparisoned. Thus mounted and guided along two miles of narrow streets, but dimly lighted, I arrived at the main entrance to the citadel; and found it all shut up for the evening. Unwilling or afraid to alarm the garrison, I committed the care of the donkey to the faithful Janissary, and scrambled up to a high bluff point of the hill, without the fortress. But on taking my survey of the sky, I found my face was turned to the North Pole; and that the whole rocky fortress stood between me and a sight of the Southern Cross. I accordingly came back to the place where I left the Janissary holding the donkey, and passing him, I began to scramble up the southern face of the citadel; when, after a time, a sentinel from above challenged me

in his own native tongue, which I could neither understand nor answer. I accordingly stood still, being now quite conscious of my dangerous position; and not knowing whether it were safe even to go back. He uttered the same words again, and a third time, after another pause much shorter than before; when lo! I first saw a flash of fire, and then heard a ball pass over my head with a sharp hissing noise. I instantly fell down as if he had shot me; and for fear he might fire a second time. Of course the guard was called out, and a party of armed soldiers were in the act of coming up to me, either as I thought to put me to death, or at any rate to make me their prisoner. Fortunately, however, they came first to the donkey and the servant of Mr. Murray: who at once explained in their own language the whole matter, so that I was permitted to depart in peace, every one being right glad that I was not a dead man, and nobody more so than myself.

On my way back to my bed at the hotel, I encountered a wedding procession. First, there were a lot of jugglers performing grotesque antics—then there were musicians with hautboys and drums not a few—then came the female relations and friends of the bride, clothed in common costume. In front of the bride came a number of young virgins robed in white—then the bride herself, walking under a canopy of rich yellow silk, reaching to the ground on three sides, and open only in front, and borne by four men on the outside. Her mother and aunt walked at each side of her under the canopy. The bride was covered from top to toe with an Indian shawl, and she carried a glittering tinsel crown on her head. Mr. Murray's black servant had difficulty in guiding the donkey past her, owing to the music and many

lights, so that she looked out, and to my surprise I saw the face of a child ten or twelve years old. Every one held wreaths of flowers in their hands, and the long procession was closed by another band of musicians, and a man bearing a painted box, said to contain the presents—to which I was called on to contribute a few silver coins. This whole affair at midnight and by torchlight was wild and savage-like.

CHAPTER III.

THE PYRAMIDS.

IN going to the Pyramids I resolved to be alone. I had heard much of the danger of being robbed, or perhaps murdered; and I had read that the donkey boys who attended the author of Eothen, overheard an ill-looking fellow, in soldier's uniform, propose to the Sheik to put him to death, whilst he was in the interior of the Great Pyramid. Fancy, says that lively writer, a struggle for life in one of those burial-chambers with acres and acres of solid masonry between myself and the daylight. But I weighed the danger of robbery and murder in one scale, against the heroism of the exploit and the enjoyment in the full influence of the solitary scene in the other. And accordingly I set out soon after midnight for the ferry of Gihez to visit the Pyramids; the distance being about ten or twelve miles. For an hour I threaded one narrow, dark, and dirty street of the city after another—our donkeys going at a canter. I was accompanied by my dragoman carrying provisions, and to act as interpreter, and by another Arab whose duty and delight seemed to be to thump our two asses forward. And I was preceded by a torchbearer, his torch being a round iron grate fixed at the end of a long stick, which the man replenished with fuel

as required, carrying it in a basket round his waist. As Cairo is closely shut up at night, I had procured the counter sign for the morning, that we might be permitted to pass the guards at the gate. The glare of our torch showed us hundreds of human beings lying about in the lanes in all directions, houseless and homeless beings every one of them. We cantered over and passed probably a thousand sleeping dogs. They are sandy, sharp, slouching, snarling brutes, a cross between the hyena and jackall. They make night hideous with their howl. They never move for anybody; but let a man tread on them if he dare! I reached the Nile at old Cairo; the broad river, looking sullen in the dawn of the morning, passed down in majestic flow animated by the constant movement, even at this early hour, of numberless boats. The angle of the island of Rhoda with the Nilometer, a graduated octagon pillar on which the rise of the river is marked during the inundation, here divides the stream into two branches. I crossed the river with a feeling of intense interest, as this is the spot where it is said the infant Moses was found in his basket of bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter; and I read from the Bible the touching details of that important event. My route lay after this through a fine alluvial plain, where thousands of little canals for irrigation are conducted everywhere, the water being transferred from the one to the other by opening and damming it with the foot as in the days of Moses. I proceeded along the raised banks of the river, towards the Pyramids, which were seen in the grey dawn, seated in serene grandeur on the rising ridge of the desert. I had many long turnings and windings along *gisrs* or dikes, which formed the only road. Sometimes I seemed to advance direct on my object, then I would

turn my side to it, and sometimes even my back for a while, all to avoid the miry mud-fields below. Thus I continued for hours through acacia avenues, along many bridges over water-courses, from dike to dike, and from village to village, with their gardens and groves of palms, till at last I reached the extremity of the inundated land. Then on deep sand my way lay along the edge of the Desert, a narrow strip of which I behoved to ascend before I reached the Pyramids. Bartlette says, "this solitary neighbourhood, whence the prowling Arab, after pouncing on his prey, may so easily regain the shelter of the wilderness, bears a bad character. Many a murder," he adds, "has been committed here." The Arabs were going and coming from the fields, and I was amongst them entirely alone, cut off even from the civilization of Cairo by the broad and deep waters of the Nile. A profound solemnity obtained all around, but I felt my confidence and courage rise in proportion.

I had read so much of the bulk of the Pyramids, and they now appeared so positively insignificant in their dimensions, that I felt mortified; but I remembered that I had the same impression many years ago when first approaching the Alps. And I began to consider that as the extreme clearness of the atmosphere gave them the appearance of proximity in the far distance, so it would also partly account for the diminutive aspect they persisted in presenting. I dismounted, and scrambled up the bold ledge of rock, and found myself already a hundred feet above the level of the Nile. Here my Arab guide produced cold fowl, bread, wine and Nile water in plenty at the foot of this mountain of stone, which now began to indicate its colossal magnitude. Standing beside the Pyramid, and looking from the base to the top, and especially

examining the vast dimensions of each separate stone, I thus obtained an adequate impression of the magnitude of its dimensions; which produced a calm and speechless but elevated feeling of awe. The Arabs—men, women, and children—came crowding around me, but they seemed kind and inoffensive. I was advised to mount up to the top before the sun gained strength; and, skipping like chamois on a mountain, two Arabs took hold of me by each wrist, and a third lifted me up from behind, and thus I began with resolution and courage to ascend the countless layers of huge stones, which tower and taper to the top. Every step was three feet up at a bound, and really a perpendicular hop-step-and-leap of this sort was no joke; move after move continuing as if for ever. I found that the Arabs did not work so smoothly as I expected, and that one seemed at a time to be holding back, while another was dragging me up; and this soon became very tiresome. Perceiving this, they changed their method, and I was directed to put my foot on the knee of one Arab, and another pulled me up by both hands, while a third pushed me behind, and thus I bounded on in my tread-mill of tedious and very tiresome exertion. I paused half way to the top, and rested at the cave. I looked up and down with a feeling of awe, and now I felt the force of Warburton's remark when he calls it the greatest wonder in the world. But in the midst of these commonplace reflections, a fit of sickness came over me. Everything turned dark before me: and now for a moment my courage failed me, and when looking at my three savage companions (for my guide and his friend were sitting below finishing the fragments of my breakfast, and the donkeys were munching beans), I felt myself alike destitute of com-

fort and protection. And when they put forth their hands to lift my body, I verily thought myself a murdered man. When I came out of my faint I found that they had gently turned me on my belly with my head flat upon the rock, and that they had been sprinkling my face and breast with water. A profuse perspiration broke out; and I felt myself relieved. I rested ten or fifteen minutes, and hesitated for a moment whether to go up or down: but I had determined that I should reach the top, if I should perish in the attempt. I resumed therefore the ascent, but with more time and caution than before; and fearing to look either up or down, or to any portion of the frightful aspect around, I fixed my eye entirely on each individual step before me, as if there had been no other object in the world besides. To encourage me by diverting my attention, the Arabs chaunted their monotonous songs, mainly in their own language, interspersed with expressions about buckshish, "Englese good to Arabs," and making signs to me every now and then how near we were getting to the top. After a second dwam, a rest and a draught of water prepared me for another effort at ascending; and now as I advanced, my ideas began to expand to something commensurate with the grandeur and novelty of the scene.

When I reached the top I found myself on a broad area of about ten yards in every way of massive stone-blocks broken and displaced. Exhausted and over-heated, I laid me down panting like a greyhound after a severe chase. I bathed my temples, and drank a deep cool draught of Nile water. After inhaling for a few minutes the fresh elastic breeze blowing up the river, I felt that I was myself again. I rose and gazed with avidity in fixed silence, north and

south, east, and west. And now I felt it very exhilarating to the spirit, when thus standing on a small unprotected pavement so many hundred feet above the earth, and so many thousand miles from home, to be alone, surrounded only by three wild and ferocious-like savages. The Arabs knew as well as I did, that my life and property were in their power: but they were kind and proud of the confidence I had in them. They tapped me gently on the back, patted my head, kissed my hand, and then with a low laughing sinister growl they asked me for buckshish, which I firmly refused, then they laughed, and sung and chatted as before. In calmly looking around me one idea filled and fixed my mind; which I expressed at the time in one word—magnificence! and then I amplified this idea by exclaiming, “How great and marvellous are all thy works, O Lord God Almighty!” How magnificent my present position, in Africa, in the land of Egypt, and a thousand miles from the most southern point of Europe.—How magnificent the pedestal on which I stand, here on the summit of the highest structure in existence that has been reared by the hand of man, which, as measured by Herodotus, the most ancient and accurate classical historian, is eight hundred feet in height, nearly twice that of St. Peter’s at Rome, and nearly on a level with Arthur’s Seat; *—on a Pyramid whose base

* The present height of the Pyramids is said to be five hundred and ninety feet; that is, 150 feet higher than the cross on St. Paul’s. But the ancients make the height equal to the breadth at the base, and the result of the different measurements in different ages always diminishing, proves, what is obvious to the eye, that these Pyramids are fast sanding up. And if sand and wind are thus allowed to take their course, as Nasrani says, they will, like Lear’s two daughters, still reduce, impair, and nibble, till at last we shall have no Pyramids at all. The entrance to the interior was anciently reckoned half way up; now from the sand-drift, it appears almost at the bottom.

is said to cover thirteen acres, equal to the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, whose four sides measure a thousand yards at the bottom, whose bulk is said to contain eighty-five millions of cubic feet, whose weight is said to be six millions of tons, whose erection it is said would occupy three thousand men twenty years, and the materials of which, when broken up, would, it is said, rear a wall round the whole kingdom of France ten feet high and two and a half feet thick.

What a magnificent panorama was now unfolded around me as the centre of a circle, with a radius of a hundred miles in every direction, and how my eyes feasted on the sight! There is a vast level plain bounded only by the Arabian and Libyan mountains, and of several thousand miles in extent, the region of burning thirst, of the deceitful and dancing mirage, and of the deadly simoom. It is watered by the magnificent Nile, creeping in its green embroidered course through a wide waste of golden sand, glaring and glittering in the brightness of the sun like a serpent of silver. Sole monarch of the plain, he suffers no rival to come near his throne. For twelve hundred miles along his course he admits not one tributary rill, however small, to mingle with his stream. No! not even the dew-drops of the morn, or the rains that feed other waters and fructify other fields, in every other country. The alone benefactor of Egypt, upper and lower, he gives the natives their every drink of water; and, unlike every other river in the world, such is his care and kindness for them, that be they ever so hot for the time, they may bathe or partake of the cooling draught with perfect impunity till they quench their burning thirst. How fair and fertile are its banks, the garden and granary of countless villages! How green are its savannahs! how fruitful its

fields, loaded with every necessary and luxury of life. Here there is a sugar plantation or a grove of acacia and palm trees; there, is a patch of green meadow, in which cattle are grazing: and on all its banks, wheat and flax and cotton and Indian corn and tobacco are seen; some green and some golden. The boundless prospect is everywhere intersected by numerous canals, which regulate the inundations of the river, and by trees on their banks, which give a character of English comfort to the landscape. There lay before me, like a map spread out, the two most magnificent deserts in the world—the one reaching from where I now stand onward and eastward to the banks of the Euphrates, the other extending along the Nile upward to Nubia, and inward for two thousand miles to the untrodden regions of central Africa. This magnificent Zahara is backed by nothing, and bounded by nothing but its own trembling horizon;—sand, dry, flat, and fearfully hot, lifeless, trackless, sand,—a dreadful wilderness, a wide spread desolation, a dead sea dried up, a boundless ocean accursed, a scorched desert, traversed only at a time by the dreadful simoom. I noticed how the deep yellow of the sand contrasted with the rocks which seem white like snow in a moonlight. Yonder too, far in the desert, is a calm blue lake, like beauty sleeping in the lap of horror. “It is *Sarab*,” said one of the Arabs; “Mirage,” cried another. The fine sheets and shades of water seemed to be distinctly marked; and it was painful to think that it was only a glittering mockery. Thank God, thought I, that I am not a weary thirsty traveller now crossing the wilderness to be tantalized by such a torment. Yonder are pitched tents, it is a great caravan of Turkish pilgrims on their way to Mecca—what a string of drome-

daries, and what a swarm of Bedouin Arabs are around! In that lonely spot stands the skeleton of a temple of the olden times. And there across the Nile, is distinctly seen the church and grotto, still guarded by a Coptic priest, marking the place where Joseph and the Virgin Mary took refuge with the infant Saviour, when they fled from Herod, king of Judea. Almost below me were the ruins of Memphis, the seat of the Pharaun, and the birth-place of Moses. There too are the remains of Thebes, and the land of Goshen,—the site of Heliopolis, the On of Scripture, where stood the great Temple of the Sun, where Joseph was married to the fair Asenath, where Plato and Herodotus lived and studied, and where the darkness which veiled Christ's crucifixion was observed by Dionysius the Areopagite—there was the garden of Matarien, in which grew the balm of Gilead, which the Queen of Sheba presented to Solomon. Far too as the eye can reach Pyramid after Pyramid are seen as so many magnificent ghosts of ages past. And at the base of this Pyramid the mummied monarchs, who ruled and reigned for their time, four or five thousand years since, still sleep in peace; but no longer in the pride and pomp of their own day and generation. But what a solid display they have left of their royal wealth and power! Now I saw as if with a bird's-eye the whole kingdom of Egypt before me. It is one continued vale, said to be about seven hundred miles long, with a desert on each side, and the river in the middle of it and the Delta below. This vale was naturally barren: but from the heart of Abyssinia the Nile has brought vast quantities of mud, which being both light and fat, has been spread by the inundations of the river to smooth and fertilize the country.

I remained long at the top of the Pyramid, and naturally felt elevated by the sublimity of the scenery around, and also by the thought that I had conquered every difficulty, and accomplished my every purpose. The breeze was still cool, although the sun was now high in the sky. I laughed and talked with the Arabs; and advanced, with them holding my two hands, to the very edge, and looked down the awful precipice. Here again, with a push, or a kick, or probably by withdrawing their hands, my days would have been finished: and I would have been buried in the Desert among the ancient kings, or more likely worried up by hungry hyænas. I looked around at my leisure, and began carefully to read the names cut out on the stones, anxious to catch one from my own country, or of my acquaintance: but in this I did not succeed. Seeing me thus occupied, one of the Arabs drew from his pocket a large murderous looking gully, and when he advanced towards me with it in his hand, had I believed the tenth part of what I had heard or read, I might have been afraid of my life. But with a laughing squeal, he pointed to a stone, as if to intimate that I should cut out my name upon it. Then very modestly he held out his hand for buckshish, and I thought him entitled to two or three piastres. After finishing my engraving, I took two slips of paper out of my hat, and pen and ink from my pocket, and wrote two letters, one to my friend Mr. Syme of Coultermains, and the other to my friend Dr. Summers of Biggar, Lanarkshire, N. B. It was really with reluctance that I resolved on descending to this vale of tears below.

In coming down I felt timid and giddy for a while, and was afraid that I might meet the fate of the poor officer

from India, who on a similar occasion happened to miss his foot, and went bouncing from one ledge of stone to another, towards the bottom, like a ball: and that long after life was beaten out of him. Seeing this the Arabs renewed their demand for buckshish, and with more perseverance than ever: but I was equally firm in my determination that more money they should not have till I reached the bottom. At last they took me by both hands as before, and conducted me carefully from step to step. By and bye I jumped down from one ledge to another without their assistance, till I reached the mouth of the entrance to the interior. I descended this inlet somewhat after the manner of a sweep going down a chimney, but not quite so comfortable I believe. In this narrow inclined plane, I not only had to encounter sand-flies and every variety of vermin in Egypt, but I was afraid of serpents. The confined pass was filled too with warm dust, and the heat and smoke of the lights we carried increased the stifling sensation. In these circumstances I felt anxious only to go as far as would enable me to fire a pistol with effect in one of the vaults. This is well worth while, inasmuch as the sound of the explosion was louder than the roar of a cannon. In fact it almost rent the drum of my ears, and rolled on like thunder through the interior of the Pyramid, multiplied and magnified as it was by a thousand echoes. The sound seemed to sink, and mount from cavity to cavity—to rebound and to divide—and at length to die in a good old age. The flash and the smoke produced too a momentary feeling of terror. Having performed this marvellous feat, I was nowise ambitious to qualify myself further for giving a description of the interior; for even if I had gone into all the apartments it is doubtful if I or any but scien-

tifics would have known much more of these places within than before I entered it. But I felt it to be something to say of a truth, that I had been on the top and in the inside of the Pyramids; being too conscientious to adopt the advice of Sheridan on similar occasions.—In a word, I did it in order to be able to say that I had done it. On the same principle, but with much gratification, I once went down about a thousand feet to the bottom of the salt mines at Salzburg in the south of Germany; and better still, after this, when in Palestine, I descended thirteen hundred and twelve feet below the bottom of the Red Sea; but how, or for what purpose, I leave the reader to contrive until I get a better opportunity of explaining.

It was noon when I came up to the light of day, and the glaring of the fierce sun shining all around, reminded me of my fatiguing journey back to Cairo. But still I was desirous to see the mutilated image of the Sphinx, and to look down some of the deep pits which have been opened near to it. And now I began to think of what Pliny after all calls the main question, namely, How did the Egyptians contrive to raise such immense masses of stone to such an enormous height? And, second, who built the Pyramids? And again, when were they erected? Somebody, but I forget who, states that they were built two thousand one hundred and sixty years before Christ—that is, six hundred and twenty-five years before Israel left Egypt. And as I don't mean to be exact to a day on this point, let the above be settled as about the correct date. As to Pliny's main question, how such immense stones were raised to such an enormous height, I would only remark, that probably the builders were careful to heap up the sand of the desert in immense

mounds, so as to keep it on a level with the building, and thus to enable them to lay every stone even to the top, with as much ease as if it had been the first and foundation stone at the base. And as to the only remaining question, who built the Pyramids? there are a variety of conjectures hazarded by travellers, and they seem to be all equally worthy of credit—as not one of them has a shadow of evidence to support it. Why then should I not hazard my supposition? the more so that the idea is original at any rate, whether it be true or no. They were erected by the Sulphis, says one writer. No, says another, they were erected by the Sen Sulphis. Nay, says a third, they were erected by the Shepherd Kings. And many seem to think, that the children of Israel had not enough of toil and vexation in making bricks without straw, when in their house of bondage; and that therefore they were doomed by Pharaoh to build these idle and silly monuments of his power. But I give it as my theory, that the Pyramids were built by the Giants in those days; which are mentioned in the book of Genesis. And this very Sphinx, lying on the sandy desert with an expression of countenance so dignified and pleasing, must certainly have been one of the *stone* masons who was employed upon the occasion. Probably he fell asleep, like most masons during the heat of the day, and it is evident that he has forgotten to awake. But let me see, his head measures from the point of the chin to the top of the forehead exactly twenty-eight feet, and his body is no less than a hundred feet in length. And certainly then these were the masons who built the Pyramids. But where is his hammer? I believe it has been stolen, and is now employed in the dock-yards at Portsmouth. At any rate, I remember to have seen

one there, in active operation every day, and it was said to weigh seven tons.

Having paid the Arabs, given buckshish to their children, and complimented the old sheik of the village, I mounted my donkey and rode back towards the Nile. The heat of the sun was awful; and I felt that I had been both over-fatigued and over-excited, and when I came at last to the river, while the Arabs were preparing the boat, I cooled my head, hands, and feet in the water. When crossing I sat on the edge of the deck trailing my legs in the stream; and when I landed I drank a tumblerful of sherbet and water. But still I felt unusually restless, with a prickling heat over my whole body. When riding through the streets of Old Cairo, I became sick, vomited, and almost fainted again on the donkey. But I did not omit to visit the place where Joseph and Mary hid the infant Jesus for a time. And by calling up my courage, and riding with care, I succeeded in reaching Shepherd's Hotel; but with some difficulty. The judicious and kind-hearted landlord advised me to take a warm bath and a sound sleep, which he said were the two greatest luxuries in Egypt. No wonder that the heat everpowered me, when riding from the Pyramids back to the Nile, for I was exposed to the scorching breeze of the Khamseen wind. Its breath felt hot to the touch as if it had come from a furnace,—so hot indeed, that the ends of the hairs of the head crinkled and curled when exposed to it. I also held up the fibres of a feather before it; and noticed how they started and shrank. On a similar occasion Lord Lindsay mentions that a book, which was in his pocket, was scorched as if it had been held to the fire. The whole sky this day was obscured by a veil of yellowish grey, that shut out the face of the sun, and the scorching blasts

by closing up the pores of the skin fevered the blood, so that my heart fluttered, my pulse bounded quickly, and my head ached with a burning pain. After a comfortable bath, and a cup of refreshing tea, I went to bed, and slept calmly till the next morning, and rose quite well again.*

* It is scarcely worth while to state that I was twice in Grand Cairo : once before I crossed the desert to Suez, and that only for an hour before noon, when I saw nothing ; and again when I returned from the Red Sea, when I remained for days and saw everything. In my narrative I have made no reference to either of these respective visits ; but I have stated the facts in a general way only.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DESERT.

THE telegraph announced that the Haddington steamer had arrived from India, and the passengers from the Ripon were ordered to start at mid-day to a minute, to cross the desert to the Red Sea, so hallowed by Biblical recollections. At the appointed time a crowd of vans drove up to the door of Shepherd's Hotel: and into these we were all packed closely like so many herrings in a barrel. The entrance, being at the back, was by a low wooden door and by the help of an iron stirrup. The van had two strong red wheels. Above these, fixed by what the Egyptians call springs, the body of it in the shape of a baker's cart was perched on high. It was covered with thin cloth as if to defend from the heat of the sun. At each side there was a narrow wooden bench fixed, on which six persons might sit, but these were so near that passengers were jammed knee to knee and chin to chin like tooth and pinion in a mill-wheel: and even this scanty allowance of room was encroached on by the little railed seat of the driver jutting inward. In front, and on each side of the van, there were pigeon holes to peep out at. Crack, crack went the whip, but the four little sinewy Arabian horses had a mind of their own; and for a time ran

riot into all manner of confusion. This fancy of theirs spread as if by infection; and for long there was a dangerous scene of prancing among upwards of thirty vans. But the drivers managed with wonderful dexterity, and no accident happened in the medley. At last the whole set off simultaneously at full speed as if in a steeple-chase along the broad splendid avenue leading to the Desert. And what a spread there was among the Christians, Jews, Turks, Copts, and Arabians, camels, donkeys, and dogs, all running out of the way as if for their lives! The road immediately out from Cairo is magnificent, through gardens and palaces and military stations of every variety and oriental splendour. These left behind, I entered the Desert, which continues across the whole isthmus. For part of the way a good road has been formed, and I passed a body of men employed in carrying forward the work. But a few miles onward, and we had nothing of the sort to guide us but the tracks of the camels—these docile ships of the wilderness—which are constantly going and coming night and day to the number of seven thousand. And one rocky eminence after another, and slopes of gravel, and boulder stones, the occasional marks of wheels, the skeletons of vultures, the half eaten carcasses of dromedaries, or a broken rim, or the whole bulk of an old minibus, served as so many finger posts from station to station. When the camel refuses to rise, the Arabs universally leave him to his fate. It is seldom that they get on their legs again. I have seen them thus abandoned, and noticed their looks of agony as with mute eloquence they gazed after the receding caravan. When death thus approaches, the poor solitary vultures spy or scent their prey at an incredible distance, and assembling in flocks and

darting on the body, they begin to feed on this faithful servant of man, even before life is extinct.

The surface of the wilderness is one gentle rise of about nine hundred feet till near Suez; the greatest elevation being at the station No. 12. Towards Suez the ascent is about seventy feet in the mile. Going as the cavalcade did at the full gallop, at first the jolting of the vans merely increased our merriment; but when the motion came to be nothing else but bumping and thumping over boulder and rock, I thought my bones would be smashed into jelly. The horses were never suffered to relax their pace for one moment. The rate of speed was beyond anything European. It was truly Arabian; tearing us through the air like witches on a broom-stick. The cavalcade proceeded all in a body; and whips were cracking, drivers calling, and passengers roaring out to one another through the small open wickets of their carriages. And, like a flock of geese high in the air, the groups were assuming every variety of shape; sometimes going in close column, and now one was first, and then another, then they would assume Indian file, then they would spread out and take the broad wilderness abreast. And thus one station was scarcely passed before another came in sight, glittering white and afar in the clear atmosphere. Superintendents from the government clad in Egyptian uniform, and riding on horseback, accompanied us to keep order. When on one occasion I urged and bribed the driver to go in advance, he said that if he disobeyed his superintendent's orders, he might be hanged, or at any rate bastinadoed at the first station.

But the sun became fiercer and fiercer in the cloudless sky; and the blanched surface of the Desert glared under his fiery beams; so that the reflection painfully dazzled

the eyes, which had already begun to be diseased by the insufferable sultriness of the atmosphere. Still hotter hours approached, and the confinement of every limb brought on a sense of uneasiness altogether overpowering; which was only varied at a time by another fearful jolt of the van producing something like downright dislocation of the backbone. And now there appeared not far off long glittering lines of transparent water, brighter and fresher far than the leather decoctions of the Zemzemia carried on the back of the camels, which produces water nauseous with the smell of the hog's skin, and black and thick as porter. On our approach the vision retired, dissolved, and combined again into new forms. Then it slowly faded, leaving nothing but the burning horizon, and a hot film reminding me of the glow of a limekiln. Thus trembling over the glistening sand, it plays fantastic tricks with the thirsty Tantalus, and cheats his vision with an illusory supply of what his senses madly crave. Again this startling mirage shifting with magic play, expands into another gleaming blue lake, whose cool borders seem to be adorned with lofty groves, and on whose imaginary banks wave after wave seems to break in long shining lines of transparent water. These phenomena may thus be divided into two classes, the deceptive appearance of water, and the apparent elevation of objects above their real position. Both seem to be produced by the refractive powers of different strata of air, caused by their being more or less rarefied; and they are increased perhaps by their greater or less degree of moisture. And as this difference of refractive power only occurs within a few feet of the heated ground which causes it, it follows that in general the mirage will only be seen in a very extensive plain, when the eye is

near the ground, and no object intervenes to prevent the refracted rays passing from the distant horizon to the eye through many differently rarefied strata of air. Something like mirage is seen in the Arctic regions, where sea-land can scarce be distinguished from clouds. Views of the same land have been taken from vessels in three different places, with the bearings of its peaks and promontories, by whose intersections their position is nearly as well established as the portions of any of the lands surveyed from the sea; and names have been given to these continents,—such as the Croker range of mountains. But they have been sailed over in an altered condition of the atmosphere. Every traveller both by land and sea in these regions experiences such illusions. It is curious how the extremes of heat and cold should thus meet in producing similar effects.

About three o'clock the power of the sun throughout this sterile region of death seemed to be terrible and most triumphant. At these hours in the midst of this solitude, when the air is dead with heat, travellers hear often the pealing sound as of church bells, at times ringing merrily for joy, and then ringing slow and solemn as if for church: and this continues for the space even of ten minutes, when the sound dies away in the lifeless distance. Like sounds are heard at sea, sometimes, by sailors when becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean; who in trembling wonder, listen to the chime of their own village bells. This strange effect is produced by the extreme heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the pure air, and the deep stillness of all around. These occasioning a great tension and acuteness of the ears, make them tingle under the passing touch of mere memory sweeping across the brain.

The sun sank, and I began to look around for the coming breeze. At sunset I saw the fine rim of the sun touch the very edge of the horizon, and the whole surface of the Desert reflected its splendour like the molten surface of a heaving sea of gold. The sun dipped again, and now it presented a burning crescent. It dipped still, and now I beheld its upper rim, and for a moment I saw it like a little glorious oriental star, and thus it shone and sank, and then it sent forth suddenly a broad deep stream of crimson light from below the burning horizon up to the zenith.

There is little or no twilight in these latitudes, and with it there falls a dew heavy as a Scotch mist, which soon wets an Englishman to the skin. And now there came on the refreshing breeze cooling the heated plain all around, and restoring a little our languid frames. At several places I had noticed sandy hillocks, and I afterwards inquired what these were. I was told that they were the graves of worn-out pilgrims on their weary way to and from Mecca. When the film of death first comes over their eyes, the poor pious creatures begin to perform the rites of sepulture for themselves. Before death finishes his work, they select some little hollow. There they scrape a hole to lie down in. They heap up the sand in a ridge to the windward of their bed. While they have strength to do so, they rake the loose surface over their body, leaving the face alone uncovered, that they may look back to Mecca and breathe freely to the last. They expire with the prayer fluttering on their parched tongue, that the next kind traveller may finish the work of their burial; and at any rate they trust, that these curling breezes at twilight will carry the little ridge of sand back to where it came from, so as to protect their corpse from

the clear eye of the vulture, or the keen scent of the hungry hyena; either of which will come fifty miles for a carcase.

Again, in these districts there are large mounds of sand, where the ground seems more elevated than the rest. In these I was told that whole caravans, and great numbers of camels, have been buried by a white wind sweeping along the Desert. The simoom has a rotary action, giving it the appearance of a wheel set in rapid motion. Or it is carried up in clouds resembling the smoke produced immediately after the discharge of a number of pieces of cannon, and expanding as it rolls onward. Or it assumes the shape of a waterspout; the vacuum being filled with sand instead of water. I saw it in terrific majesty on the sandy flats below Damietta, without injury to myself, or any danger, while I was lying on board of a boat which was at anchor at the mouth of the Nile. A number of pillars of sand at different distances, their tops reaching high in the air, moved rapidly along the surface like a flame. The tops of these sandy pillars were sometimes separated from their bodies. Sometimes like a waterspout they were broken near the middle, as if they had been struck by shot from a battery of cannon. Where the rays of the sun shone through them, they presented the appearance of pillars of fire, or they seemed spotted as if with stars of gold. This pestilential wind, as it is sometimes called, or breath of the terrible one, as the Prophet Isaiah names it, is destructive in a moment. It resembles the burning blast of a glowing furnace; its breath is poisonous, and impregnated with death: and sometimes it buries thousands of people and dromedaries at once. It rose where I saw it like a haze or purple meteor, and struck

out flakes like fire and flashes of silk. It occupied not more than twenty yards in breadth, and seemed to extend about twelve, fifteen, or twenty feet from the ground. Although I was not immediately within its reach, the blast that caused it seemed to affect the surrounding atmosphere, producing for a time languor and a degree of cowardice and indifference to life with which my mind could not contend. It is said that its heat makes the water to boil under its immediate influence; and the flesh of those who are killed by it soon becomes black and begins to fall off the bones. The camels are instinctively aware of its approach for an hour or two before; and they stand with intense anxiety ready to bury their heads in the sand, till the danger be past. When it strikes the head, the blood gushes in streams from the mouth, ears, and nostrils; as if the blast of the simoom had been a flash of lightning.

Night presented a sight truly sublime in this wilderness. For a short time after the twilight had gone the crescent moon seemed to be cut out upon the dark canopy of the sky, sharp as steel and brighter than silver; casting her mantle of pale light on all around. The modest crescent, emerging from the blazing west, presented an edge no thicker than that of a penknife; the reflection of earth-light on her coppery globe was so striking as to arrest the attention of the dullest eye that ever gazed upward. In a country where the moon serves almost as their only time-piece to mark weeks and months, the change is so important an event, that horsemen are despatched from Cairo to ride far into the wilderness for the first glimpse of the new moon. Here it can be discerned several degrees nearer the sun than anywhere else in the known world. At length she too sank in

the high west; and the darkness becoming quite Egyptian, shifted its grandeur to something still more sublime; inasmuch as the glory of the starry dome of heaven outshone the radiance of the setting moon. Now Jehovah alone was to be seen in the heavens. Thousands of stars new to my eye, differing in glory, but all glorious still, rose towards the meridian without a cloud, and sank without a ray of mist in the sandy ocean. The brightness of these radiant orbs, even in the distant edge of the vast horizon, seemed to be supernatural. There was in this voiceless solitude glory on glory, bright, vast and awful; which filled the mind with humility and devotion to Him "which alone spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain, which maketh Arcturus and Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south." And the exclamation of the Psalmist was repeated with fervent sincerity: "Lord, what is man, that thou art thus mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Yet the gospel tells us, that He who created all these, numbers the hairs of our head, permits not a sparrow to fall to the ground, and esteems us, although of little faith, of more value than many sparrows.

The air in Egypt being of pure azote and oxygen, exhibits the heavens of these favoured climes in such a way as to give a glimpse of infinity itself. The crystalline sky seems to be profound in its unfathomableness of sublimity. And thus it is easy to understand why the Arabians and Chaldeans dwelling in these vast plains should have been astronomers and astrologers. The horizon around is unbroken with an atmosphere so pure that the natural eye needs little help to read the glory of God as written in the firmament. I noticed that the polar star was sunk half way

(near 30°) from its wonted height; and that the Great Bear disappeared below the horizon all but the head. It was interesting during the whole night thus to watch and to follow the constellations, both new and old, till one after another sank in the sandy ocean.

Scarcely had this sight become familiar in my mind, when another scene of wonder and novelty started up before me. The sky beamed with a bright glare in the east. At first it was indistinct, but it became stronger and better defined, nearer and nearer still; and for a time I could not comprehend what was indicated by it. But it turned out to be the overland passengers from India and China, who had landed at Suez from the Haddington, and were going at the top of their speed towards the shores of the Levant; as our party were hurrying towards the head of the Red Sea. Each of our vans had seated beside the driver, an Arab with a flaming flambeau in his hand; and as we mustered upwards of thirty carriages, the united sight of these could not fail to produce a glare of light gleaming from the sand below to the sky above. As the number of caravans now advancing on us was double that of ours, the glare of their flambeaux was proportionably greater. And as we approached at midnight, in the grossest period of the darkness, the scene was very imposing. The vans of both parties were extended in long line and abreast of one another. They seemed like host encountering host, when Greek meets Greek. But far from it, for a loud simultaneous cry of hearty welcome ran along both lines. Ten minutes were allowed for stopping; then what a hurry in getting down from the carriages, what recognition of friends, and what running, and roaring, and shaking of hands! Within the vans which came up

from Suez there still sat the aged Nabob, and the wounded warrior, the delicate and diseased female, and the pale mother with her sickly children attended by their copper coloured Indian Ayahs, female servants of remarkable fidelity. But there sprung firm down to the ground at a leap, rattling in armour, influential officers returning to England on leave of absence. There were bronzed sinewy looking men standing around with calm and careless hauteur; conscious that they had made a fortune, and that their frame was not damaged by the climate. There were others, creeping in the crowd, from the fatal swamps of Hindostan, with fried livers, or swollen hearts, or rotten lungs, hurrying home to die in England, or may be even to be buried at Malta. Others, with death in their looks, had fallen sick when fighting their way back; and were bedridden with dozens of leeches on their breasts or cholera mixtures under their pillow in the Hotel at Suez, doubting if ever they were to reach Alexandria alive. But one absorbing desire beat in every heart, and flowed with their blood in every vein, that they might be spared to land at Southampton, to breathe the air of their native country, and to enjoy their withered old age amid the scenes of their boyhood. Some I was told had died coming up the gulf of the Red Sea: but these were sewed up in their hammocks for a coffin, with a cannon-shot at their feet to sink their bodies, which probably found their graves in the belly of a shark. Little know the sons of the desert, who look with awe on the power and wealth of England, of the sacrifices by which it is purchased.

A stentorian voice cried out, "Is there anybody here from Perthshire?" A Highlander sounded with a nasal twang in broad Scots, "I am from Inverness." One gentleman, ap-

parently with a keen scent after politics, cried out, "Are the Whigs still in power?" "No," replied a young clever rattle-skull, "the Queen has kicked them all to the devil long since." An active, anxious-like merchant from Bombay, with cheeks like a Chinese puzzle, asked very earnestly, "Is it true that a war has broken out between England and Russia?" "Yes," said another, "and we have lost three seventy-fours and five frigates. The price of tallow from the Baltic is terribly up in consequence; because they are fighting their battles both on sea and land by candle-light." "Is the outgoing Governor of Hong-Kong here?" "Yes," cries the worthy Colonel. "Oh, how are you?" says the Indian, "Is your brother still member for Surrey?" But soon above all this noise and confusion, the unwelcome sounds were heard, "Time's up!" "Time's up!" "Take your seats!" "Yellah!" "Yellah!" ("Get on—get on") cried the Arabs.—"Where's our carriage?" cried two females frantic with despair. "We have lost the Doctor," cried one of them. "Papa, where are you?" roared out a tall active needle of a boy—"Oh here he is." "Get in—get in"—"They are going off and you will be left behind."—"Stop one minute, driver." "Farewell!" "God bless you." "The same to our friends in the East." And in a minute more the parties separated; the distance becoming greater and the light less very rapidly indeed.

Next we all halt at the middle station for supper. Long before we came up to it I saw a bright flame which had been hoisted high on it as a signal, reminding me of the pillar of fire which guided the children of Israel by night in this same dreadful track. When I drove up to the front of the station, there were crowds of Bedouin stable-

men holding each in his hand a flaming flambeau, that glared not only on their savage faces and wild dresses, but which made, with our lights united, the sky and the sand gleam with fire. The horses, not long relieved from the toil of bringing forward the vans with the passengers from India, were standing in long rows tied to a plank each by the fetlock joint of the fore-leg, eating their feed of beans to be ready for the start again. Now we all entered a large room elegantly furnished and with a picture of the parting of Burns and his Highland Mary, and there I found two long tables comfortably loaded with choice viands, and very good wines. Some of the party who had crossed the Desert before, had raised the alarm that at supper we would get nothing but the scraps left by the wise men of the east: but no such thing. Everything was plenteous and excellent, but cold water, which was good enough, but very scarce. In answer to a complaint on this score, the apology was offered that each bucket of water was worth half-a-crown, and that it cost the establishment seven hundred pounds in the year to bring their cold water on the back of dromedaries from the Nile, at a distance of sixty miles. The remark was made, that houses in Scotland were often kept in hot water at a much less expense, that is free and for nothing. A laugh and another cork of Champagne sounding at our elbow sharp as the evening gun at Malta, afforded a gulp to two or three thirsty mouths of the same family, and thus another sovereign was melted in a minute into mirage, presenting now only a little white foam in the bottom of the long stalked crystal for its price—thirteen shillings and six pence. Supper devoured, and faces looked very fatigued. Ladies retire, and the wine flows like water among the gentlemen remaining. But

luckily time again is up, and off we all start with fresh horses, and at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour.

I was approaching Suez as the day began to dawn, but sometime before this I observed that large flaming lights had been set up there, and at the station immediately preceding it, but there was not daylight enough to enable us to discern the expanse of the waters of the Red Sea. Probably it was from this very ridge that the panting Israelites first saw that shining gulf. Be that as it may, my own thoughts pushed me forward as eagerly as if I had spoiled the Egyptians, and had been flying from Pharaoh's host. The dawn brightened into the red glow of the morning; and not till then did I lose hope of seeing the Southern Cross rise on my right,—but the mountainous range of Attaka (Djebel) shut this beautiful constellation out from my view. As the light brightened, I looked out anxiously for the sea: but the grey of the morning, mingled with the treacherous film of the mirage, entirely bewildered the prospect. When the sun rose, I enjoyed one of the most magnificent spectacles that can be conceived. While the summits of the mountains were clothed with its golden hue, and before its beams had reached objects of less altitude, the lower ranges appeared enveloped in a light purple haze, which shed over them an indescribable brilliancy. The Red Sea now resembled a noble stream, bounded on both the African and Asiatic side by stupendous mountains; but neither forests nor clustering vegetation of any kind girded their sides. No streamlet or water-fall glistened out from their frowning surface. They stood in naked majesty, burnt and barren-like, but they were richly clothed in the green verdure of Biblical recollections.

The mountains which encircle or intersect these naked deserts from the borders of Palestine to the shores of the Indian Ocean, tower up into rugged and insulated peaks, but their flinty bosoms attract no clouds to screen the parched earth from the withering influence of a tropical sky, and they supply no rain to nourish the soil. The refreshment of cooling breezes, periodically enjoyed in other sultry climates, is almost unknown on the Red Sea. The air is dry, suffocating, and still as death. And when the atmosphere is moved at all, it is only by hot and pestilential winds, diffusing a noxious breath alike fatal both to animal and vegetable life. The steppes of Russia and the wilds of Tartary are decked by the hand of Nature with lofty trees and luxuriant herbage, but vegetation is nearly extinct on the face of these hills, and on the shores of this sea. The sandy plain often gives birth to straggling and hardy brushwood, and the clefts of the rock sometimes have a solitary tamarisk, or an acacia striking its roots into the crevices of stone, and drawing a precarious nourishment from the nightly dews only. Well then might Jeremiah say of this sterile country, that it is "a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought and of the shadow of death, a land that no man passeth through."

I passed Bir Suweis, the salt well of Suez. To my right was a range of dark mountains called the Mount of Deliverance. From this ridge a narrow sandy slope descended to the level shore. On the left I noticed the castle of Ajrud, the first fortification on the pilgrim road to Mecca; and between me and it there was a low swampy flat and a variety of dirty-like dungeons. To my surprise I was told that this was Suez: the great resting point midway between Eng-

land and her colossal Indian empire. Running up to Suez now like a Highland lake, and past it for two or three miles, again like a river, were the memorable waters of the Red Sea—flat and dreary-like. Over the town, three miles down the solitary gulf, and beyond the shoals, two British steamers, the one from Calcutta and the other from Bombay, were riding at anchor; a sight which did not fail to swell my heart with proud and patriotic emotions;—connecting links these, on a mighty scale, between the inmates of the green homes of our own northern clime, and their near relatives in the burning east. How many tales of gladness and of woe have, I thought, from these two very ships been already transmitted across this desert! How many intimations of marriages and of deaths! What a freight of precious metals! What a bunch of bills of exchange, and invoices of rich produce! Most melancholy to me was the word Haddington, and the sight of the ship brought a heavy damp over my mind, as I knew it to be my place of separation from nearest and dearest of friends.

When we entered the gates of Suez I felt therefore as if I were entering into a prison or a madhouse. We all drove up to the English hotel, which looks like an old brewery; and when we halted at the door, one of the ladies, the mother of two fine lively children who were with her, was taken out of the van in a faint; and all were exhausted to the death, covered with sand, batted on the whole skin by profuse perspiration, cramped in every joint, and sore in every bone. The morning felt raw, and even at six o'clock the sun, shining over both Africa and Asia, had not dispelled the damp rising from the marshes all around. The jolting and want of sleep for three nights, and the jamming up of our limbs so long in the stocks, soured all our tempers. Everybody

bore a face of despair : because the overland passengers to India had been hurried from Cairo, where so much was to be seen and enjoyed, and where they required at least one night's sleep, having already lost the two preceding nights' rest in the dirty boat on the Nile. And they were brought thus to Suez, where nothing but swamps and dried mud were to be seen, to remain idle for two days, before they would be permitted to go on board of the Haddington.

And now a word as to my luggage. We all left it on board of the Ripon with some anxiety, notwithstanding Captain Moresby's laughing assurances that it would be safe at Suez in very good time. In coming along the shore at Alexandria, I was startled at the singular preparations making in the court-yard adjoining the agent's house for the transmission of baggage across the Desert. There was a whole pyramid of bales, boxes, and portmanteaus. There were crowds of sullen-looking camel owners, gathered together with their tame beasts of burden. There was the tinkling sound of hundreds of bells, ringing from the necks of the dromedaries, whenever they tossed their heads. There were cursing, clamour, and Babel-like confusion all around. Immediately the agent appeared, and the janissaries, whose office it was to superintend the distribution of the luggage, laid aside their long pipes with calm dignity, rose from their seats, and began to strike with their rattans, man and beast, right and left, without respect of persons. The drivers push forward their beasts of burden. The sensible brutes growl, and kneel, and look very anxious-like, while package after package is lashed on their back. And as the loading of each is finished, off he moves with slow and stately step, into the dreary Desert. From this moment every one

of these black Bedouins is left with his camel and cargo, often of vast value, to his own sagacity and integrity, and to find his own way to Cairo and Suez. But everything reaches its destination safe on board the steamer. When our vans passed these caravans on the sterile path, great was the anxiety of every body to look over the packages on the back of every marching dromedary; and great was my admiration and satisfaction when I found that everything belonging to our whole party was right, and no mistake. Surprised at the accuracy of what seemed to me so perilous a transaction, I asked the Company's agent at Suez as to the honesty of these Arabs. He replied that they were kept correct alone by the fear of death, which would certainly be forthwith inflicted on any culprit who dared to abstract a single article. A railway has already been commenced from Alexandria, and ere long express trains will be rattling onward to Suez. To give an idea of the traffic, I was told that 7,000 camels and horses were generally employed in conveying goods and passengers between Cairo and Suez. When this comes to an end, then adieu to all the overland romance of the Wilderness. Railways are sure to pay in the East, where water-power is so scarce, and where the animal energies so soon become quite languid from the excessive heat.

I made a point of visiting one of the wells in the Desert. It was guarded by a garrison of military, and a sheik superintended the details. What was called the well was a dirty puddle of sand and mud with a little water oozing up from the bottom. The hole might be three feet in circumference, and three feet deep, and a few large stones had been placed around the sides to keep the sand from bursting

down. But this was a vain effort. There was a crowd, consisting of men, women and children, to the number of sixty-four, ranked three rows deep, on their knees and bellies, with cans in their hands, waiting for water. The children were entirely naked, and the young females partly and properly covered. The wives had first a cushion on their head; on which they balanced their can filled with water. Next they had a cotton cloth covering their head, and neck behind, having a string of something like buttons down over their brow, tied to a bag hanging from their nose, and concealing their whole face but the eye. Next they had a blue shirt, which concealed the whole body down to the bare ancles. Not less than ten voices at a time cried out "water," "water," "drink," "drink,"—"Allah! Allah!" and that constantly. It seemed to be a continued struggle on all hands to get their can first filled.—All the while the crowd sang a monotonous and appropriate Arab tune to the words, "Allah a ma wil fater," which is by interpretation, "God, we give thee praise." Again they chanted with very earnest gesticulation the words, "El moye ta wil hater,"—"Do thou give us the water." To the bottom of the hole there stooped an old hag, a hale woman, but dried as a finnan haddock, with a flat dish like a soup-plate in one hand, and the earthen can in the other, and ever as the water gathered a little she skimmed it off the muddy sand below, and poured it into the can, which was carried away with apparent delight by the miserable natives for their domestic purposes. When a mother obtained her canful, two or three of her naked children ran out from the circle,—and she would take down her pitcher and give them some of it to drink. I could not tell exactly how, but a scramble arose for pre-

cedence, and heads were broken with the little iron scoop by the woman in the hole. Then the magistrate interfered, and commanded them to wait with patience for a while. To pass away the time, and keep down the appetite of thirst, the Arabs sat down and chanted one of their uncouth songs in full chorus. When I came up to the well, the sheik spread out a mat, and made a sign for me to sit down upon it; which I did. And now when the water had gathered a little, and the sediment of sand had subsided, the sheik took the scoop from the hand of the old hag, filled it with water from the well, and very politely presented it to me to drink.

Should a caravan arrive at a cistern of water, the scene is somewhat different, as I have seen it often.—The contest then comes to be between the camels, horses, mules, donkeys, and dogs. The horses neigh, the donkeys bray, and the dromedaries look savage, and utter sounds very determined like. Then the legs of the muleteers are crushed and the camel-drivers utter their oaths, when their shins are bruised. Here, one of the riders is kicked off; and there, saddle-bags, travelling-packs, and cloaks, and carpets, and cans, and the huge Spanish saddle itself, are torn down and trampled among the sand. Every animal is kicking and biting its own way to the water to get a mouthful. One of the squad is fairly pushed back, and another is edging in, and both of the brutes are having their heads cruelly cudgelled with short, thick, business-like sticks. Order being partly restored, the more diminutive quadrupeds stand with their forefeet in the fountain, having their head and ears immersed in the mud; while the sagacious camel, taking advantage of its long legs, long body, and long neck, quietly stretches over the back of those in front,

and draws up the water in large gulps, and that not only to slake its thirst for the time, but also to fill its bag as a reservoir to its stomach for another two or three weeks in the Desert. When camels travelling in the wilderness are yet distant four or five miles from a well, they seem to smell the water; they stretch out their long necks, increase their pace, and show other unmistakable symptoms of being conscious that they are approaching a watering place. At the conclusion of the last century good water was considered to be so scarce on the Red Sea, that vessels from India accompanying the expedition were freighted solely with it.

Without these watering stations, partly natural and partly artificial, on the routes which travellers traverse the deserts in various directions, this country would remain impervious to man. These tanks serve as points of intercourse between distant districts, and form the usual resting-places of travellers and caravans. In some places the water is sold to strangers on their journey, and is often imported to a great distance in skins on the backs of camels. Among the Arabs water constitutes a great part of their wealth. It is often the most precious commodity in districts of a hundred miles round. The possession of a spring frequently occasions hot disputes, and has even been the cause of civil wars. Hence we read of Abraham rebuking Abimelech, because of a well which his servants had violently taken away; and of the strife between the herdsmen of Gerar and those of Isaac. "It is," says Dr. Crichton, "also mentioned as an instance of intolerable tyranny, in one of the ancient Arab kings, that he would suffer no camels but his own to be watered at the same place." I have several times rode up when very

thirsty to a fountain, and been cruelly prevented from tasting it, or I have been compelled to buy the water. Nay, there are entire districts where water and rain are unknown. The great southern Desert, which extends from six to seven hundred miles in length and as much in breadth, does not possess a single fountain of water.

In the whole Desert, I noticed no trace of verdure, but a few stunted poisonous shrubs of hellebore, straggling in wide intervals about the sandy beds of dried watercourses. The only sign of active life which I saw either in passing or repassing the Desert, was occasioned by a large hyena coming down from the mountains, dashing into the court-yard at one of the stations, where a few fat sheep were feeding within flakes, to be ready for killing as they were required. Mr. Shepherd and I were sitting at breakfast, when the hubbub arose, and the Arabs were running with guns, defective in their matchlocks, and searching their drawers for powder and shot, while the ferocious animal was bounding over the plain with one of Mr. Shepherd's wethers in his teeth. There seemed to be no other sign of living thing but the burrow of the rat, the slimy trace of the serpent, or the carcass of the dead camel, who often makes the wilderness both his home and his charnel-house. I noticed the carcass of the dromedary in various stages of decay—on one occasion the vultures had just dashed their beaks into the fleshy fallen corpse. In the twilight I noticed a carcass which the hyena and the jackall had stripped of every muscle, and the night breeze was whistling, and the sand was whirling, through the ghastly framework of its white naked ribs. In many places I noticed, after bleaching long in the sun and wind, the bones had fallen asunder, but they still served to mark in the distance the

appointed track in which the camels' strength had been spent. There is one tree only near one of the stations in this Desert, and it is known as the rag tree. Diminutive as it is, the singularity of its solitary position, and the veneration with which the pilgrims look on it, make it an object of interest; especially where there is nothing else to be seen, but perhaps the eagle soaring high in the air, or the vulture flapping and fighting with a jackall over the half-eaten carcase of a camel. On this tree every pilgrim passing to and from Mecca leaves a shred of his clothing. In this mighty wilderness, which interposes an expanse of naked gravel eight hundred miles in breadth between Babylon and Grand Cairo, there seems to be really a sublime sight of vast desolation, and an awful magnificence in the whole grandeur of stern solitude. All that I had read, heard, or imagined of this scathed wilderness, fell far short of this dull sulky-looking waste, spreading its undulations like a sea everywhere far and wide to the edge of the horizon.

Suez stands on a low sandy point surrounded by sea-water on both sides, and extending into the gulf for a mile and a half; this part of it being covered only at high water. A narrow channel five or six feet deep runs up from the sea under the wall, and north of Suez for two or three miles. Notwithstanding that Suez is a small old miserable town, to England it is one of the most important positions in the world. Built on the verge of the two vast Deserts of Africa and Asia, it is the rendezvous for the natives from the remotest provinces of these two quarters of the globe, who meet here to barter in all the oriental originality of their distinctive characters. Thus the Magrabin of Fez, the Syrian, the Nubian, the native of Djedda, Cosseir, and

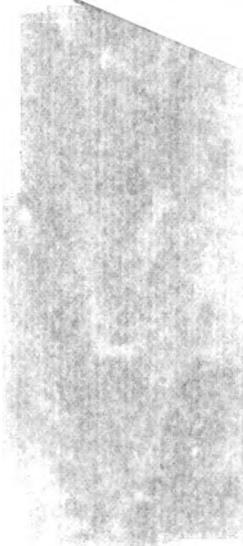
Souakem, walk side by side presenting the most striking contrasts of face, figure, and dress, and the want of it. There were also pointed out to me, Mughreby Arabs from Western Africa, with sullen and half menacing appearances. I was told that many of these Ishmaelites know nothing of the division of time into hours. Many of them live habitually for nine months in the year without tasting either bread or water. The stunted shrubs growing at intervals in the Desert enable their camel mares to yield a little milk, and this furnishes the sole food and drink of the people for that period. During the three months when this resource fails, these savages are forced to pass into other districts to gather the most wretched and scanty subsistence. To the Mohammedan, Suez is well known as his resting place when on a pilgrimage to Mecca. To the devout Christian this district is intensely interesting, as it was hereabout the stupendous manifestation of divine power was exhibited when the Israelites of old, guided by Moses, traversed the Red Sea. It has already been stated that on the African side of Suez, there is the range of the Attaka,—mountains of Deliverance; and on the Asiatic side there is the range of Djebel Ruhah mountains, both ranges running from north to south along the western and eastern shores of the gulf. Suez lies as if in a cradle between these mountain ranges, and surrounded, as I have said, by the swamps and shoals and arms of the Red Sea. The mouldering walls of the town are constructed of shells and madrepores, mixed in mud. The houses are built of bricks dried in the sun.

The town itself is one of the most deserted, diseased, and dirty to be found in either Africa or Asia. It consists of open spaces and narrow lanes. The open spaces are

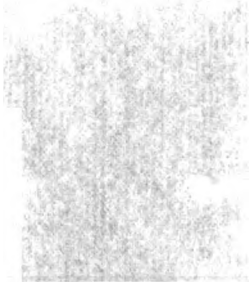
crowded with crouching camels, munching their food and drinking their water preparatory to crossing the Desert in every direction. Along the lanes, the natives are sleeping in the shade like swine in a pig-sty, the corners being filled with filth, and consisting of dreary ruinous houses. In the whole horizon there is not a green tree or shrub, with the exception of the rag tree, probably for a distance of eighty miles, or a drop of fresh water, all supplies of sweet water being fetched from the Nile near Grand Cairo. There is a dismal dearth of everything desirable at Suez, unless the raw traveller like myself from Europe may wish to enjoy a sight of grinning hyenas or yelping jackalls. Four or five rusty dismantled cannon indicate the strength of Suez as a fortification, and some singularly built ships, high at the stern, and very clumsy, show an antiquity nearly equal to that of the Ark. The whole picture of misery and mud presents a general aspect mean and melancholy. The women seem all to be old and ugly, or perhaps the younger portion of them are not permitted to appear. They wear a dirty covering over their face, leaving only the eyes and part of the chin, and long angular lower jaw, exposed. The children almost naked, and in a loathsome state of filth, and crawling with vermin, lie everywhere sprawling in the sun. In the bazaars everything is dear and dirty. To all this the English Hotel is an entire exception. It is kept also by Shepherd, and conducted by Dempsey and his active wife. Here, now, whatever it may have been formerly, there is everything clean, kind, and comfortable. I had letters from Mr. Davidson at Alexandria to Mr. Lerwick, English consul, and to Captain Linguist, Agent for the Transit company; and all

I can say is, that the kindness and consideration of these three gentlemen to me and to mine, and to every body else, was beyond description.

I accompanied my son John and daughter Mary on board of the Haddington; and had to encounter the severe trial of a separation from them. I was sorry to part from the party going to India, with whom I had traversed the ocean for thousands of miles. One of these, a colonel in the army, and Governor of Hong-Kong, was an amiable, honourable, and accomplished member of England's aristocracy. One was a Lieutenant of the Navy, young in years but ripe in judgment, and bearing on his countenance the stamp of calm decision. One learned and ever laughing, was communicative and very kind to everybody, and especially to the young. Some were merchants and mercantile men of gentlemanly manners, with their ladies, as were all the other ladies on board, fitted to adorn the society of the east. Some were young and gay cadets just let loose from the trammels of parental restraint, knowing little and fearing nothing. Others were boys who had never before been from their home of rural solitude, whose minds were as yet like a sheet of white paper, ready to take any impression provided it seemed to them to be for the good. Some were officers of the army, high-minded, reckless of danger, and determined on duty, but more distinguished for their animal courage than for their Christian humility. Some were going out for the first time. But several had already been in the far east, and that to very good purpose, and they had come back to the western world to take out their amiable and elegant partners in life: or these, with or without their children, were hurrying with intense anxiety and affection



THE HISTORY
OF



I can say is, that
three gent
was



Engraved by E. Prude

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. from a sketch taken on the spot by J. C. Wilkinson, Esq.

THE HARBOUR OF
TRINIDAD

to join their husbands on the other side of the globe. They all came to the deck, or to their cabin windows, when I departed from the Haddington, roaring out blessings, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and some of them, it may well be believed, shedding tears not a few. "God bless and prosper you all!" said I from the bottom of my heart. "Some of you may sicken, pine and die far from the eyes which would have watched, and wept, and prayed over your feverish pillow." "Some of you may redden the field of battle with your warm blood, or even whiten it with your unburied bones bleaching in the winds of heaven." When I saw the Haddington begin to steer steadily down the gulf I trembled in every limb, and continued to shiver for about three hours; but I remembered the motto of the ship, "*Quis separabit.*" Now a sick and solitary wanderer in the midst of the wilderness, four thousand miles from home, I thought of the beautiful little incident of Mungo Park and his flower, and I had recourse for comfort again to my favourite passages of Scripture. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

Park had been robbed of his horse, pocket-compass, and clothes. He found himself in the midst of a vast wilderness, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. He was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. He considered his fate as certain, and that he had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, supported him. He was indeed a stranger in a strange land; yet he was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructifica-

tion caught his eye, and he mentions this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for, though the whole plant was not larger than the tip of his finger, he could not contemplate its delicate conformation without admiration. Can that Being, thought he, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing apparently of so small importance, look with unconcern on the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow Park to despair. He started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, he travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and he was not disappointed.

CHAPTER V.

THE RED SEA, AND THE PASSAGE OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL
ACROSS IT.*

IT would be endless to enumerate the various circumstances which combine to cast a spell over the shores of the Red Sea. From the earliest dawn of history, the Egyptian side of this gulf has figured as the scene of events, which both religious and civil records have united to render memorable. Here Moses and the Patriarchs tended their flocks, and put in motion those springs of civilization, which from that period have never ceased to urge forward the whole human race in the career of improvement. Here empires have grown up, and decayed like Jonah's gourd. Here the Egyptians have been conquered by the Persians; the Persians by the Greeks; the Greeks by the Romans; and the Romans by a daring band from their own burning

* Dr. Crichton, in his '*History of Arabia Ancient and Modern*,' collects within a moderate compass everything which, from its novelty or importance, deserves to be recorded concerning the literature and religion of the Arabs, their traditions, customs, government, and institutions. These are traced and delineated in a very able manner indeed. He gives a just view of the exodus; and seems to be much of my opinion as to the passage of the children of Israel across the Red Sea. On this subject, and in reference to the Arabians generally, the reader cannot do better than to consult the second edition of this standard work.

deserts. Every name is embalmed in history: and almost on every spot fancy loves to linger. On the Arabian promontory there stands Mount Sinai: bearing still on its face the features of mighty miracles. There everything is even now what it was four thousand years since. These tents of the Ishmaelites are neither better nor worse than they were that very day when they bought Joseph from his brethren on their way to Egypt. The Arabs eat, drink, clothe themselves, marry, bury, make war and peace exactly as they did at the time of the Exodus.

Although marvellous events have stamped the barren sands of this Gulf, yet it is difficult to write with accuracy of this theatre of wonder. Some writers with little capacity, and without the fear of God, but with a bold and a brazen face, deny altogether the truth of the Biblical history of the Exodus. To all such I have not a word to say.—Having ears to hear, they hear not; having eyes to see, they see not; and having understanding, neither do they understand. The grace of God can alone send his light and his truth into their dark and hardened hearts: and it is my earnest prayer that the veil may be taken from their eyes, and that like babes of Christ they may drink in the milk of the word in all godly simplicity and sincerity. But there is another class who try to give a rationalist interpretation to this miracle: by attributing supernatural events to physical causes, rather than taking them as they are given us as a miracle. These admit that the gathering of the Israelites on the borders of Egypt, their march over the wilderness and through the Red Sea, were extraordinary providential circumstances. These are not infidels entirely, but it may be justly observed, that the more a writer is inclined to infidelity, he argues the

stronger for the passage having taken place up at or above Suez; or at any rate as little below it as may admit the assertion being made, that the ebbing tide, aided by an east wind, or a north-east wind, effected the purpose. This view of the matter is more especially adopted by those who have never been on the spot, or may have examined the localities very superficially, or may have collected their facts with a view to nurse into probability some little pet theory, adopted beforehand. With those, as they more especially are men of considerable intellect and undoubted piety, it is my desire to converse in these pages: and above all, with humble, penitent, and prayerful Christians at home who may peruse this work, it will be my earnest desire to place before them the facts and inferences and arguments with all the care and candour I can; leaving them mainly to judge for themselves as to what theory of the Exodus and passage it may be the safest for them to adopt. All I can say for myself is, that I adopted no theory whatever before I went to Egypt; but when I came to examine the localities with my own eyes, and to read carefully the account given of it by Moses, writing with the pen of inspiration in his hand, I did not fail to recognise the miraculous hand of the Almighty in the whole transaction; and for one moment I did not allow myself to account for the events in any way, however uncommon or extraordinary, excepting as a work which no man could have done, unless God had been with him in a miraculous manner at every step.

But after all, as it is a work of no little interest, so it is a task of much difficulty, to trace the places which the Bible history has made so famous. Different languages have been spoken in these countries at different times; the history

of the events was not written in the vernacular tongue of Egypt; the Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic historians gave different names at the same period to the same cities and places; and the names of the towns have changed again and again even in the same language, and under the same people,—therefore the task of accurate identification has become nearly hopeless. Cities then existing are now nowhere to be found. Others since that period have been built in various similar positions, and these have long ago gone to ruins. Canals which, had they still existed, might have helped to lead us along the track, have long ago been sanded up. The very hills, in so far as they were composed of sand, may have been shifted by the wind. And when looking at the Desert and all around Suez, I was convinced that even the waters of the Red Sea had altered their position; and that places which are now high and dry might in Moses' time have been under the wave. In discussing therefore this difficult subject, it were best to state shortly the different opinions which have been maintained by the various writers, the arguments by which they have been supported, the objections to which each of these seem to be liable, and then to mention and maintain, but with diffidence, that opinion which appears to me to be the more probable. In doing so, I may require to repeat some portion of my description of the position of Suez, and of the general aspect of the country at the head of the gulf, and down both sides of the sea. I may also require to describe the beach of the sea; and the nature of its bottom, its depth, and its width, at the different places the Israelites are supposed to have passed. But in making these statements, I shall be mainly guided by Captain Moresby's communication to me, whose opinion in all

07

a-

e

h

-

i

s

u

v

w

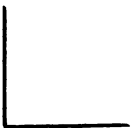
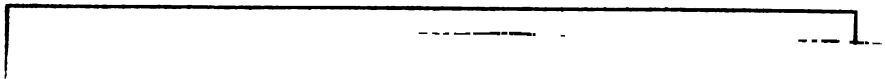
x

y

z

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
0
A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
J
K
L
M
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
X
Y
Z

or,



the circumstances is probably the best extant. This statement will be illustrated by the chart which he drew for me in the Levant on board the Ripon; on the accuracy of which the reader may depend, Captain Moresby having been employed by the East India Company to survey the Red Sea, on which service he was engaged for a period of five years. His charts have been long published, and they are esteemed by mariners to be accurate. As in writing this dissertation, I have endeavoured to dismiss from my mind all favourite theories, and to make the Holy Scripture my guide, by applying all its details to every locality, so I advise the reader to enter on the subject with candour and caution.

Some writers belonging to the Cambridge mathematical class think that the Israelites were enabled to pass over this gulf by dry land, by taking a route not usually subjected to the influx of the sea. But this theory of the Fellows of Trinity can be admitted only on the strange supposition, that the words sea and waters are used by Moses in a sense to mean dry land. To say the least of it, there is danger in using such unwarrantable liberties with the sacred text. Every man who looks upon these parts of the Red Sea, and compares the scripture details with the appearances of the locality, will at once reject this reckless assumption.

Professor Carl Ritter seems to think that the place of the passage is to be sought to the north of Suez, higher up than the town, and beyond the present gulf and in the ancient bed of the sea—that is, through what appears at present to be salt marshes, which I was told were covered with water in winter when a current runs from these swamps into the gulf.

The Oxford Theologians, with Milman their Professor,

seem to think that God conducted his chosen people through the very small creek at the northern extremity of the inlet, and that the Israelites entered the bed of the water about the spot on which Suez now stands. They tell us, without giving any authority, that Israel passed during an ebb tide, aided by the violent wind mentioned in the scripture, and that thus the order of nature was not disturbed. These theories derive their only support from supposing the land of Goshen to have been on the Pelusiac or eastern branch of the Nile; extending to the verge of the Desert. The distance from the borders of this tract to the Red Sea would be a moderate three days' journey, they argue, to the cumbrous host of Israel.

One obvious objection to this supposition is, that the time of a single ebb would not have been sufficient for the passage of that vast multitude of men and beasts. Another objection equally formidable is, that if Israel had passed here, the Egyptians might in two hours have recovered their borrowed jewels from the fugitives, and that without wetting their feet, merely by making a slight detour on dry land round the head. Moreover, all this supposition is check-mated by the single very simple fact, that there is no proof that in Moses' time there was water there sufficient to have covered the host of Egypt, even if they had been desirous to be drowned. Let the reader here remember what I have already stated, namely, that this narrow channel which runs up from the sea, under the wall and north of Suez for two or three miles, is only five or six feet deep. And on this point I speak with personal authority, from the circumstance that my son and myself bathed in it: and I was at the pains to wade it, that I might be enabled to assert on my own

knowledge that this theory was neither more nor less than absolute nonsense. When I was thus walking and wading in this narrow arm of the sea, an Arab came running down with great earnestness towards me, and I was almost afraid that his object was to carry off my trousers, which contained my sovereigns in the watch pocket; but far from it,—it was to warn me that plenty of sharks were swimming about. But when I looked and saw the place so shallow, I still thought that there was no immediate danger of sharks; however, we drew ourselves *very* quickly to the shore, just in case one of them might catch us by the hip. Every thing therefore as to these theories seems to be inconsistent with reason, and all the recorded history of that event.

Niebuhr, Dr. Robinson, and others, limit the passage to the vicinity of Suez across the shoals adjacent on the south and south-west. This bay, they say, is less than a mile in width, and is easily forded at low water across it; and the tide rises about six feet, so that the caravans never cross this ford. The blowing, it is argued, of a strong east wind on the ebbing waters, would make bare a space on these shoals wide enough for the Israelites to pass on dry ground: while the deeper waters of the bay would remain on their left, and the main waters of the whole gulf would be pressed closely on their right. These stoutly contend, that the Israelites could only have time before the morning appeared, to pass over a narrow arm of the sea like this now under consideration. Here again I had ocular demonstration in proof of the fallacy of this supposition. When sailing up the gulf, down which I had been to examine the different localities, and just entering the bay, I saw Arabs wading in the sea a mile or a mile and a half below Suez, and casting

their nets on the waters, and at this time the tide had just begun to ebb.*

It is not easy to calculate exact distances at sea, and I wish not to overstate anything, but our boat seemed to be nearly opposite Ain Musa or Moses' Wells, which are on the Asiatic side, when I saw these fishers, and when I remarked to those who were with me, that there was not depth of water around us to overwhelm the chariot and his rider. And here again both hosts could, in two hours' time, have gone round the head of the gulf without risking a passage across the bottom of the bay. Moreover, there is a statement mentioned in Scripture which entirely checkmates this supposition, namely, that the children of Israel were entangled by the land; whereas even an Egyptian, whose right eye has been struck out with a red-hot darning needle at his birth, might see that all around in this locality, there was nothing like land which could entangle the Israelites in the least. Both therefore the passage at Suez above, and in the bay below, must, I think, be utterly abandoned. Even at high water I can attest that the bay is not deep enough to drown the chariots of Egypt; neither is it wide enough from shore to shore to contain their army—being not more at the widest part than two miles. In a word, in this locality there is neither space nor depth, and the passage must have taken place where Israel could have been entangled in the land,—where the floods could stand up as an heap,—where

* The water was up to their breast, and they were proceeding stealthily with their cast net over the left arm. The form of the net is round, and loaded at the lower part with small pieces of lead. And I noticed that when the fishermen approached a shoal of fish, their art consisted in throwing the net so that it might expand itself in a circular form before it reached the surface of the water.

the depths could be congealed in the midst of the sea,—and where the space could contain the Egyptian army in a line running from one shore to another. Niebuhr's remark, that the Israelites could never have been so infatuated as to allow Moses to lead them blindfolded to certain destruction, would not have been noticed by me, were it not that it proves the very truth of the inspired narrative; this being the exact conclusion to which it was intended that Pharaoh should be brought; namely, that Moses was leading them into a position where their destruction was certain. Hence it is said in Scripture, "I will harden Pharaoh's heart, that he shall follow after them; and I will be honoured upon Pharaoh and upon all his host, that the Egyptians may know that I am the Lord."

Kitto and others think that the passage must have been effected a few miles below the town, and across the sea itself; and where it is about ten miles in width. He very justly remarks, "How could Israel be entangled in the land so as to become an easy prey to the pursuers, if they had only a narrow fordable firth before them? How could the waters be a wall unto them on the right hand and on the left, so as to justify the expression, 'the waters stood up like a heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea?'" Why the triumphant song of Moses at the miraculous overthrow of the Egyptians, if this was occasioned merely by the return of tidal waters? "The dukes of Edom shall be amazed; the mighty men of Moab, trembling shall take hold upon them. All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away." And why? Because the Israelites went at low water over a narrow pass in safety, as is customary to this day, and the Egyptians in pursuit were drowned by the

returning tide! To obviate these difficulties the Israelites are supposed to have turned their course from Etham, and passed round the Attaka, which, as I have said, rises lofty and dark in a bold bluff from the western shore below Suez, or else directly down the coast passing between this headland and the sea. This mountain is supposed to have been the Baalzephon, and the valley on the south side of it Pihahiroth.

A German writer, in an able and laborious work on Scripture geography, supposes the Israelites to have made their final exit from the south-western border of Goshen near Cairo, and to have pursued their course to the sea through a valley still called the Valley of Wandering, south of a chain of mountains which run from Cairo eastward, and terminate in the Attaka. According to this theory, Rameses was near the present Cairo, and Succoth and Etham were in the valley, and Migdol the Deraj, a lofty mountain south of Attaka. Here they would be beset with dangers on every side. On their right a wide waste of mountain and desert, on the left the impassable Attaka; below them the sea, and behind them the Egyptians in eager pursuit with a regular military force and six hundred chariots of war. On the supposition that the waters were divided by the direct power of Jehovah, the Israelites would have eight or ten hours to make their way through the channel opened to them by the hand of the Omnipotent,—a space amply sufficient for a march of ten miles. An escape so miraculous as this, through the depth of the sea, and the fearful overthrow of Pharaoh and his whole host, might indeed strike the dukes of Edom and the surrounding nations far and near with the fear of Jehovah, and a dread of his people. I am willing to think that this is probably the real state of the matter,

although it is not the supposition to which I have been deliberately induced to come. At any rate, it does not outrage the accounts given in the Bible, or contradict proofs to the contrary which present themselves even to the one eye of every traveller in that quarter.

Another, or perhaps a modification of the same theory, is that the passage took place at the mouth of Wady Tawarik.* Dr. Beard, Dr. Olin, and Dr. Wilson are of this opinion, or that the Israelites started somewhere from the front of the Ras Attaka; and this supposition satisfies the conditions of the case, excepting that it cannot be reconciled with one of the statements mentioned in Scripture. These have supposed that the Israelites, instead of setting out from that part of the land of Goshen near Zoan, departed either from Memphis or Heliopolis, and that thus their route lay along the Wady Tawarik, which stretches from the neighbourhood of Toura near Cairo down to the Red Sea. When they were at length hemmed in on either hand, by the two rocky walls of Wady Tawarik, with the sea in front, their great deliverance was effected; and that crossing at this point they came out somewhat lower down on the Arabian side not far from Ain Musa. Unquestionably on this supposition the miracle would have been most conspicuous and awful; because the width of the sea is as great as it can be supposed the encumbered Israelites could have passed in the time, and because the Egyptians with their chariots could never have followed them into the coralline and weedy depths of a sea twelve miles wide, unless indeed they had been miraculously enabled and compelled to do so. But one fact stated in the

* Wady in Arabic means a pass or a glen; and Ras in the same language, (the Ras in Gaelic,) means promontory or bluff head.

Bible seems to me to be fatal to this theory; which has been supported by so many pious and intelligent writers. We read that when the Israelites passed the Rea Sea, they were in want of water for three days. How then could this be the case with the wells of Moses at the very shore, where, on this supposition, they must have landed? These wells are still a watering-place for ships. At present there are seven springs there; and although at times they vary in number, as the desert wind fills them up with drift sand, yet they burst again by the force of the water, or they are restored by digging. There is no more water between Moses' well and the waters of Marah.*

Bartlette, a most influential authority, who seems to incline to this opinion with Dr. Wilson and others, states the case thus: On approaching the borders of the sea (from Goshen) the proper course of the Israelites would obviously have been to the East of the head of the gulf, direct into the wilderness of Sinai; but we are informed that a false movement was ordered for the express purpose of inducing the Egyptians to conclude that they were entangled in the land; and this consisted in their passing to the west of the gulf; and thus having the high mountains of Djebel Attaka on the right and the sea on the left, while the Egyptians threatened their rear. In this perilous dilemma they are supposed to have encamped on the sea-shore near Suez: and while their movements were concealed and protected by the pillar of cloud, a strong east or north-east wind blowing with preternatural force, opened to them a passage to the opposite shore of the gulf, here about three or four

* The Arabic word Marah means bitter, but it is spelled Murah.

miles wide, a distance which, to say the least, might easily be accomplished in the course of a night. There are still two fords in the neighbourhood of Suez (one in some places breast-high passed by Dr. Madden, the other less dangerous); the bottom of both is flat and sandy, and as there can be little doubt this arm of the gulf was at that time wider and deeper, the miracle would be sufficiently striking. It is in favour of this theory that the Egyptians should have followed after the Israelites; for although, without the supposition of a miraculous infatuation, which is indeed implied, it is inconceivable why, with their rapid chariots, they should not rather have preferred to turn in an hour or two the head of the gulf, and thus have hemmed in the retreating Jews. Still we cannot imagine that they could, even if disposed, have effected their descent with these same chariots into the uneven bed of the sea, far lower down, where its depth and the consequent steepness of its banks would have been insuperable obstacles. In answer to this distinct exposition I state, from my own ocular demonstration, and on the authority of Captain Moresby, who surveyed this gulf accurately as to width, depth, and bottom, that at the place where the passage was made, according to his conviction and mine, there is a gradual inclination from the shore on to the side of the sea, such as horses and chariots could easily take, and moreover that the bottom of the sea there even at the deepest, as found by his soundings, is smooth sand with boulders. But moreover, I repeat it in a word, that this whole affair was a miracle from first to last, and had Pharaoh hesitated to follow the Israelites into the bed of the sea, God would have compelled him to rush on to his destruction: and as to the steepness of the banks and the coral shores render-

ing Pharaoh unable to follow the Israelites, certainly the same power which opened up the sea to Moses, would also have removed this obstruction to Pharaoh, even if it had existed. I repeat it then, Give the Christian reader a deep sea passage for the children of Israel from Africa to Asia, and the point for which I contend is mainly at an end: because the miracle is established, not on a rational, or a probable basis merely, but as having been a work which none could have done unless God had been with him in a miraculous manner. And I repeat, that my only hesitation in adopting entirely these views of Dr. Wilson, Dr. Olin, and Dr. Beard, and Mr. Bartlette, is founded on the fact, that the Israelites must have landed in this case not far from the Wells of Moses, where they would have found plenty of water on the very shore; whereas we have the authority of Scripture for saying, that for three days after they landed on the promontory of Sinai they were absolutely without water, that is, till they came to Marah.

Such then are the different theories as to the place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea: and such are the several objections to which they seem to be liable. Any man who takes pains to examine the localities, as I did, will have no hesitation in rejecting the supposition that the passage was made north of Suez, or even in the bay immediately below Suez; simply because there was no land there where one host could be entangled, and no sufficiency of water, either as to width or depth, where the other could be drowned. The miracle must have happened then in the body of the main sea, where it was both wide enough and deep enough, so as the catastrophe might have taken place at once. Had the place even been deep enough, but so

narrow as the bay, the portion of the Egyptians in the rear must have remained still on the African shore, while that in advance had reached the shores of Asia: consequently they would have been drowned in detachments; and, in all human probability, the moment those in the rear observed those before them overwhelmed in the waters, they would have ceased to advance into the bed of the sea. But take the main body of the sea, say where it is ten or thirteen miles in breadth, and from eight to twenty-eight fathoms in depth, and suppose the whole Egyptian army pressing forward in pursuit of the Israelites, the advanced guard might be within a mile or two of the Arabian shore, while the rear-guard might have left the shores of Egypt, and marched a mile or two along the bottom of the ocean, and then, if the wall or heap of waters fell back in a moment, as it is said to have done, the destruction would have been instantly accomplished, and not a man or a horse could possibly have escaped. As to the objection to this deep and broad sea passage, that ten or thirteen miles was a greater distance than such a host could accomplish, containing women and children, and carrying kneading-troughs and other encumbrances, two answers may be made. First, humanly speaking, even thirteen miles was not too great a distance for such a host to accomplish during the dark hours of night in that latitude, and in the month of April. Be it remembered the Israelites were in a hurry, flying for their lives, and that they had eight or ten hours to accomplish the distance, and surely they might go at the rate of a mile and a half in the hour. But again I state that the whole work was miraculous; and I ask, could not the same God who divided the sea, also carry the Israelites over its bed? In a word, both reason and faith concur in

supporting this view of the matter, and also meet every objection to this deep sea transit, whether arising from the coralline and weedy depths of the sea, the steepness of its banks, or the unevenness of its bed, every conjecture as to the existence of which is confuted by the accurate investigations of Captain Moresby.

On the important subject of fixing as near as possible the exact position in the Red Sea, where, in my opinion, the children of Israel passed, I cannot probably serve the cause of Christianity and truth better, than by laying before the public the following communications from three individuals who have had the best opportunities of forming correct opinions, or at any rate better far than those of any other men to whom I could obtain access. I may state, and I do it with all modesty, that when I entered the straits of Gibraltar, I had no preconceived theory on the subject whatever; and if my own opinion was at length led entirely to coincide with those of Captain Moresby, Mr. Mansel, Engineer of the Bombay steamer belonging to the Red Sea, and the intelligent Arabian Hotzimanoli, who was bred and born on the spot, it was only from the irresistible force of truth, and the remarkable concurrence of testimonies so respectable as theirs. I shall merely add, that if any other individuals, better informed, shall step forward, and overthrow our supposition, I shall not contend for one moment either for strife or victory.

Captain Moresby's communication to me is as follows:

“PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM-SHIP RIPON,
“MEDITERRANEAN SEA, *May 1, 1851.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Having had the honour of surveying the Red Sea, on which service I was employed for five years, namely,

from 1829 to 1834, and my charts of that sea having been published many years since, I have been repeatedly asked by several others, as I now am by you, to state my opinion as to what part of the Red Sea the Israelites passed at, from Egypt over to the peninsula of Sinai in Asia. To oblige you in answer to this question, I am induced to state my written opinions at length; these being founded on such observations as I had an opportunity of making while I was employed in surveying that interesting portion of the Red Sea which is called the Sea of Suez.

“Suez is a small old miserable town at the head of the Red Sea. It stands on a low flat sandy point, surrounded by sea-water on both sides, and extending into the sea to the south-east for a mile and a half. Off this sandy point, which is covered at high water, the ships and steamers lay at anchor, communicating with the town by a narrow channel, which is from a hundred to two hundred yards wide, and about five or six feet deep between the land banks. This channel passes close to the walls of Suez, and then extends three or four miles to the northward, forming small salt-water lakes, whose shores are quite destitute of vegetation; but they are frequented by fish and sea-birds. A mile or two still further to the northward, the ground is very low, and sometimes inundated by the sea, leaving a crust of salt-water over the surface. At this part, men and camels frequently pass from Suez on their way to Sinai, or to the eastern side of the sea of Suez. Here also can be traced the remains of an unfinished ancient canal, which was intended to be taken to the Mediterranean Sea. Suez affords no fresh water, nor can water be expected, situated as it is in the midst of the Desert, and on a sandy flat almost surrounded by the sea;

its inhabitants therefore are compelled to drink bad water, obtained from some wells which are six or seven miles distant in the Desert, to the eastward of Suez, called Ayoun Mousa or Wells of Moses. Around Suez for six or seven miles, and to the northward, the low flat desert extends as exhibited by the annexed plan and drawing. It is therefore not at this place or near it, that we can look for the passage of the Israelites; because here they were not entangled by the land, as it is stated they were in Exodus chap. xiv. 3. We must therefore look more to the south-east of Suez, for the position on which this awful event took place. Now, observing the chart, the next point below Suez is Adaga. It is a low sandy point nine miles distance from Suez. From this point hills gradually rise to the height of 800 or 1200 feet, bounding the western shore of the bay of Suez, and extending to the north-west some distance on to the Desert. These hills leave a space from two to three miles of a gentle rise between the sea-shore and their base. Over this level space there are many camel paths. Had this been the position therefore of the Israelites when they were overtaken by Pharaoh, instead of going through the Red Sea, they would have passed along the base of this ridge of hills, and circumvented Suez. This they could have done without fear or difficulty. Continuing therefore our observations still farther south on the Egyptian side, we come to the large valley of Wady Mousa, so called by the natives. It is bounded on the south by the high mountains of Abooderadge, and on the north by the high hills of Adaga, which hills could offer no obstruction to the Israelites passing round, rather than through the Red Sea; or in other words, these hills of Adaga could form no entanglement to the children of Israel,

so as to compel them to cross the gulf. We must therefore look more to the southward still, for a place where the Israelites would be entangled by the land; there being as yet no such position between the valley of Wady Mousa and the head of the gulf. Besides, we are told that the Israelites were not led by the straight way from Egypt; but God led the people about through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea. Exodus xiii. 18.

“ Looking at the chart on the south side of the valley of Wady Mousa, there is the high land of Abooderadge mountains 2,000 feet in height. They extend along the side of the sea twenty miles to the southward. They come down close to the sea in broken masses of rock, having no beach to land upon; so that we found it impossible to walk along the shore towards Suez between the sea and these hills. This high range of mountains ends abruptly at Ras Abooderadge; which is just in sight from Suez, forty miles south. At the end of this range of high mountains at Ras Abooderadge, another valley opens and continues for six or seven miles, till it is shut in by a more southern range of mountains at Trafarana Point. This locality answers exactly to the details given in Holy Writ. After having examined the whole Egyptian coast of the Red Sea, with the Bible as my guide, and considered the matter in all its bearings, I am enabled to state that no other position on the whole beach from Suez downward to Aden, at all accords with the descriptions given of the position in Scripture. I state it also as an important coincidence, that our Arab pilot told us, that they had a tradition that the Israelites came through this valley and passed over the Red Sea at this place.

“ Resolving, however, not to put our faith entirely in Arab

traditions, we thought it well to examine minutely the locality between the Abooderadge mountains and Trafarana. Now here we found an open valley of six or seven miles in breadth, near to the south end of Abooderadge, as shown on the accompanying sketch. By this pass between the hills, Egypt can be approached; and in our opinion it is probable that the Israelites came by it from the land of Goshen. If they really came by this way, on arriving at the Red Sea they would find themselves fairly entangled by the land; they could not turn to the left to go round the base of the Abooderadge mountains, which are so abrupt that it is impossible. And if the locality of Mount Sinai is acknowledged, why should not this spot be equally so, when it is the only one which answers so closely to the Scripture accounts? Accordingly, here also it is remarkable that the sea is narrower than at any other part; there being only thirteen miles between Ras Abooderadge and Ras Ligiah; a low sandy point on the opposite shore, with a depth of water in the middle of thirty-nine fathoms, or 234 feet. We read that it took the Israelites the whole night to pass over: and certainly thirteen miles is not too much for them to march in that time. And as the Lord led them about by the way of the wilderness, and not by the straight way, that he might make known the might and majesty of his power, I think that it is most probable, to say the least, that it was exhibited at this spot.

“I saw nothing of the idea the Arabs have, that at this place there is sometimes seen a preternatural rippling on the water crossing the sea, as if marking the spot where the Beni Israel (Sons of Israel) passed, nor do I look on the names given by the Arabs to certain localities as any authority to

guide us in tracing the passage of the Israelites,—such for instance as the valley called the Wady Mousa; or the wells called Ayoun Mousa, which lay six or seven miles to the east of Suez. Many of the superstitious Arabs have all kinds of names and stories attached to these localities. The high bold headland on the Sinai side of the sea, fifty-five miles from Suez, is called Hummum al Faroun or Pharaoh's Baths, from the base of which issue hot sulphureous springs, near which there is a remarkably deep cave, where they say evil spirits dwell. The mountain overhangs the beach to a height of fourteen hundred feet; and the beach is so hot at times from hot springs that it is unpleasant to walk on it.

“I have written these remarks, and given them to you for the satisfaction of those who feel an interest in this wonderful event.

Addressed—“TO THE REV. JOHN AITON, D.D.

With Captain Moresby's kindest regards and best wishes.”*

Although I had this very distinct statement in my possession, yet I said nothing of it to anybody at Suez: and I set about my inquiries accordingly. First I consulted Mr. Henry Lerwick, the British Consul at Suez, who told me that one of Her Majesty's steam frigates in the East India service was at anchor in the offing; and that there I would probably find some intelligent and religious person, who had taken an interest in this subject, and who might be of service in guiding me to a right conclusion. I accordingly con-

* Should the reader be desirous of perusing a mass of very interesting information regarding the Red Sea and its biblical localities, he will find it in the Minutes of a Committee of the House of Commons, under the examination of Captain Moresby and others, the printed Report of which may be had in London from Hansard.

sulted John Mansell, the chief engineer, as I found him quite enthusiastic on the whole matter, acute, cautious, and well versed in the Bible. I took care of course never to name Captain Moresby, or to utter a word as to what he had written to me. Let the reader judge then what were my feelings, when I found that his sentiments in the matter almost entirely coincided with those of Captain Moresby. In answer to my main question, he said without hesitation, that the passage must have taken place at the opening in the mountains above Tor, where the Israelites had a passage from Goshen by the plains of Bacara to Ras Zafrana. Moreover he mentioned in the note which he wrote, that Pihohareth he found to be the name of a place in that locality, and answering to the description given in the Bible.

Mr. Lerwick brought to me Mr. Hotzimanoli, a native of that place, a man of wealth and intelligence. He belonged to the Greek Church, and was well acquainted with the Bible, and of course with all the localities and traditions of the country. Mr. Lerwick had told me before I saw him, what he himself stated when I spoke to him on the subject, that he had made this matter his study, and an object of much inquiry among the intelligent Arabs on the spot. He spoke English well enough, and I at once asked him to give me the result of his inquiries—of course without letting him know whether I had acquired any, or what information from others. At once he named Abooderadge and Zafrana as the places where Moses passed. I began to argue as if against his opinion, and took up each of the localities mentioned by other writers, every one of which he was quite familiar with, and he stated the objections to each of them distinctly enough. I did not dwell on the theories which took the children of

Israel through the swamps or arm of the sea north of Suez, nor did I dwell upon that which took them through the bay below Suez, but I adopted for the time the opinion that the passage took place in the main body of the sea about half a dozen miles below Suez; and which is supported by so many intelligent and pious travellers; which bears much probability on the face of it, and establishes the integrity of the miracle to the full. He heard all my arguments with composure and attention. He then held out his two hands, and laying the tip of the one fore finger on that of the other, said, "Don't you remember that Moses and Beni Israel were in want of water, when crossing the Red Sea they reached the Asiatic shore; and this they could not have been if the passage had taken place from the valley of Moses or of Tawarik; because there was, and still is, Moses' Wells where there are several springs of water, and of which Moses says nothing: and certainly if these wells had been near the point where he landed, even at the distance of miles, his first object would have been to procure from them a sufficient supply of water to carry the Israelites to Marah: and this circumstance would have been mentioned in holy writ. The fact therefore that Moses was three days in want of water, shows that Marah was the first place where he found it, and the march of such a host from Point Zafrana would occupy exactly about the period mentioned by Moses." Moreover he added, that Baalzephon is the name of a place still existing down in that locality, and apparently agreeing with the details of holy writ. And he told me that the word in Arabic means "God or Lord of the north." To satisfy me on these points he took me to a position from which he showed me on the African shore, where the valley of Moses was, and that of

Tawarik ; and he showed me the point on the Asiatic shore which the Beni Israel must have reached : and also the wells of Moses. He did all this under the impression that I had conversed with no other person on the subject. Finding that Mr. Lerwick and Captain Linguist were of a similar opinion, I felt my mind satisfied on this important point ; and I counted myself fortunate beyond measure in the success with which I had acquired my information ; and made my observations with my own eye.

I am inclined therefore to adopt the opinion that the passage must have taken place at Zafrana above Tor. It is the only one where the entanglement by the land is distinctly established. It is the only one fixed on by the tradition of the country. And it is the only one which can account for the fact of Moses being without water when he landed ; and of his continuing to be so for three days, that is, till they reached Marah. If this be the place, Israel must have come from Goshen, by the plains of Bacara, or of the Cow and el Deragi or St. John's Climax, in a south-easterly direction, and they must have reached the sea by the Wady south of Abooder-adge, and north of Zafrana, in a position facing Ras Ligiah, on the opposite shore.

There has been much discussion as to the position of the land of Goshen ; and travellers generally place it in the situation which best accords with their theory of the passage across the Red Sea. Some accordingly determine the locality as having been along the Pelusiac arm of the Nile on the east of the Delta, the part of Egypt nearest to Palestine. Others contend that the district extended further to the west, and more into the Delta than has been usually supposed. Very likely the Israelites were dispersed throughout the whole

Delta generally among the Egyptians as the Copts of the present day are mingled with the Mahometans. This partly appears from their borrowing jewels of gold and silver from the neighbouring Egyptians, and from the houses of the Israelites being marked with blood, that they might be spared by the destroying angel. At any rate the lands which they occupied lay along the waters of the Nile; because the Israelites practised irrigation, and ate of the fish freely. But after all, the exact position the Israelites occupied in Goshen, the place where they mustered, and the course which they took to the Red Sea, may be looked upon as open questions which will never be properly solved. And therefore I repeat, in closing this subject, that it is not of vital importance what may have been their route, or whether they may have passed the sea a few miles to the south of Suez, provided it may have been out of the bay, and in the body of the ocean, or whether they crossed forty miles down the gulf, near Zafrana, as in both cases the might and majesty of the Lord are equally manifested.

Talking of the bottom of the Red Sea, its corals, its sands, and its boulders, I may remark, that nothing struck me with more wonder and admiration than the extreme clearness of the bright blue waves of that ocean. When leaning lazily over the edge of our boat on the smooth surface of the sea, I could distinctly see the pebbles and the pure white sand at a depth even of thirty fathoms. Through the body of the water, I could discern the minutest objects at an immense depth. The secrets of the deep thus laid open to me afforded the most magnificent spectacle which can be conceived. I saw neither wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls, nor such other treasures of the vasty deep, but the most beautiful

productions of nature were there. In fact, the sights I saw below this vale of waters were as interesting as anything I ever witnessed even in the Crystal Palace, and probably more so from their novelty. In one part I noticed whole forests of pale pink and red coral spreading forth their luxuriant branches and imparting a blush to the element in which they grew. How varied, how beautiful was their colouring, sometimes appearing of a brilliant red or blue, or gorgeous with orange or the deepest black! In one spot they were of a dead white, or livid purple; in another of a bright yellow or crimson: and everywhere they were fancifully diversified. Here there was a huge and shapeless pile formed of thin horizontal layers, and there a wide-spread mass like a huge plant in full blossom supported by a stem. Successive circular fragments reared themselves aloft, and assumed the fantastic forms of old knotted forest trees. Elsewhere, sprouting from the golden sands, were gardens of every form and growth in the shape of a coralline purely white, and tipped here and there by the most brilliant violets. Again, there were submarine groves and forests of the brightest green. These fairy regions and palaces of the mermaid appeared to be adorned with shells of exquisite form and pearls of rich colour. As I glided along, these vast ocean caverns seemed by a well known delusion to pass away from beneath. Now they were partially illumined by the beams of the sun glancing downward from the undulations of the waves, and in a moment they sunk into gloom. It is not surprising that the superstitious fancy of the Arabs should people these regions, more gorgeous than the finest cabin of a new steamer and its mirrors and its gilding, with evil spirits; which lure to destruction the helpless mariner and his bark.

Groups of porpoises held their sportive course along the surface of the gentle waves: and several sharks, or lawyers of the deep, as the sailors call them, were seen among the reefs. A great variety of other fish of different sizes, and of the most brilliant and beautiful hues, were playing below; their different shades, and streaks of orange, yellow and purple, receiving an additional beauty from the deep blue tinge of the element through which they were viewed. I was not surprised to see that in this world of waters below, as in our world above, the large fish were swallowing the little; and that both the land and the water sharks were equally ravenous. Above all it was interesting, when sailing over what I am inclined to think was the theatre of the great miracle, to gaze from the side of the vessel thirty fathoms into the bottom of the water, and to see it bedded mainly with golden sand: which would enable the wheels of Pharaoh's chariots to run smoothly to the destruction of their riders.

When in this contemplative mood, I thought what a night that must have been when this grand miracle was wrought. I imagined I heard the east wind roaring up along the gulf, and saw it damming back the waves upright as a wall on either side. Then there was the Egyptian darkness made brighter than the sunbeam by the cloudy pillar gleaming on the waters from the sky,—then there came before my eyes the defiling of the terrified Israelites through the awful path,—the hesitation, hurry, and confusion of the host,—the sublime care and confidence of Moses, meek but determined,—then the advance of Pharaoh's proud horsemen,—then the roar of the returning waters, the crested foam of the boiling billow, the rising flood strong and swift, and the whole torrent

rushing onward to overwhelm in a moment the God-defying Pharaoh and his host; then there arose in my ear the yells of the drowning. What a wet and white winding sheet these foaming surges would be to the cold clay corpse of Pharaoh and his host! What surfeits and dainty feeding the sharks of the whole gulf would have for a while on the carcasses of the greasy and gouty beef-eaters of the Egyptian court! The screeches of so many in the agony of death, and the gurgling screams of such a drowning multitude swelling across the waters, would be sweet music to the Hebrew shepherds; now that they were high and dry on the beach, and safe from the pursuing foe with all the jewels of the Egyptians on their back.

Then on the shores of Arabia there arose from the whole assembled host under Moses one unbounded and unbroken chorus of gladness and of gratitude, of wonder, love, and praise, as expressed in the Psalm of Moses, in the dance of Miriam, and in the sounding of the timbrels. "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him. Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea: his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea. The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone: thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power. Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee:

thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble. And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the flood stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil: my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters. Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?"

Careful observation convinced me, that the whole Desert above Suez has at one period been under the bottom of the sea. The surface is not fine sand like the Nubian and other deserts; but it is gravel consisting of rolled pebbles and portions of the adjoining rocks. It is everywhere mingled with sea-shells, and even at the centre station where the elevation between Suez and Cairo is reached. Shells are said to be found both on the African and Nubian side at an elevation of two thousand feet. It is not impossible therefore that the sea may at one time have extended from Suez to the Mediterranean; and that Africa may have been an island.

My next object, as a mere matter of amusement, without reference to the important question of the Exodus, was to find out the exact spot where Napoleon was overtaken by the waves near Suez. Actuated by latent rationalism, and desirous to contradict the miracle, or at any rate to render it easier of belief to unbelievers, by proving that it was conformable to the ordinary laws of nature, he one day waited for the ebb of the tide, and made an attempt to follow what he supposed were the footsteps of Moses in passing the creek.

In regard to his effort in this way, it has been smartly remarked by the author of *Eothen*, that he and his horsemen managed the matter in a manner more resembling the failure of the Egyptians, than the success of the Israelites. The tide came up regardless of him and his staff, and it was with great difficulty that any of them reached the land. Some of the people at Suez told me, that Napoleon fell from his horse into the sea, and was only dragged out by the assistance of the natives on shore. Others said that he spurred his horse through the waters, breast-high, back to the beach in front of the English hotel; and that his faithful steed manifested more firmness and sagacity than its rider, by speeling up the stairs like a cat. According to the French account, Napoleon got out of the difficulty when the waters began to accumulate around him, by his warrior-like presence of mind, which often served him so well when the fate of a battle and of nations depended on the decision of a moment. He ordered his officers around him to disperse like a fan, in order thus to multiply the chances of finding shallow water, and in one way only was he enabled to make his escape from instant death. He well deserved all this, and he might probably have fared worse had it not been that the Devil had more work for him afterwards. When the water was still dripping from Napoleon, he smartly remarked, that had he been drowned, the circumstance would have furnished texts for all the preachers in Europe.

Infidels argue that the sea and tide at Suez are like those of the Solway Firth, between Scotland and England; and that from the level beach and great flow, the water retires very far seaward, and then comes rapidly back towards the land far past Suez. It is said that Moses, from having

herded his father-in-law's sheep so long in the neighbourhood, knew accurately both the times and the tides of the Red Sea ; and that he waited the exact moment, and succeeded in carrying over the host of Israel before the flood. It is also said that Pharaoh and his followers, more ignorant of the localities, came up too late for the tide, and were destroyed merely by physical and natural causes, without there having been any miracle in the matter. It was in trying to accomplish this feat that Napoleon and his staff were nearly all drowned. But on this as on many other occasions, " God makes the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of that wrath he restrains." Napoleon's object in making the attempt to perform again the miracle of Moses, was to disprove it, but the Almighty turned the event so as to settle its authenticity beyond doubt : simply because, if half a dozen well mounted warriors had not time to cross the head of the gulf in broad daylight, between the ebb and the flow, how could two millions of men, women, and children have done it, during the dark, all on foot, and heavily encumbered with baggage?

CHAPTER VI.

THE NILE BOAT.

I LEFT Egypt with regret,—a country I had felt so interested in: the cradle of philosophers, astronomers, and artists, before other nations were born to science. Many monuments of her grandeur I had seen still remaining in the land, and I knew that the rest had been carried off, and shown as wonders in every country under heaven. I felt that a temple might be the pride of Athens, and an amphitheatre the boast of ancient Rome, but Egypt, from end to end, and from side to side, in rapid succession, had presented to me, a solitary traveller, one delightful museum after another of the most ancient wonders. But what rendered this country most dear to my heart, was the frequent mention which was made of it in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and the degraded state to which this, the richest district and finest climate in the world, has been reduced according to fulfilment of prophecy.

Having seen everything about Suez, and satisfied myself on the point of the passage of the children of Israel across the Red Sea, I consulted Mr. Lerwick as to how I should best advance on Palestine. I expressed a desire to go by Mount Sinai and Horeb, and to enter the Holy Land east-

ward of the Dead Sea. Mr. Lerwick first earnestly advised me against crossing this Desert at that season of the year; and on this point I consulted Mr. Hotzimanoli; and found that both their opinions coincided, and for nearly the same reasons. They said that I was alone—that the Samsee winds were blowing unusually fierce—and that the heat even to the natives was terrific. The Arab assured me that fever in a day or two would be the result of my attempt. I was therefore advised to make my way back to the nearest point of the Nile, there to hire a boat, and to drop down the stream to its mouth at Damietta, and from thence to coast along to Syria: and accordingly I adopted this plan.

When I reached the sacred river I had no difficulty in procuring a Nile boat, and half a dozen of black and almost naked Nubian savages. These, with an Arab dragoman as an interpreter, and as a servant to prepare our food, with a friend I accidentally picked up on his way home from Bombay, made up the whole party. Our boat had a sort of cuddy in the after part of the deck, into which I and my travelling companion were thankful to creep on our hands and our knees, from the sun through the day, and the dew at night. The apartment was just large enough to admit of our sleeping side by side on the floor. I had no bed but a cotton mat bought at Cairo, and a single hap made of camels' hair, and these in that hot country were comforts enough: but there were innumerable open crevices in our cabin, through which the hot winds blew, and fleas, cockroaches, and large spiders invaded us.

The depth and richness of the soil brought down by the river was wonderful. The level of the water was still low, and the muddy walls of the alluvial deposit rose at least

twenty feet above the stream on both sides. Innumerable birds of every colour and size came down to the water's edge, and whole squadrons of cranes were whirling and flashing their white wings in the sun. Strings of camels on the top of the bank, and appearing to us below as if in relief against the brazen sky, were swinging their solitary way. And Bedouin horsemen, wild and wandering sons of Ishmael, with their tall spears erect, stopped their career on the sandy hillocks to look at us gliding down. Crowds of handsome women robed in blue shirts, with pitchers on their shoulders, came at sun-rise to carry away the sweet waters of the Bahr-el-hello. Thousands of Copts swarmed the banks to fill their goat-skins with water—to pay their devotions, and to hie away with their burden on their back; and thus the whole banks were moving with every variety of life. Thousands of birds lodge, like sand-larks, in the banks of slimy mud, in tiers of holes rising from the water's edge; and rats, snakes, toads, frogs, and marvellous myriads of insects of every size, seemed to be in ceaseless exertion everywhere. From these banks immense flakes of rich earth are continually falling into the stream already saturated with the soil. The view from the boat going down the Nile was generally much circumscribed; and even in the most favourable circumstances it was not more extensive than that from the windows of a railway carriage. I passed many a village with miserable dens formed of mud clustering on the hillocks, with a door three feet and a half in height, and about a foot and a half in width.

The crew were a set of very active savages, laughing loud, or singing to their work; and always in chorus. The leader or Reis gave a wild yell, his dark eyes flashed, and he rose

from his seat on his oars; and when standing upright he sung out at the pitch of his voice—"Haylee-sa." Then there was a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether; then turning up the white of his eye he uttered three or four words with features ten times more savage than ever, such as "Haylay-issah." Thus he gave as it were the first line, and raised the tune, if tune it could be called. Then the rest of the crew, as if becoming frantic, join in line by line, and alternately. Then at the full top of their voice the whole join in a chorus, the hands of all working at the oar with most powerful energy. The lines sung by the leader contain generally the same words; and the chorus of the whole seemed also to contain the same words. And for fifty or five hundred times in succession, will the leader and crew repeat these few words with little melody, and each respond to the other, making the oars and arms to keep time with their vociferous wild old Arab airs.

Should the wind be doing their work, they become exceedingly merry. They would squat themselves in a circle, and sing unceasingly for hours to the following air:

Con spirito.

Ady joobta sa-li-a-ra kalafo Ady joobta sa-li-a-ra
kalafo miny oabtin an-i-ehit a - kady bukkety ani poy - no.

or thus, when propelling the boat with poles and walking from stem to stern :

Hay lay ee - sau hay hay lee lee-au, Hay - leelssau, Hay-leeiss-au.

a gun by stealth, to the excessive delight of the crew, who follow up the sound by savage screams, while the echo rolls from rock and bank along the surface of the water, and all the crew chatter with their white ivory teeth, and giggle with their quick goggling eyes, as if something very amusing had really happened. Should the wind continue to blow they wrap themselves up in their abbas, and go to sleep in a moment after they are laid flat in the bottom of the boat. But the breeze has died away, when they punt the boat, and tow it along the shore in stately steady pace. Or the boat has stuck fast in the mud. In a moment, like Newfoundland dogs, they spring into the river, regardless of crocodiles, and setting their backs under the bark they lift it, and push it with their hands and shoulders into deeper water.

At first I was not exactly certain into what sort of hands I had fallen; but soon after starting, the heat, being severe, overpowered me lying on the mat. When I awoke I found that two of them had sat down beside me on their hind legs, for they required nothing but a tail to convert them into monkeys, and were fanning the flies off from my face. Then they would dip their rags in water, and lay them on my temples, wrists, and ancles, to cool my blood, and thus they would sit watching and waving their flaps, and wetting their cloths till the Reis called them to the oars. How they laughed when they saw me at dinner using my spoon and knife and fork! And how I laughed in return when I saw them eating their soup without a spoon, their three forefingers pitching it into their mouth, with no more slabber than if they had been eating oysters.

Going down the whole river there is still the same never-

ending diorama of loveliness. Above, the sky is cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful. On earth there are villages, dovecots, mosques, tombs, hermit-cells, temples, pyramids, avenues of acacia, and grove after grove of date-trees, all gliding past like the scenery of a dream, slow, silent and peaceful. And thus I passed the ruins of Heliopolis, the On of scripture, the country around which is said to have been the land of Goshen. I also passed Memphis, the city of Zoan, the capital of Lower Egypt, and the seat of Pharaoh. While the crew were dragging the boat, and the power of the sun had faded in the sky, I was wont to go ashore, and walk down the bank in company with the men hauling at the rope, and thus I watched the Fellahs at their work in the fields with their uncouth instruments. Sometimes I saw them ploughing and holding the only stilt the plough had, while the ploughman sat very contentedly on the back of the donkey following the plough: and in the evening he might be seen going home from his labour carrying the plough over his shoulder. Or I would see a stout old sagacious-looking Arab, thrashing out the crop, with a couple of oxen yoked to a wooden frame, where the wheels and the feet of the animals did all the work; while the native sat still in his endless round, a composed picture of contentment, and under a burning sun. Or there were two large heaps of grain, and an active woman with a long wooden shovel was tossing the wheat or barley from the one heap to the other, while in the space between the two, the swirling breeze of twilight was blowing away the chaff. Or there were a crowd of reapers in the barley field making very hashy work indeed in cutting down the crop, and in binding it on the backs of the dromedaries, and carrying it away to the

thrashing-floor direct from the sickle—there to be trodden out, without requiring to stand nine days in the stook, as it behoves to do even in the best of weather in our northern clime. Or I would hear a harsh bittern-like creaking, caused by a couple of bullocks going patiently round a rude wooden frame, in mechanism as old as the Pharaohs themselves, which turned an awkward Persian wheel with buckets attached, and holes to raise and discharge the water along little channels made for the purpose of irrigating the land. Or I would observe a long pole poised high and horizontally, at one end of which were attached a rope and a small bucket, and there hung at the other end another rope, by which a naked native raised the water merely by the strength of his own arms.

The river too was a pleasing source of constant variety, with something ever passing up or down or across. On these occasions a proper series of salutations, compliments, and inquiries uniformly passed, not only with acquaintances, but with utter strangers. In the many, many miles I sailed down the Nile, one thing only annoyed me. Our crew seemed to have friends, or to make friends, in every town I passed, and thus several times every day there was some pretence for going ashore, and in this Solomon, our dragoman, uniformly accompanied them, for the purpose as he pretended of bringing them quickly back to their oars. But they would often remain for an hour, leaving us idly to roast ourselves in the burning sun. Then I or my travelling friend would go ashore, and when at last we got hold of the Reis, we would march him off a prisoner before the Lord Mayor of the mud huts, who took the Englishman's word for everything, and punished the culprit in an instant, by spitting

in his face, beating his head with a stick, and offering to bastinado the soles of his feet, if we would only permit it to be done. Then there was a fit of sullen sulkiness between us and the crew, which no sooner went off than it led to a repetition of the fault.

I arrived at Damietta soon after sunrise; but not till I had been disappointed for two days by the express assurance of our crew that we would reach it every three hours. It is built along the right banks of the river, at one of its turnings, and situated near the eastern mouth of the Nile. It presents from the water the figure of a crescent, resembling some parts of Venice on the Grand Canal, even in the character of its houses. On landing I saw that it had only one principal street, and that its lanes were very dark and dirty; and its booths and bazaars were really wretched and surrounded by miserable creatures. But I was told that Damietta was the grand depot for the finest rice in Egypt, and the port where the produce of Syria was landed. I was conducted to an open shed near the landing-place, which was nearly filled with bags of rice, and bales of soft goods. Here I was contented to eat my breakfast, prepared by Solomon, amid a crowd of idle onlookers. There was no other accommodation to be found; and on my making earnest inquiries for a place merely to wash myself in, I could not find one, not even an empty church or ruinous khan. At last a boy came up and pointed me to follow him. Leaving my luggage in charge of Solomon, I marched forth. He led me along several narrow streets, and through a large open space, on two sides of which were ancient brick buildings, which I was afterwards told were used as rice mills. Here I passed a quantity of red cattle,

which were daily employed in working the machinery. At the extremity of the suburbs of the town, I reached a large dilapidated villa. I imagined all the while that I was being conducted to some locanda, khan, or convent; but I found myself in front of the old rotten wooden door of the Hareem of the British Consul. I knocked long and loud at the gate; and a servant came to the inside of it, as if to open it, but it was locked, and the key had been lost. I had left my interpreter in the shed, and by no eloquence that I could use, could I make it possible for the Copt to understand me. Disappointed, I showed a letter addressed to Signor Surror, the lord of the manor, and the British Consul for Damietta: which I had brought as a personal introduction from the Honourable Mr. Murray at Cairo. When I returned to the shed, I found my travelling companion in the hands of a Greek, who spoke a little English, and who told me that he acted as Secretary to the English Consul; and moreover that Signor Surror did not rise, and durst on no account be wakened from his sleep till a certain hour under the penalty of the bastinado. Ho, ho, thinks I, I am in for it now, for wakened he must have been by the noise I made.

After an hour or two, my friend, conducted by the Greek, went back to pay his respects to Signor Surror; who had in the meantime read Mr. Murray's letter, and was all politeness in consequence. He sent a tall Negro in search of me, with a led Arabian horse for me to ride out to his Hareem. I could not but admire it, as a first rate and most majestic animal, with fine limbs, a head remarkably well placed, an arched tapering neck, and pretty rind, large nostrils, and an eye full of fire. It had a bell round the neck, the eastern symbol of dominion, of which the animal seemed to be

proud; and its saddle and carpeting were gorgeous, reminding me of what the prophet Zechariah said, when he predicted that these ornaments should be consecrated to the service of God. Having entered the outer court, formerly shut up, I was ushered into a long room, at the upper end of which was a divan, at the lower end the British coat of arms was gorgeously painted, and along the side walls were ranged rows of chairs as thick as they could stand. The Consul was seated as a representation of majesty with his legs crossed beneath him like a tailor, without his shoes, with his fingers holding the tips of his toes, or his long white and splendid ivory mouth-piece blowing in his mouth was held by the other hand. There sat opposite him, what I found afterwards to be the captain of a sailing vessel. He was without stockings, and with yellow slippers, and he was very busy smoking. The Greek also was present, and my travelling friend talking to Signor Surror through Solomon our interpreter. I was received with great kindness and some state, and coffee was instantly presented. Then there came forward a black janissary sucking at a cherry stick, waving it up and down through the air, that the whole bowl of tobacco might be bodily on fire. This magnificent tobacco pipe he presented to me with his left hand, but I refused it, much to his astonishment. He retired, and soon after brought me a sprig of geranium sprinkled with Attar Ghul, exquisitely scented. All this while Signor Surror was smoking vigorously with a pipe at least six feet in length; the bowl was of gilded clay, and the mouth-piece of richest amber. He told me how long he and his father had been in the service of England. He spoke much of London, and mentioned several personal anecdotes of Napoleon's invasion

of Egypt. A tray was brought us, on which was a stand, containing three bottles of Rakkee, with small glasses, almonds, and walnuts. Now and then the janissary approached the divan, to observe whether the pipes required to be replenished, or if any thing else needed to be supplied. Remaining a short time he retired to the door; where he seemed to be constantly stationed. He was summoned when wanted by clapping the hands. Signor Surror had been instructed to provide me with a vessel to take us to Syria; and the captain of one was accordingly present on purpose. It was arranged that we should leave the harbour at eight o'clock that night; and drop down to the port of Lesbeh, two leagues below Damietta, and two miles above the Boghaz; and there to remain till daylight permitted us to go out to sea at the mouth of the river. Without consulting us, Signor Surror quietly fixed the fare at fifty dollars,—a most exorbitant charge: but he told us that he had made it cheap as the Reis was married to his daughter. We were desirous and pleaded hard to be landed at Gaza; but Signor Surror insisted on us being taken to Jaffa, because, as we afterwards found out, his son-in-law had a cargo of rice to land at that port.

We were politely invited to dine with the British Consul at five o'clock, and in the meantime I mounted the pretty Arabian, accompanied by my travelling companion on another thorough-bred, and we enjoyed a pleasant enough scamper. We dined quite in the Egyptian style. Before sitting down to dinner slaves poured water on my hands, in conformity to the Eastern custom mentioned by the prophets Elisha and Elijah, 2 Kings, chap. ii. Every guest had a servant to help him, and another to fan off the flies. One

dish and dainty succeeded another in every variety; and they were different not only from each other, but entirely so from all that I had ever seen or tasted. The courses were endless, and everything good, especially the wines. I returned to the harbour about nine o'clock, but found that no preparation had been made for our departure. By and bye bags of rice began to arrive, and were tumbled into the bottom of the old hulk; and the promise was made many a time for two hours, that we would sail in ten minutes. About midnight the captain came on board, and they began to shove off the ship. Thinking that we were fairly afloat, I laid myself across two bags of rice, covered by my rug of camel's hair, and was sound asleep in a minute.

When I awoke in the morning at sunrise, I was surprised to find that the ship was still within the harbour, and only a few yards off the pier. We sailed soon after with a fair wind: but when we reached Lesbeh, the sails were lowered, water was taken on board, and the rest of the crew joined the ship, with a pilot to guide us over the sand banks at the mouth of the Nile. At last we proceeded down the stream; but all at once a sirocco began to blow, and instantly there were breakers and plenty of foam roaring and rolling at the Boghaz. After looking a while, and talking Arabic with the Reis, the pilot refused to take the ship through the bars of sand; and to our sad mortification the sails were lowered again, and the anchor cast. To add to our regret, we had been simple enough to pay our nine sovereigns as the fare at Damietta on the forenoon of the previous day. In the afternoon it was proposed to take the ship back to Lesbeh, for fear, it was said, robbers might attack us in the night time; but this I successfully resisted. The pilot left us a little

before sunset. The captain followed him next morning, and most of the crew in the course of the forenoon.

In the end I and my friend were left alone in the ship, and to the mercy of the foresaid robbers. Morning, noon, and night, for three days, I and my companion attended by Solomon whiled away the miserable hours, watched the breakers, strolled along the dull shore, noticed the rising whirlwinds of sand rolling over the Desert like immense flaming fires, bathed, and gathered shells, and far better, often read our Bible. At last we could endure it no longer, and I went up to Lesbeh, complained to the authorities, and threatened the captain, and even bribed the pilot: but all to no purpose, because the Reis was son-in-law to the British Consul. All this while there was a fresh fair wind for Syria; and if we had only got through the Boghaz half an hour before the sails were lowered, it would have been accomplished easily in a calm sea, and we would have been at Jaffa long before we got into the Levant. At last the wind calmed in the night time, and it chopped round, and to our joy by six o'clock in the morning the Reis, the pilot, and the whole crew were on board, with three Germans, and a Jew going to Jaffa. The pilot ran us through the sand bars cleverly enough, with a very heavy lurch or two from the swell, which still rolled in from the Levant; but when we reached the open sea the wind was right ahead, and we soon saw that the Arabs were poor hands at working the vessel. They scarcely knew how to turn; and they seemed to be guided only by their imperfect knowledge of the shore. No vane was at the masthead, and no reckoning was or could be kept, as there was no log, or nautical instrument on board; but an old Mahometan compass, swinging on two strings, in which

of course, Christians could not conscientiously have confidence. The Reis sat at the helm with all the sagacity he could muster, and with peculiar gravity of countenance, on his cross and bare legs steady as a mahogany image, holding the tiller in the one hand, and a long scraggy pipe in the other. We were every way most uncomfortable, cramped and confined day and night. There was no cabin, no deck, and no covering of any kind to protect us from the copious dews, or blistering sun. In walking from one end of the vessel to the other, we had to step along on bags of rice under an old sail, which was suspended as an apology for an awning. No ingenuity could manufacture a level on which we could lay our mats to sleep at night, or rest through the day.

The heat was oppressive, and the mosquitoes tormented me very actively, so as to inflame and even swell my feet. Worst of all, I was severely afflicted with Egyptian ophthalmia, and threatened with dysentery, which brought down the buoyancy of my spirits below zero. When thus delayed, deserted and unwell, prayer was my only comfort, and often did I repeat the passage in the Psalms: "O Lord, I am continually with thee. Thou hast holden me by my right hand, and thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterwards receive me into glory. Whom have I in the heavens but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." The crew were respectful and kind, Solomon was ever ready with plenty of coffee morning, noon, and night; and to dinner we had another, and another fat hen, boiled in rice, which we ate from a plate on our knees. The Captain was always very obliging

to us, especially when it answered his own purpose, and every one of the black and greasy crew of Bedouin Arabs, were ready to help us to a bucket of salt water to wash ourselves in, or to hand us a drink of fresh water from the barrel.

We were led to believe when our dollars were paid down that we were to reach Jaffa in six and thirty hours; but, with one obstruction after another, it took us about a week. When we afterwards complained of this to the worthy bishop of Jerusalem, he laughed most heartily at all our commonplace calamities, and told us that after a similar promise he had been tossed about the coast of Syria for twenty-seven days. By and bye he was driven into Cyprus, by some stress of weather, merely imaginary on the part of the crew; where they were all put into quarantine, and had plenty of time to calm and consider themselves. He told us, what we had learned to our sad experience before, that these Arab watermen residing on the coast of Egypt and of Syria, were among the worst characters on the face of the earth. Regular Ishmaelites,—as of old, their hand is against every man's hand, and every man's hand is against theirs. We found them to be savage, treacherous, and greedy for buckshish. No kindness could call forth their gratitude; and they were ready on every hand to pick a pocket, to steal, to rob, or even to murder a Nazarene; as they believe that in doing all these, they were worshipping Mahomet, and that he would reward them for it. The minute after they may have plundered or shot a Christian, they will kneel to prayers with perfect serenity. Nay, while they are about to cut the throat of a pilgrim, holding his hair in the one hand, and the knife in the other, the murderer will

coolly tell his prisoner to pray, while he himself prays; but when his own prayer is ended, without stopping till the victim is ready to die, he pulls up the face by the hair which he has held all the while, and cuts the throat of the praying pilgrim at a single slash. Thank God I learned this much only from hearsay.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOLY LAND—JAFFA, AND THE JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

THE wind was light, and we were sailing slowly in our huge Damietta hulk along the bounding waves of the Levant. It was a balmy night in the month of May, and the breeze rippled gently on the blue surface of the calm sea. The jabbering of the Arabs had awakened me from my first sleep I had been soundly enjoying along the ribs of the boat on a hard bag of rice; and many such deep and sweet sleeps have I enjoyed under the canopy of the sky with my portmanteau as my pillow. On looking out from under the ragged sail, I found that we were coasting at a very little distance off the shores of Palestine. Sometime before we had passed the river boundary of Egypt; and now Gaza and Askelon, scenes of Old Testament fame, were off our weather-bow. Soothed by the influence of the time and place, I resolved to enjoy myself in the cool atmosphere of the morning. I took my seat on the front edge of the ship, with my legs over and seaward, thus to indulge myself in meditation. The starry heavens naturally attracted my attention to kindle my devotion and to ascertain how our course lay. The crescent moon in her last quarter, and sinking towards the horizon, was shining with a sickly hue over as if above

Jerusalem, and casting a dim shade among the hills and valleys of the Holy Land, and reflecting an indistinct trail of silvery light upon the sea. The Great Bear was moving slowly round the pole with his usual might and majesty; its stars glaring as if in confident triumph, that this northern power need only bide his time to accomplish his grand circuit. In the quarter of the sky towards the shores of the Bosphorus, I noticed a dark fringe of deep mist tossing in restless convulsions;—striking emblem, I thought, of the present political position of nations in these two portions of the world.

It was certainly a happy conception in the Grand Turk to select the crescent moon as his crest. But it was paltry in Mehemet Ali to try to improve it by inserting a star on the dark face of that orb, that is, within the horns of the moon, where of all places in the canopy of heaven a star never was and never can be seen, unless its light were to penetrate through the body of that orb. Stranger still, the crescent selected by the Turk is the waning crescent, and certainly a waxing new crescent would have been a more ambitious emblem than the last quarter of an old moon which wanes fast away. Be that as it may, the moon this morning was shining in her last quarter, and I sat with pleasure, till I saw the bright morning star rise over the land of the Messiah; and soon after the beaming rays of Aurora darted up and altogether dimmed the silver light of the crescent. So I sincerely desired that the most beautiful of all the constellations, the Southern Cross, might arise from the edge of the horizon where it now was, and become the crest of the whole Turkish dominions both in Asia and Africa; even at the risk of the Russian Bear obtaining the

lion's share of these territories. And fervently did I pray that God, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, and one day as a thousand years, would fulfil the times so that the hallowed soil trode once by the meek and lowly Jesus might be no longer polluted by the religion of the false Prophet; and that thus a way might be opened up for the return of the Jews to the promised land.

The day disclosed to me a dreary coast, consisting of an endless range of the low naked sand-hills which are often alluded to in Holy Writ. Three miles inward were the heights of Gaza occupying the summit of a mound in the plain; a city celebrated from the time of Samson the judge of Israel, down to that of our own Richard the champion of the cross. Of old it was so strongly fortified that for a period of two months it withstood all the efforts of Alexander the Great. To revenge the wounds and repulses he had received, Aléx-ander, when he took the place, bored the ancles of its gallant defender while the man was yet living, tied his body to his chariot wheels, and dragged him round the walls of the town in infamous imitation of Achilles in his savage treatment of the body of Hector. For two or three days we were told that in two hours we were to reach Jaffa. At last one morning I saw a few ships riding at anchor half-a-mile outside of a ledge of rocks on which the heavy swell of the Levant dashed itself into foam. Along the beach were thickly strewed the wrecks of vessels, which are so often lost here that ships for this port were wont to be insured at Lloyd's with reluctance. Till lately Jaffa was avoided by the British ships as a hotbed of the plague.

On entering the harbour, instead of attending to their critical work, the crew stood up clapping their hands and

crying out triumphantly, "Iaffa! Iaffa!" and then they demanded buckshish, as if a prosperous voyage had been made owing to their skill in navigation. Meanwhile Solomon was looking sharply after his cooking utensils and our books, some of which had been pilfered. As the harbour can only admit of small craft, the anchor was cast on the outside of the ledge. The arrival of our paltry bark of one hundred tons certainly created a sensation. The authorities were instantly on the alert, the natives were viewing us from the roofs of their houses, and women and children were eyeing us from their wooden balconies. A lighter from the quarantine came alongside and took the passengers and their luggage on shore. Here we were inspected by a little French medical officer, and forthwith we were put into confinement for five days. But still I was glad that once more I had left the sea, and even when I trod for a few yards only along these sacred shores I felt as if I had already accomplished what had been the desire of my heart from my boyhood. I was not only in the land of the East, the clime of the sun, but in the land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey, the land of prophets and apostles, nay the land where God himself walked in human form. I trode its shores with awe and reverential delight, hopeful that I might be impressed and improved with the Spirit of divine wisdom, which was anciently so often exhibited in these districts. I was also gratified by Dr. Kiat, the English Consul at Jaffa, to whom I had sent the letters which I had brought from Egypt, waiting on me in my place of confinement, and kindly inviting me and my travelling friend to make his house our home whenever we were relieved. Dr. Kiat is indeed a very worthy man with an amiable wife and family.

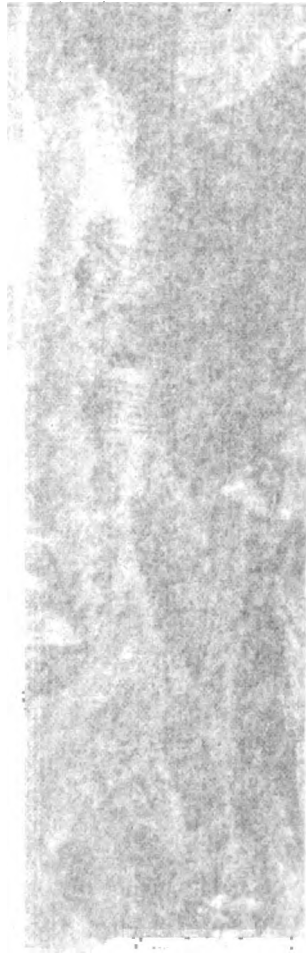


Illustration by G. S. Fisher

View from the Hill of the Cross, Capri, Italy. Engraving by G. S. Fisher.

CAPRI - J. G. P. A.

Digitized by Google



Jaffa is unquestionably one of the most ancient places in the world. Pliny says it existed before the deluge.* Japhet the son of Noah was evidently called after the name of this town. It is built on a conical eminence overhanging the sea; the streets rising regularly above one another in tiers, according to the elevation of the different strata forming the sites of the buildings. The land side of the town is surrounded with Saracenic walls and towers mounted with brass cannon, and having a dry ditch capable of being filled with water from the ocean. The best buildings, the principal magazines of the merchants and the abodes of the European consular agents, lie along the side of the town contiguous to the sea, and with the cannon planted to protect the harbour. The town, being built of white stone, presents a clean comfortable appearance; but within there is a labyrinth of dirty narrow streets encumbered with rubbish, and paved with steps of stairs like Malta. The bazaars are full of business, but every thing else is a confusion of convents, khans, deserted ruins, and dirty waste places. It is said that Noah built the ark here, and its vicinity comparatively speaking to the Syrian forests renders this statement probable enough. At any rate, if any body takes it upon him to deny this tradition, he is bound to answer the plain question where then did Noah build his ark? Here, it is said by Pliny and others, Perseus washed his wounds which he had received in combat with the Centaurs. Here, it is said, Andromeda was chained to the rock.† Here Jonah embarked for

* "*Jappe Phœnicum antiquior terrarum inundatione, ut ferunt.*"—Plin. Nat. Hist. V. 18.

† Near here, says St. Jerome, I saw the remains of the chain wherewith Andromeda was bound to the rock until delivered by Perseus the sea monster. His words are: "Hic locus est in quo usque hodie saxa mon-

Tarshish, the Tarsus of Cilicia in Asia Minor, according to some commentators, and the Tunis of Africa according to others. The timber for Solomon's temple hewn in mount Lebanon and floated to Jaffa, was landed here, and forwarded to Jerusalem. At Jaffa Peter saw the vision of things clean and unclean; here he raised Dorcas from the dead; and here he stayed in the house of Simon the tanner.

Young Mr. Kiat conducted me to the sacred spot which tradition assigns as the residence of Simon son of Jonas. The house still stands strong in the venerated ruins of its old age. The walls are cemented into a mass of stone and lime hard as the solid rock. The stone tanpit said to have been used by the tanner was pointed out to me; and the well from which his wife was wont to draw water is still shown; with its green border of grass. I took hold of the rope, and drew up the bucket with water, and drank from the fountain which probably quenched many a time the thirst of the bold apostle. The water was remarkably cool, and I refreshed myself in the heat of the day, by bathing my hands, face, and feet in it. Then I returned and enjoyed the view seaward, from Dr. Kiat's drawing-room, till I fell fast asleep for two hours.

At a later period Jaffa was rendered famous in the history of the Crusades; and in our own day it was the scene of one of the most criminal transactions ever perpetrated.—The town set the first example of a vigorous resistance to the French force under Napoleon: but the garrison surrendered at last on condition that their lives should be spared. When the four thousand prisoners were marched

strantur in littere in quibus Andromeda religata Persei quondam sit liberata præsidio.—Comment. Jon. cap. 1.

into the French camp, I was walking, says Bourrienne, with General Bonaparte before his tent. Bonaparte, turning to Bourrienne with an expression of consternation, said, "What would they have me to do with these prisoners? Have I provisions to feed them, or ships to transport them either to Egypt or France? What would you have me to do with them? Their fate must be determined." The prisoners were made to sit down huddled together before the tents on the shore, and their hands were bound behind them. A council was held, and an order issued that every man should be shot; and this order was literally executed. When the ammunition of the French soldiers failed after firing for hours at the wretched group writhing in gore on the sand, the order was given to finish them with the bayonet. "This atrocious crime," says Bourrienne, "makes me shudder when I think of it."

Knowing that we would be released from quarantine on the morning of the fifth day at sunrise, I had breakfast soon after the dawn. Dr. Kiat had provided mules for our journey to Jerusalem, and his Italian servant was with us early enough in the morning; but it was several hours before we were furnished with our cavalry. I sallied forth from my prison as the rim of the red sun was leaving the horizon, and walked up the ridge of the sand verging the sea, and through the churchyard. I found that every thing around me was oriental, and that the gate of Jaffa had within it the seat of judgment and the receipt of custom. A long file of camels, projecting their awkward shadows on the sand, loaded with fruit, slowly paced along, as if to the tune of the pleasing tinkle of the bells hung from their neck. Women with white veils crowded around a fountain.

An Arab galloped past on his glossy steed. He had a dark face, piercing eye and white teeth, and he was armed with a gun, sword, pistols, and long spear. When I reached the top of the ridge, I saw the distant blue hills of Judah, the plains of Samaria, and the valley of Sharon shining before me. Under my feet were the gardens of Jaffa, containing lofty palms rising gracefully into the sky, hanging with clusters of dates, and rustling in the morning breeze—containing the broad dark-leaved overhanging fig-tree, affording a deep and cool shade, containing the golden citron, the sycamore, the vermilion-flowered pomegranate, the clustering vine, the orange shrub, and the lemon tree—all richly mantled over the soil. Besides the beauty of the scene, my mind was filled with biblical recollections; and altogether I was much interested indeed. When standing as if fixed to the spot, a Bedouin Arab came respectfully up to me, and asked me in Italian if I was an Englishman. On my answering in the affirmative, he led me into the gardens, and through one thicket after another, till I wondered what could be his object. At last he pointed out to me three graves and a gravestone, which told me in plain English that a lieutenant, a midshipman, and some sailors had been swamped in the dangerous harbour of Jaffa in 1843.

At length we started, numbering a formidable band or cut-throat looking crew, with our interpreter, our guides, and guards, and a fat old Jew who had joined our party for protection. We sallied forth from Jaffa, Indian file, under a fierce and tropical sun already high in the sky; and attended with a crowd of idle Arabs attracted by curiosity, and relationship to some of the party. In our awkward squad there were asses loaded with the heavier portions of our

baggage, and our cooking utensils. Each of us had on the mule we rode a flask filled with wine, portable pitchers full of water, a bag of bread, a basket of fruit, and a variety of other necessaries. The Turkish saddles, with their high pommels covered with crimson cloth, were so uncomfortable, and their stirrups were placed so far back, that I was sometimes thankful to sit behind altogether. The brutes were so lazy and stubborn that my legs and arms laboured with the help of a stick to keep them on the trot. Linen rags served for stirrup leathers, and a sort of flat plate, pretty well balanced and like a mason's trowel, apologised for the irons. My feet almost trailed on the sand, and were often entangled among the brambles and brush-wood; but still I kept the balance, being pommelled around with so many utensils. Besides thumping his own mule, every one at times had to cudgel his neighbour's. When the jogging became tiresome I galloped for a while helter-skelter, my panniers rattling and flapping all around. On these occasions our luggage could scarcely be kept from falling to pieces, and it was a good day's work merely to thump and hold on. When I felt much shaken, I would dismount and walk to ease the pain in my side, or to keep my legs from sleeping.

I was clothed in white linen, with a white straw hat sufficiently broad in the brim, and protected with a turban of cloth around and over it, and with a flap hanging behind all to keep off the sun. Over and above this, I had to keep up a large cotton umbrella well lined with white cloth, which I vainly shifted in every way to shelter me from the intense heat darting down from the sky and reflected with equal power, in a flame-coloured vapour, from the sand below. Not a breath of air stirred in the scorching atmosphere.

The sun in his fierce wrath ruled over all. The lizards, the scorpions, and other blood-suckers, panted in the sultry heat ; and thousands of wasps and winged vermin hovered over me like a cloud, and whirled around my head as if to torture me. As one was driven out of my ear another went up my nostril, a third popped direct into the eye, and when I gaped for breath not a few darted into my mouth and danced on the wing down my throat.

I noticed that everybody we met, in addition to their bed-clothes, provisions, pots and pans, and water in vessels like bladders, had a pair of pistols, a crooked knife, and two daggers around his body, a sword at his side, a large matchlock gun swung behind his back, and a long spear in his hand having a tuft of camel's hair dyed black at the bottom of the blade. These I thought were fearful instruments in the hands of such dexterous Arabs, many of whom bore on their faces plenty of scars to testify that such weapons were used at a time. But I felt confident in the integrity of our guards, who were also armed in a similar way, and seemed to be well acquainted with every person they met. Before starting on an expedition of this sort, the Arab considers the life of those intrusted to him in his hands as sacred, and he generally gives a solemn and savage pledge for his fidelity. He draws forth his dagger and spreads salt on the blade of it. Then the traveller and he both eat of the salt ; and this is considered to be an oath the most binding, in the event of the violation of which the guard's life would be forfeited.

I had read and heard not a little of robberies, and even of murders, on this road ; and friends had suggested the propriety of my arming myself to the teeth ; but I felt that if once it came to firing and fighting I was sure to be defeat-

ed, and therefore I thought discretion was the better part of valour. So has it been found, I am told, in bush life among the back woods, and so I found it to be ere I reached Jerusalem. It was on this road from Jaffa to Jerusalem that Abou Goosh, a celebrated robber, used to waylay his victims, till Ibrahim Pasha deprived him of his power. But while I was in quarantine another robber who had been celebrated on this same road returned to Jaffa from his banishment, and had gone back to his native place, which was about twenty miles forward towards Jerusalem. This road is still dangerous, notwithstanding that it is under the special protection of the local authorities. These are deficient in vigour, and even in inclination; and they connive at the grossest extortions and most savage atrocities. A set of lawless Arabs, it is well known, have dwelt for a long time at the foot of the mountains of Judah, who defy all the restrictions which civilization imposes.

I passed through the gardens of Jaffa, the most celebrated in the Holy Land. They are fenced with hedges of the prickly pear, a familiar plant in these countries, which form a barrier as impenetrable as a stone wall. In these gardens there are occasional towers, the summer residences of the Jaffa merchants. I entered the plains of Sharon, celebrated in Scripture for its beautiful roses, and so much an emblem of old of a fruitful country that Christ is called the Rose of Sharon. The hill country of Judah lay before me in a faint blue ridge of soft sublimity,—the plains of Askelon and the whole land of the Philistines were on the right; and where I rode, was Samaria; and further on to the north was Galilee. In the vicinity of Jaffa the country was covered with tulips, narcissuses, the white and orange lily, the carnation, and a

highly fragrant species of everlasting-flower, flourishing woods, rich pastures sprinkled with white clover, and enamelled with wild flowers. And at first sight all this was singularly beautiful, and the idea that I was approaching Jerusalem interested me beyond measure. But as I advanced towards Ramleh I saw plenty to prove that the denunciations of the prophets had been sadly accomplished in these plains. The whole district was evidently under a curse, full of thistles and weeds, wild, weary, and deserted. The grass seemed withered, and the brown burnt soil appeared through the scanty sward, and the grain itself seemed doubtful whether to come to a stunted maturity or to die in the ear. I noticed that the very husbandmen ploughing the land were generally completely armed. The land must have been fearfully scourged; and if properly treated it might still be fruitful. But the Arabs have the impression that the Jews are to return and to occupy the land; and they, acting as if every year were their last, like outgoing tenants, have scourged to the death, leaving on the face of the earth marshes, sandy deserts, and wide forests of thistles and docks, and the ruins of innumerable cities and villages.

I passed a good-looking mosque on the left where we found plenty of excellent water. Afterwards I came to the village of Ceraphan standing on a hill to the right. Here there is also a large cistern of fine water on the road-side. Passing along for about three hours a sandy plain broken by slight undulations, I entered an olive grove of considerable extent and age, some of the trees having been planted by the Crusaders. Before me there was a lofty tower of Saracenic architecture, and a town apparently of considerable extent. It was Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, and

the Ramah of Jeremiah, containing about three thousand inhabitants, and situated on the great caravan road from Damascus to Egypt. Here lived Joseph, that good and just man who took down from the cross the body of the crucified Jesus, and wrapped it in linen cloth and laid it in his own new sepulchre.

Before I entered the town of Ramleh, I rode along to an eminence that I might enjoy the view; and it certainly did remind me of the road beside the valley of Heidelberg in the valley of the Rhine. In some patches of the plain the crop had been taken in. In others the reapers were at work, the dromedaries taking off the sheaves, and the thrashers and winnowers all active, and the oxen treading out the grain—all this the work of the same day, and in the same field. Other places were rich with the yellow corn or green with the springing millet. In the east were first a tract of hills, and towering abruptly above these were the frowning mountains of Judah. On the west was the Levant, always a magnificent sight; and below and around, the eye roamed from one Mohammedan village to another, and was pleased with the picturesque towers, and domes, and minarets of Ramleh and Lydda.

Ramleh was the seat of government in the theocratic days of Israel. Here Samuel resided, judged the people, and built an altar to the Lord, and here he was buried. Near Ramleh the spot was pointed out where Samson destroyed the Philistines, and in these plains many battles were fought under the kings of Israel; but Ramleh is now a mean straggling town. Everywhere there are seen dry wells, decayed cisterns, and immense vaulted reservoirs, which seem to indicate that anciently this town must have been upwards of

four miles in circumference. Now indeed the houses are only so many huts, sometimes detached, and sometimes ranged in the form of cells, round courts enclosed by mud walls. In winter the inhabitants and their cattle may be said to live together; the part of the building allotted to the Arabs being raised only two feet, but in no other respects separated from that in which they lodge their beasts. In this way the peasants are kept warm without burning wood, a species of economy indispensable in a district absolutely destitute of fuel. As to the fire necessary for cooking, the natives make it, as was the practice in the days of Ezekiel, of dung kneaded into cakes, which they dry in the sun on the walls of their huts. All their furniture consists only of a single mat and an earthen pitcher for carrying water.

We had proposed at starting to stop for a few hours at Ramleh, to rest till the break of day; but as the sun was still considerably above the horizon, we agreed to proceed to a village on the verge of the mountains. I traversed a desert tract abandoned to the Bedouin Arabs, who feed their flocks in it, and I passed the remains of several towers, dungeons, and castles, with ramparts and ditches. In these I noticed a few Barbary soldiers who seemed to be possessed of nothing, so far as I could observe, but a shirt and a musket.

I came to a place where the road opens through a rugged ravine, and is formed in the dry channel of a torrent. Near it a spring of water bubbles up through the earth, and the road diverges to a village on the right. Our water had failed, and for an hour I had endured considerable thirst. The fat Jew, who knew the road, informed me that I would find relief at this spot; and I cantered quickly forward con-

siderably in advance of the party. I had just reached the fountain, and was drawing up my mule, thinking not of evil, when there dashed down upon me a Bedouin Arab well mounted and well armed. He drew his horse across my path, and fiercely demanded money. By a sudden impulse, I rose in my stirrups, and said in Italian that I was an Englishman, and that one farthing he would not get. He instantly swung his musket round from his back, and levelled it over his horse's head at my body. Without being at all terrified, I waved my hand, and smiled with an emotion as if of kindness and confidence in him; and I instantly noticed the features of his face to change, and he seemed to hesitate, and soon turned away his musket. At this instant Solomon came in sight, and a conversation was soon struck up in Arabic, and interpreted to me by the dragoman, that this Arab was the officer of the Grand Sultan placed here to demand permission money from every party that passed along from Jaffa to Jerusalem. This money, called a Gaffar, was a tax originally laid by the kings of Jerusalem on travellers; and was applied to repair the roads. But I refused to pay it more firmly even than before, as by this time the rest of the party had joined me. Finding that I was not an unprotected pilgrim, and that we were a stronger party than he was at first aware of, and fearing the consequences, as he was told that we travelled under the protection of the Turkish Government, he stretched out his hand to me, desirous to become friends; and to this I had no manner of objection.

The rim of the broad bright sun was just touching the horizon, and in a moment after shaking my hand, the Bedouin leaped off his horse, unsheathed his sword, and planting it before him, he bowed prostrate on the sand, and thus, like a

true Mussulman, he went through his prayers very devoutly. I remarked at the moment that he would have done all this perhaps with more devotion, if I had been stretched beside him as a corpse, shot by his own hand from his own musket. He allowed us and our mules to drink at the spring, but he stopped us when we offered to turn to the village to rest for the night. He told us that the water was scarce, and that none could be spared for travellers. I laughed at this, but he added that we would assuredly be all plundered ere the morning, and that after what had happened, he would be blamed and punished for the misdeeds of others; and I had been informed before, that so many travellers had been plundered in this locality, that it is called by the Franks 'the den of thieves.' Our guides told me that the next stage was through a solitary and very rough track, amidst the mountains, and up the watercourse, and around the rocks, in deep narrow ravines infested with wild beasts. Regardless of what they said as to wild beasts, I saw that I had no choice, and I resolved to proceed at all hazards to the village called after the prophet Jeremiah, and where he was born and buried. Such was my road; the distance was eleven miles, and the stars were beginning to shine when our deliberations were ended, but I took the road through the valley of Jeremiah.

I was sorry to pass this gorge in the dark, for I had read Dr. Richardson's account of it, who says, "The features of the whole scenery brought strongly to my recollection the ride from Sanquhar to Leadhills in Scotland; but the comparison gives a favourable representation of the hills of Judah, and there are two remarkable points of difference. In the northern scenery, the traveller passes over an excellent road, and travels among honest industrious people, where

the conversation of the peasantry will delight and surprise the man of letters. But among these hills of Palestine, the road is almost impassable, and the traveller finds himself among a set of infamous and ignorant thieves, who would cut his throat for a farthing, and rob him of his property for the pleasure of doing it."

I have traversed the whole Highlands of Scotland, the Saxon Switzerland, and the Tyrolese, and other terrific gorges of the Alps, for hundreds of miles—and I have been in many of the glens of the Apennines, but anything at all to match the difficulties of that remarkable night I have never encountered. Even in sunshine this tract is said to fill the mind with images of death, and to present an aspect of desolation which it is impossible for the pen to describe. "At times," says Chateaubriand, "the path lies over the summit of a hill, or round a bold cliff jutting out, and again through narrow defiles overhung by frowning heights, and again it goes down like the seats of a Roman amphitheatre, or up like the walls in the form of a flight of steps, which support the vineyards in the valley of Savoy." And Bartlett says, "I had seen by moonlight the time-hallowed glories of the old world, and the wonders of nature in the new. I had stood alone at that hour within the awful circle of the Coliseum. I had watched the lunar rainbow spanning the eternal mists rising from the base of Niagara: but this night's march across the desolate hills of Judah, awoke in me a more sublime and a more thrilling interest." Let the reader judge then from these quotations, what must have been the oppression I endured for four or five hours in the dark, —with nothing but the stars shining over my head—after having been astir since the break of day—and after having

already ridden so far in so tiresome a manner, and in so hot a climate.

I had some consolations however: I met no more robbers, and I saw and heard nothing of the lions and tigers our guides had tried to frighten us with. But I knew that these Bedawee had destroyed a large band of Egyptian cavalry in this awful ravine. Our guides and even our mules had a perfect and instinctive knowledge of the track. The faithful brutes scarcely ever hesitated, never came down, and even when they sprang from one ledge of rock to another, they were sure on the feet. Keeping the bridle moderately tight in my hand, and holding firm with my knees, I made myself as if part of the animal, always permitting it to act entirely for itself. Our guides of course took the lead; but in spite of my constantly shouting out to them to take time, they got always too far before me, and this in the darkness, amid rocks in a deep ravine, with thick brushwood, rendered them of little use. After a long while I discerned a faint light, and my heart was filled with gladness and gratitude at the sight; but when I came up to it I found nothing but a single lamp burning on the face of a rock, over the grave of a departed Mussulman: and everything else seemed silent and solitary as the tomb itself.

My path had reached the very extremity of difficulty, and as far as I could judge it might be about eleven o'clock, when my saddle girths gave way, and down I fell on a hard ledge of sloping rock. My faithful creature stood still at once, and seemed as if it durst not lift a foot for fear of injuring its rider in the dark. I called out for assistance, and in a minute everybody was at hand, but it took some time to unload the animal, to repair the girths, and to adjust

everything on the saddle. This done, the Arabs called on me to mount, but I stirred not from the sloping edge of the rock on which I fell. They thought that I was dead; but they found me sound asleep. They lifted me up and seated me in my former position on the old Turkish saddle. At last I was called upon to dismount, as the track was too precipitous to ride, and in half-an-hour after this I came to the skirts of a straggling cluster of mud huts. For some time, while the track led on the top of the mountains, I was gratified to see in full splendour the constellation I have already twice mentioned, viz. the Southern Cross. It was now midnight and everybody in the village was asleep.

We were led to the door of a ruinous convent, and the noise of our arrival disturbed several owls; and most of all I was afraid of scorpions and even of some wild beasts denned in the corner. However, as directed, we walked into the convent in the dark. My friend was before me, and at once he fell into a hole with water at the bottom of it. He said that it was a well, but I was afraid that it had been a coal-pit. A light was brought, and when it revealed the filthiness of the place, I became peevish, and forbade Solomon to spread out my bed, purposing to sit all night on a stone. But my kind friend, in the exercise of a better discretion, prepared himself for sleep, and affectionately urged me to do the same. The tired mules were put into one corner of the ruins, with plenty of food laid before them, and our beds were spread down in the other. I was much over-fatigued. I felt alternately fits of cold and of heat, and a sort of nervous tremor over my frame, both from the attack of the robber, and from my fall when the girths broke. I was apprehensive, as the place bore a bad character, that some robbery might be

attempted upon us in the night-time, and altogether I felt quite feverish and timid beyond measure. I started up several times in my sleep, and then I saw nothing but the canopy of the sky, shining clear with a few glaring stars, through a broken down part of the roof of the old church; and even this peaceful sight seemed to present some undefined terror. Again I would dream of home—of my flock, and my dispensing to them the elements of Christ's broken body and blood shed for the remission of the sins of many—of my kindred in the far east—of their perils and prosperities—and even of the spirits of the departed, one of which, pale but pleasant-like, seemed to be present, standing and stooping over my bed. I felt very thirsty, and actually dreamt that the cold and clear waters of a spout near the manse of Dolphin-ton were purling down my burning throat. The notes of the nightingale, the cry of owls, and the barking of jackalls, mingled together in my ear, and disturbed me at times. The mosquitoes too tormented me almost to madness. My perspiration was excessive, and altogether I spent a most miserable night of wearisome weakness. And last of all I dreamt that there came at me my old enemy like a burning baboon, led on by Satan in a redhot chain, to tell me, for my comfort, that he had sworn the younger Hannibal at the altar never to be at peace with the Romans. I awakened at the sound, and found that it was only Solomon, with a flambeau in his hand, leading his donkey past me in a halter, to be loaded for the road. And I was gratified to find that the day had now dawned, and that in my after journey I had nothing more treacherous to contend with than an ass.

We were in the saddle again before three o'clock in the morning. While the tired mules were being loaded,

I walked out in the dawn of the morning, through the village, and found it another miserable picture of what I had now so often seen. I also looked at the ruins of the convent, and found them both extensive and imposing. We were now out of the ravine and on the top of the hills, which seemed all around comparatively tame and bare of herbage. We were within three hours of Jerusalem, and I rode eastwards with intense anxiety, forgetting the fatigues and dangers of the previous day. I began again to ascend amid vineyards well dressed on both hands, on the flat tops and slopes of the hills, with a constant succession of steep ascents, and still steeper descents. The road was still narrow and rugged with large boulders, and breaks beyond all description. But strange to say, this road, if such it could be called, everywhere rough and rougher still, has for the period of four thousand years been the great thoroughfare between the capital of Judea and its principal harbour. We read that there were chariots in those days, but how they were dragged along such a path no man can devise; and certainly the wood for the temple must have been conveyed on the back of camels. Often did I ask when Jerusalem would be seen; and as I surmounted one hill after another, I was as often disappointed. Thus my track continued to twine up among the hills, which seemed all regularly shelved like the seats in an amphitheatre, till I descended a very steep path over a brook, the same, but a little way below, where David gathered his five smooth stones in his contest with Goliath. I crossed a stony level flat on the top of another ridge. Here I met a number of Arab squires mounted on their Arabian horses, skimming along the ground swift and easy almost as so many swallows. They had been at Jerusalem

attending the circuit judge. Scarcely had I admired the cavalcade, their fine dresses, harness and horses, when attaining the brow of a long sloping tract of country, I saw a range of blue mountains mingling with the sky in the far distance. I asked the Jew what mountains these were, and he answered they were the hills of Ammon and of Moab by the Dead Sea, and beyond Jericho and Jordan. In another minute there started into view, within two miles of me, a tame solitary town, of no great size, but with a mass of flat roofed houses, and surrounded with high walls, having battlements, with loopholes along their tops for arrows and musketry, and being planted at regular distances by square towers. I needed nobody to tell me that this must be Jerusalem.

We, the inhabitants of a cold and cloudy clime, living as we do in a mineral and manufacturing country, when we thus look down on one of our large cities, are wont to see a dense mass of smoke hanging over it, vomiting black and brown from chimney heads and very tall stalks; we are wont to see a river, and pier, and ships on one side, a canal or two on the other side, plenty of turnpike roads every where, and railways two or three terminating in the centre; and coming out, and going in, there are coaches and carriages and cabs and carts, omnibuses and minibuses, and military marching with music, sentinels pacing the ramparts, and recruits drilling in the parks. But the city before me was quite a contrast to all this, in every point and particular. Here, of course, I knew that river there was none; and a canal or railway to Jaffa through the mountains would have been a curiosity in the way of engineering difficulties. Long lines of London dray horses I knew also to be out of

the question in Jerusalem. But certainly I did expect to see some feature or another, if not of a capital city, at any rate of one with twenty thousand inhabitants; and although not in the European style of a metropolis, at least in that of an eastern city. But no; I reconnoitered all the scene not only with intensity of feeling, but with awe; and in the whole panorama there was no more appearance of life than if Jerusalem had been seen shining up from the bottom of the Dead Sea.

On the northern slope above the city, where Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib and Titus encamped, there were some Turkish tents glittering in the sun. On the south and east side, there were a deep and dreary ravine and some undulating rocks. Immediately beyond the city, there was a pleasing range of lovely hills, rising in steep profile, which I correctly judged to be the mount of Olives. But not a tree or a green spot was to be seen anywhere, no beast or bird broke the solemn silence, and there seemed to be no sign of life before me. I noticed particularly that not one fire appeared to send forth one column of smoke. No smile of nature's gladness anywhere varied the stern scenery around—no stream or spring of water flowed, no carriage moved, or even a camel or mule, no crowd appeared, no soldier or sentinel stepped with military pace on the walls. Over the whole earth no fertility relieved the eye. In the whole sky no hovering cloud of mist or smoke of any sort or size was to be seen. The sky was as brass, and the land was as iron. In a word, everything in the range of my eye was evidently drear and forsaken, blighted and cursed by the Almighty, for the enormous wickedness of which it had been the scene. "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!

how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, how is she become tributary! From the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed." I asked also, in the language of the scripture, "Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty? Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this great city?" And I answered on the same authority, "Because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord their God."

For myself I can say, that either no particular idea occupied my mind, or rather the rapid succession of impressions was so intense, that every recollection of them was swept away by the tornado of thought. I looked, and looked again, as if I had lost or left something there, or as if I had expected to find something there which I had not yet seen. At times the feeling of devotion rushed down my mind like a cataract; but no moans or groans were uttered. I had read how that the weary and war-worn army of the Crusaders when they first saw Jerusalem knelt down as one man. I recollected how sobs burst from their mailed bosoms, and tears streamed down their rugged faces. But I am bound to state the fact candidly, that in all the intensity of my piety it did not occur to me, or to any one of the party, to come down from our saddle, to take the shoes off our feet, to kiss the ground or to proceed barefooted to Jerusalem. On the contrary, after standing for a long time fixed like an equestrian statue to the spot, I noticed that Solomon, our guides, and the whole party, were already half way in advance to the gates of the Holy City; and at last I mechanically began to press the mule once more into motion, looking around me at the same time, lest another Bedouin should catch me by myself and attempt to frighten me by levelling

his long gun at my breast. When I got up to the party, I was careful not to push on before them; for I remembered the incident told by the author of 'Three Weeks in Palestine,' who says, "I had pushed on before the party, and on arriving near the gate of Jerusalem, I dismounted; and sat down by a stone by the way-side, to await their approach, ruminating on the past, the present, and the future. I was quickly roused from my reverie by the whiz of a bullet close to my ear, which speedily put all my ideas to flight. Springing up with alacrity, I saw a Turkish soldier recovering his musket, and coolly walking off, no doubt esteeming it excellent sport to startle a Giaour."

This journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem forms a striking analogy to that experienced by the spiritual pilgrim in journeying through the wilderness of this life, and might suggest the subject of a beautiful allegory. The gardens of Jaffa and plains of Sharon show the path of youth strewed with flowers to cheer the pilgrim onward in his progress. The fatiguing portion of the journey beyond Ramleh, represents the activity generally maintained in the prime of his life; and the dangers of the Gorge check his pride, try his faith, and prepare him for entering the gates of the New Jerusalem, the object of his fondest desires and the aim of his whole pilgrimage.

CHAPTER VIII.

JERUSALEM.

I ENTERED Jerusalem by the Bethlehem gate, and there one of the Arabs presented a paper to me. It was a recommendation from the English Consul for travellers to take up their quarters at Simeon's Hotel on Mount Zion. I passed along the street of David. I passed a large building called the Citadel, the El Kalah, the Castle of David, but now used as a barrack. It was the palace in which David resided when in Jerusalem, and a window in it was pointed out as the scene of his temptation, and the seat which he is said purposely to have selected at which he wrote the fifty-first Psalm, so full of deep penitence and so powerful in prayer. Within sight of this window are the garden and fountain mentioned in Scripture history, having a large cistern cut in the rock, where Bathsheba bathed. I passed an open space formerly the corn-market. The streets were ill-paved, and now they became very steep, and we were advised to dismount.

Often had I pondered what my feelings would be when I first set my unhallowed feet on the streets of the Holy City. For weeks before I had wondered whether the interest of the reality would come down from the association

of these scenes so long and so piously cherished. Ascend in the scale I imagined it could not. But in this I was mistaken. Now that the first gaze of curiosity had subsided, and the mere novelty of such sublime scenes of desolation had passed away, so far from being joyful at what I had accomplished, I felt something unusually heavy and humbled at the heart. The impression was so intense that a kind of faintness came over me, and without thinking of it or being able to prevent it, I first burst into tears, and then gave utterance to prayer. I saw already several aged and feeble Jews, mean and melancholy, engaged at their devotions, muttering the law aloud, and tearing at as it were the stones of the street. With wild lamentations they were imploring the God of their fathers to restore to them the sceptre that had passed away, and to send them the Messiah, that this land might be their own. I thought the coincidence remarkable, when I heard at the same time from the minarets of the Turks the well-known Mahometan cry sounded and sung in long triumphant chorus, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." The contrast brought a feeling of fear over my frame, and the expression of Jacob when he awoke from his dream at Bethel occurred to me: "And Jacob was afraid and said, How dreadful is this place!" Sympathizing with the poor Jews, "Pray," said I, "for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces." And as to the proud prayer of the Mahometan, I said, "Now indeed has the sceptre departed from Judah and the land become a prey to the spoiler." In particular, I was grateful that the Lord had gone before me in this journey, watching over me in his gracious providence through all my perils and

privations both by sea and land. And now I felt elevated that, in the language of the Psalmist, he had thus brought me to great honour in permitting me a sinner to visit the the City of David.

As I entered the principal room of our hotel I noticed the hands of the clock pointing to twenty minutes past six. Breakfast and a bath having been enjoyed, I went to sleep in a comfortable bed void of all the usual *et cæteras*. I was wakened in time to attend divine service at the English Cathedral in commemoration of Christ's Ascension. About twenty converts from the Mahometan and Jewish religion might be present. The former wore their turbans on their heads when in Church, such being their usual method of paying the greatest respect both to God and man. Mr. Leider from Grand Cairo, himself a converted Jew, preached an appropriate sermon on the occasion, the Bishop assisting in the other parts of the devotion. When so many thousand miles from home, when tired at seeing the unmeaning bronzed faces of the Mahometans, and when disgusted with the sounds and songs of these wandering Ishmaelites, it was really refreshing for me to look upon a few English faces, and to hear once more the sounds of my mother tongue. But still more was it endearing to listen to the Gospel preached so powerfully within the walls of Jerusalem as to remind me of the days of the Apostles; and especially it was interesting to listen to a sermon preached on the Ascension of our Lord, when we could almost see from our seat in the church the very spot on the Mount of Olives from which he rose. I had letters from the English Consul-General at Grand Cairo to the Bishop of Jerusalem, and from others to Mr. Leider, but I refrained from delivering them on this occasion. My friend

and I were accordingly going back towards our hotel, when the Bishop and Mr. Leider came up and introduced themselves to us. Our letters were then produced, and we all became friends in a minute, and so in like manner with our English Consul Mr. Phin, and with the whole family both of the Bishop and of the Consul, to whose hospitality and very interesting information about many things I was deeply indebted. I told Mr. Phin about the attempt which had been made to rob and shoot me. He proposed to report the circumstances at Constantinople, and wondered if it could have been the robber who had returned from his banishment to the same village a few days before. On thinking over the matter I began to be afraid of being detained to give evidence. And I foresaw that if Mr. Phin's proposal of apprehending the culprit had been carried into effect, some of his kindred might afterwards have quietly taken their revenge on me with a stone or a bullet from behind a rock before I left the country. So no notice was taken of the matter.

After dinner I lost not a minute in setting out from street to street to muse on the past, the present, and the future. I thought of the time when the glory of the Lord dwelt in the Temple of Zion when Solomon reigned. Then had the city risen to extraordinary pre-eminence; the fame of its riches, the magnificence of its temple, and the splendour of the king's house had reached into distant lands. Then was Jerusalem strong and mighty; the number of the chariots and horsemen far surpassing those in the time of David. Then was the land filled with forts and fenced cities, and the kingdom was established in Judah; yea, silver and gold became as stones in Jerusalem, and cedars as the sycamore trees in the vale for abundance. At the zenith of its greatness

Jerusalem became the scene of Christ's ministry and miracles, the place of his sufferings and crucifixion. Then was wrought the great work of man's redemption. But oh what a total change, in the fulfilment of prophecy, was now presented to my eye! This Holy city, once the joy of the whole earth, and preserved by the Almighty like the apple of the eye, was now the dirty and deserted capital of a Turkish Pashalite. What a fearful retribution of famine, pestilence, and slaughter has followed ever since that day that the Jews raised the cry, "Let his blood be upon our heads!" And what a blessed change has been accomplished in the western world by this mission of the Son of man. For eighteen hundred years the curse of God has rested on Jerusalem. Of how many wars and sieges, and sackings and burnings, and pestilences and famines, has it been the scene! What unheard-of sufferings have been endured here! What poverty and wretchedness in these houses and hovels! Wild dogs now prowl in these dark and dirty streets; and with secret sorrow in the solitary cliffs of these rocks, and in the dead valley of Jehoshaphat, the descendants of Israel pour out their lamentations to the God of their fathers, bewailing their sins and the downfall of their nation. Once this land was rich in every blessing, victorious over all its enemies, resting in peace, with every man sitting under his own vine and fig-tree with none to disturb. Their temple was the richest in the world; their religion was the purest, and their God was the Lord of Hosts. But they set at nought the counsel of Jehovah, they trusted in their walls, and they walked after the imagination of their own heart. And the day of vengeance arrived. Jerusalem was given up to the spoiler, and the Jews, plundered, persecuted, and peel-

ed, were scattered under every wind of heaven. What a lesson for the kings of this earth to learn wisdom, and for the nations in prosperity to recognise the hand from whence their comforts flow!

In the evening I visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,—certainly the most venerable in the world. It was remarkable to find this burial-place of our Lord guarded by Mahometan soldiers. A great crowd was pressing for admittance, and their struggles were scarcely becoming their character as pilgrims. I entered the large circular hall supported by a colonnade of eighteen pillars and surmounted by a large dome. Local tradition has fixed this remarkable spot as the centre of the earth. Immediately within the door there is a large flat stone on the floor surrounded by a rail and having lamps suspended over it. The pilgrims were pushing towards it, some of them even on their knees; and they all kissed it, and prostrated themselves before it, and offered up prayers in holy adoration. This is said to be the stone on which the body of our Lord was washed and anointed for the tomb. But everything around is hallowed by events unparalleled in the theatre of this lower world. Turning to the left, and proceeding a little forward, I came to a round space immediately under the dome surrounded with large columns that support the gallery above. In the midst of this space there is a pavilion containing the Holy Sepulchre. At one end it is rounded, and in the outside of it there are arcades for prayer. At the other end it is squared off and furnished with a platform in front. The Sepulchre is thus enclosed in an oblong monument of white marble, ornamented with pilasters and cornices, and surmounted by a small marble cupola. Within there are two small

sanctuaries, in the front of which stands a block of polished marble about a foot and a half square. Here sat, it is said, the angel who announced the tidings of the blessed resurrection to Mary Magdalene and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James: "He is not here; he is risen as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

Going forward about a yard, a curtain is drawn aside, and I was told to take off my shoes. I then stepped down, and bending with my hands on my knees I entered a low narrow door into a small apartment lighted up with a profusion of golden lamps, and filled with an oppressive atmosphere of incense, and simply adorned with a variety of flowers. This, I was told, was the mansion of the Saviour's victory, where he burst asunder the fetters of death and rose from the dust of mortality. On my right hand was the grave in which his body was buried. This cave hewn out of the rock, where the body of our Lord Jesus Christ was laid, has been covered with marble to protect it from injury by pilgrims chipping the rock with hammers and carrying away the fragments. Two young Greek women, dressed in white, with consumptive faces and a hectic flush, were bending over the tomb in the attitude of very fervent devotion when I entered. They seemed to be sisters, and down their pale marble faces, unmoving as statues, tears gushed in penitence. I kneeled over the tomb, trembled, wept, and muttered a short prayer for humility, repentance, faith, and mercy, for myself, my family, my flock, and friends. And in so far as I knew my heart, I may say that the gratitude of it ascended with a risen Saviour to the throne of the Father on high. Alone and in silence, at the supposed centre of the world, and far, far from home, I tried

ferverently to remember my sins before God, and all the places and persons in the East Indies and in Europe most near and dear unto me. I rose, pulled a flower, which was afterwards sent home to my dear daughter Maggie, and I came back from this scene of hope, joy, and sorrow to give room to other visitors, for not more than three or four can be admitted at a time.

Without and around the door of the sepulchre, but still under the dome, there was a crowd of pilgrims, Copts, Abyssinians, Syrians, Maronites, Greeks, Armenians, and Roman Catholics, all prostrate on the marble floor. Deep silence obtained. Every body seemed pale and as if struggling for breath. As each trembling traveller was admitted to the grave he seemed to feel in the nervousness of his frame as if he were about to pass into the presence of God face to face. When I entered, I felt almost as if I had been summoned by death to give an account of the deeds done in the body. We read that the Crusaders, when their bloody victory opened up their path to the Holy Sepulchre, prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts and in humble posture, they ascended the Hill of Calvary amid the loud anthems of the clergy and people, with fierce and tender passion they kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence they beheld the monuments of their redemption.

My friend now joined me from the hallowed grave, the scene of many a mingled sorrow and exultation, and we were conducted to the Chapel of Apparition, where it is said our Lord appeared to the blessed Virgin. From this, the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, I went to the Greek Chapel facing

the Holy Sepulchre. There I entered a dark and narrow staircase, and ascending about twenty steps I reached Mount Calvary—the magnetic pole of the Christian world, to which, like the compass, every sinner must turn for salvation or make shipwreck of his faith for ever. Hither, however distant, all eyes look and all hearts tend. Calvary is not high, nor is it a mount. It is merely a bluff point on the slope of the rise as it approaches the edge of the lower ground on which the centre of the city stands. Here, I thought, at the foot of Christ's cross all sinners stand on a level, equally needy, equally welcome, and all safe from the power, pollution, and punishment of their iniquities. Here, it was said, was the exact place of Christ's crucifixion, and I was shown the hole in the stone marking where the cross rested, and where it was raised. Near it a cross has been erected on an elevated part of the floor, and a wooden body stretched on it, which I felt it would have been better had it not been there. Next I was shown a rent in the rock, said to be that which happened at the crucifixion—all which are covered with marble perforated in proper places that they may be seen and touched. By the rock of Golgotha the altar of Abraham is said to stand, and the grave of Melchisedec is said to be there. Near this must have stood the weeping mother of Jesus; around it the soldiers must have cast lots for his garment; and not far off we were conducted to a place which is said to be the scene where Christ was scourged and spit upon. And now we were told that Golgotha was called the place of a skull because Adam's was found there, who desired to be buried where he knew prophetically that the Redeemer's blood should fall on his grave.

Be that as it may, in looking at all these spots of holy ground, I allowed myself to be influenced by my feelings rather than by a captious and contradicting judgment determined to doubt and to deny the identity of every locality. On the contrary I was willingly carried onward by a swelling flood of humility and awe from one place to another. Not for one moment did I permit my mind to be disturbed with doubts and denials as to whether this place or that was the exact locality of this or that event mentioned in Scripture. I adopted Warburton's pious remark as to these places: "I incline to believe that this is the site of the Sepulchre, and I see no reason to doubt that Calvary occupied the neighbouring locality. Although within the present enclosure of the city walls, it was outside the ancient circuit which is necessary to its identity." And he adds, "There seems to be little probability that tradition would have permitted such a site to be forgotten." Baron Geramb says, "I went to Palestine only to adore, to weep, and to pray. I purposed not to measure the sacred mountains with the compasses of incredulity: plenty of travellers have taken this task upon themselves."

I next visited the house of Pontius Pilate, and there was pointed out to me the stair down which Jesus was led from judgment. It is now the residence of the Turkish governor. From this I crossed the narrow street to the hall called *Prætorium*, where the Jews clothed Jesus with purple and platted a crown of thorns and put it upon his head, and began to salute him, Hail, King of the Jews! and they smote him with a reed on the head, and did spit upon him, and bowing their knee did worship him. And when they had mocked him they took off the purple robe, and led him out to

crucify him. The street which leads from this to Calvary is called by the natives Harat el Allam, and by Christians the Dolorous Way, in commemoration of the sufferings of our Lord in carrying the cross to Golgotha. It is a narrow steep street of stairs, becoming narrower as it approaches Calvary. Being desirous to see the whole path in which our Redeemer trode, I went along this street from end to end several times with great interest. The place was pointed out here where Pilate brought forth our Lord, saying, "Behold the man!" The place was also shown where Mary the mother of Jesus met him carrying the cross, and tradition says she fainted at the sight. Three places are marked where Jesus fainted and fell under the weight of his burden. The place was noticed where Jesus spoke to the women, saying, "Ye daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me but for yourselves." The house from whence Veronica and Berenice came to present our Lord with a handkerchief was shown, as was also the gate of judgment. These places are all marked, sometimes by a broken shaft of a column, when Helena had no doubt of the identity of the spot; by two shafts of columns where doubts existed; and sometimes by marks made in the walls of the streets. These marks the devout Christian never passes without kissing them, and I noticed that on these the Mahometans regularly spit as they go along.

At one of the corners of this street the pavement was shown on which Lazarus was wont to lie when the dogs came and licked his sores, and opposite it the house of the rich man was also pointed out. I am aware that some writers sneer at this as a palpable imposition. I am inclined to think otherwise. That awful parable may have been

founded on facts well known, and the fictitious names introduced into it may have represented real characters, such as were notorious, and tradition may in this way have given a correct local habitation and a name to the details. I speak only for myself when I repeat, that it is better not to disturb tradition as to these topics. In fact, I think it is not worth a man's while to visit Jerusalem at all if he carries with him this determined spirit of universal cavil. What would the world say of a man, who, in traversing Greece and Italy, should think of nothing but of contradicting Homer and Virgil? This course, adopted of late by some travellers, never met with my approbation, not even from my earliest recollections. I therefore took things generally as I found them, being desirous, as I have said, to make the whole rather a matter of deep religious feeling than of critical controversy. I was fortunate in having procured an intelligent and pious guide when in Jerusalem, and I generally took him at his word; and when he told me anything a little startling, I talked of it afterward to the Bishop or British consul. But with all this feeling strong in my head and heart, I could not help often lamenting very bitterly that places so remote and simple at the time when the events happened should have been desecrated with golden lamps, waxen images of the Virgin, and miserable daubs of pictures, as if to commemorate the facts and to increase the hallowed feelings of visitors. But this I could not help, and therefore I passed all such trumpery on every occasion with renewed impressions of sullen and silent indignation.

I have already stated, that we lodged on Mount Zion where David's palace was, and where he lived for thirty years. Situated about the middle of this mount there is a long

dingy-looking Turkish mosque, called the Mosque of the Prophet David, as it contains his tomb. It is held in the greatest possible veneration by Mussulmans, Jews, and Christians. Part of this building was anciently the church of the Cœnaculum, where our Saviour ate the last Passover with his disciples, and instituted the sacrament of the supper by uttering the few and simple words when he blessed, and brake the bread, "Do this in remembrance of me." He who said so was a carpenter's son, born in poverty, nursed in sorrow, and inured to suffering. In the stable of an inn he drew his first breath, the manger was his cradle, and a pallet of straw his mother's only bed. During his life the foxes had holes and the fowls of the air had their nests, but he had not where to lay his head. The twelve followers who sat with Him at supper were equally poor; they were desperately ignorant; they were somewhat sinful and selfish. Scarcely had the command been uttered when Satan entered the room to fill the heart of the disciples with evil and sift them as wheat. One of the disciples, accordingly, betrayed his Master that very night. Another denied him thrice on the morn ere the cock crew. Next forenoon all had forsaken him and fled, and in the evening he himself hung on an accursed tree between two thieves, taunted by his crucifiers, tormented by the powers of hell, and forsaken by his God. "Then did the heathen rage and the people imagine vain things. The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers took counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed." At that time Jerusalem was in splendour; the temple was in all its glory; and the High Priest was supreme in authority. Since that period empires have risen and fallen, kings have lived and died; the throne of the

twelve Cæsars, which embraced the civilized world like the rainbow spanning the canopy of the sky, has long since crumbled into dust, and their name is only known in the pages of history; Jerusalem has been destroyed; the temple has not one stone left standing upon another, and the High Priest of the Jews has become an exile in shame and distress; but the glory of Christ's kingdom has steadily advanced, and his words have not been forgotten, "Do this in remembrance of me." The banners of the cross have not retreated. Christ's crown, once platted with thorns, now gleams in gold. His reed has become a rod of iron to dash his enemies in pieces like a potter's vessel; and the purple robes stained in blood, and scourgings and spittings, have become the long white shining garments of the saints on high.

I was not admitted to the tomb of David, but I was conducted through an outer court and up an outside stair, and taken into an upper-room in the front of the building which tradition says is the place where the sacrament of the supper was instituted. It is not likely that this should be the identical room as it then stood, because every house in Jerusalem was razed from its foundation soon after, and the ground was ploughed up by the Roman soldiers, who were anxious to discover the treasures which they supposed the unfortunate Jews had hid under their feet. But I see no reason to doubt that this is the locality, and even that everything would be rebuilt much as before.

Opposite the Mosque, and between it and the gate of the city, a small Armenian chapel has been built on the spot where formerly stood the palace of Caiaphas. The stone which closed up the door of the Holy Sepulchre is built in an altar in the upper end of it, and is exposed as a relic. It

is an unpolished block of compact limestone, the same with the rock on which the city stands. West of this a little is situated the Christian burying ground, where the English visitors who die at Jerusalem are interred. A little to the south of this stone the place is pointed out where the Virgin Mary is said to have died. In a tower hollowed out in the rock for washing is said to be the fuller's field, and it is so called to this day; opposite probably stood Rabshakeh. Here are thirty-five steps leading up eastward into the city of David, the stair mentioned probably in Nehemiah. In a tower here, according to tradition, Peter came forth from the house of Caiaphas above to weep in secret. The locality is retired and not unsuitable. On the north side of the gate is shown even the place where the cock crew to Peter: but whether this be the place or not, it is nearly impossible now to determine, nor is it of much importance whether or no. And here I would remark that too much exactness is hurtful. It is not to my mind even curiously interesting, far less profitable. To know the general locality, without being absurdly inquisitive as to precise identities, is to my heart all that can be wished. The English Consul resides on Mount Zion, and contiguous to his house there is a remarkably handsome English church built at very considerable expense. On the brow of the hill, a commanding position overlooking the city and the deep valley of the Kedron and the distant range of the Moab mountains in the wild solitudes of the Desert, stands the castle of David, one of the most interesting places in this locality. Here he wrote many of the Psalms.

Mount Zion is nearly a mile in circumference, and presents everywhere instances of the especial fulfilment of pro-

phesy. "Therefore Zion for your sakes shall be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps." And such has been the case. The dull slopes of Zion, once covered with towers and palaces, and thronged with the people whose bones are mingled with the soil, are now ploughed, and I actually saw the plough in operation. The field sustains a poor crop of wheat and a few goats tended by a solitary shepherd, whom I saw sitting under the shade of an olive tree. The whole soil is earth mixed with lime, such as is usually met with in the foundations of ruined cities.

I have already hinted that a question has lately been raised, Are the localities pointed out at Calvary along the Dolorous Way and on Zion real or fictitious? For fifteen hundred years the authenticity of these actual sites never was disputed. The first who doubted the identity of the sepulchre now shown was a German bookseller from Altona, named Korte, who visited Jerusalem in 1738. But the fiercest assailant is Dr. Robinson, in his otherwise very able work, "Biblical Researches," 1841. And still more remarkable, Dr. Robinson's views are adopted in the excellent narrative of a mission of Inquiry to the Jews from the Church of Scotland in 1839. These able and pious clergymen declare that Dr. Robinson's arguments may be justly regarded as a final settlement of this long agitated question. On the other hand, I rank myself with those who defend the present sites, namely, Chateaubriand, Wild, Olin, Nugent, and Williams. On this point Dr. Clark has rejected entirely what he is pleased to call the trumpery of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Again, Chateaubriand, in the excess of his credulity, goes to the opposite extreme of popish ignorance and perverted taste, and gives way to all the tricks and

forgeries of the monks. Judicious and pious travellers will probably avoid these extremes on both sides, and they will be slow to deprive themselves entirely of the satisfaction arising from a knowledge of these places merely because a few barefaced impositions opposed to history and common sense have been practised regarding them. An unprejudiced investigator will endeavour to separate the false from the true, and he will reject the mere objects of popish devotion. But at the same time he will weigh the evidences in support of the identity of the holy places; he will endeavour to trace the facts by which the situations where the birth, the sufferings, the death, the interment, and the ascension, are authenticated. The main object of inquiry is, whether the identity of these places was preserved during the first three centuries; because, soon after this period, religious edifices were erected on the spots, and descriptions of historical routes were given, so that no farther room is left for discussion.

The place of the crucifixion was near the walls of Jerusalem, and without the gate. "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate," Heb. xiii. 12; and St. John says, "for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." Again, the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea was so near the spot where Jesus was crucified, that it was said to be in the same place, or at Golgotha:—"Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus therefore because of the Jews' preparation-day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand," John xix. 41, 42. There has been much discussion of this point because the sites are now within

the line of the ancient walls of Jerusalem. Here Mr. George Finlay remarks very justly, that "the authenticity of the site thus assailed must be proved or disproved by direct evidence and not by any hypotheses concerning the direction of the city-wall." Soon after our Lord's crucifixion the walls of Jerusalem were altered, and extended so as to enclose the suburbs on the north side of the city. This wall would, therefore, probably, in the opinion of many modern writers, include the site of the crucifixion within its circuit. Thirty years after this Titus destroyed the city and walls, and converted the ruins into a camp, which was garrisoned by the tenth legion and other troops. Adrian too determined to convert Jerusalem into a Roman city, in order to consolidate his empire by a system of unity; and Titus Annius Rufus tried to devote Jerusalem to perpetual desolation by tearing up the foundations of the temple, and ploughing its site. All then that Dr. Robinson adduces on this point, is nothing more than the assertion of an opinion of his own, concerning the position of the ancient walls of Jerusalem,—a matter full of difficulties. Neither can the topographical evidence be depended upon in favour of the sites: these can neither prove nor disprove.

I would remark generally on this very important point, what Mr. Warburton states in support of traditionary evidence, that places so interesting to the affections of the infant church would not be allowed to fall into oblivion. I would even go further than his remark in this matter. Biography is one of the most difficult portions of literature. The life of Cyrus by Xenophon, and that of Johnson by Boswell, are said to be successful efforts of this sort; but can either of these be compared with the biographical details

given us of our Lord! Every word he spoke, every place he visited, and every thing he did, is beautifully told with minute simplicity. Did a woman touch the hem of his garment amid the crowd? Did a little man climb up a tree on the road to see Jesus over the crowds of the people? or did Christ himself simply lay his hand on the head of a child and bless it? Of all these, and such like, we are presented with full-length portraits, coloured and shaded so faithful and fine, that we see it all before us when we read it, as if we had been present. How minute and natural, for instance, are the details of the interview between the mothers of Jesus and of John! Or take the transfiguration,—how beautiful! Or Christ's agony in the garden,—how graphic! Or the denial of Peter,—how minute! Or the turnings and windings of Pilate's mind,—how faithful! Or what passed at Gethsemane, at Calvary, at the Sepulchre, at the resurrection, or on the Mount of Olives, at the ascension. Nay, read Christ's sermon on the Mount as recorded by St. Matthew, or his farewell discourse to his disciples a few days before his death, and the prayer after it as recorded by St. John. As to these it may be asked, Were there reporters present to take the words down in short-hand as Jesus uttered them? Certainly not. Or was there any man there with a prodigious memory, well exercised, to carry these discourses home and put them upon record while they were yet fresh in his mind? Or had Jesus written these sermons and furnished a copy? Certainly not. But still every word is as faithfully transmitted as if every one of these modern methods had been the means used. Again let me ask, By whom was it that this biography of Christ was composed? Was it by men of great natural talents well-cultivated, whose

profession was literature? Certainly not. It was written by men in the lower ranks of life, ignorant, illiterate, selfish, and sinful, fishermen of Galilee, publicans, taxgatherers and such like. Again, were these details compiled every night as to what was said or done during the day? Certainly not. By Matthew, the sermon on the Mount was recorded eight or ten years after the Saviour's ascension; and by St. John, sixty or seventy years after Christ's death. How then were these minute and faithful details furnished? How were these sayings, sermons, and prayers, transmitted word for word as they were spoken? Certainly not by any human agency whatever; but by the influence of the Holy Spirit alone. There is one passage of Scripture, and it is one of the most important in the New Testament, which explains this whole mystery, and proves the miracle beyond dispute. It is given by our Lord in his farewell sermon as recorded by St. John in these words: "These things have I spoken unto you being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you," chap. xiv. 25, 26. Might not the influence of this same Spirit preserve and transmit a perfect knowledge of the localities where the chief events of our Redeemer's life took place? Is it conceivable that God, so mindful and minute in all his providences, would permit places so likely to inspire hallowed feelings to become altogether unknown? Is it not conceivable that a knowledge of the preservation of these localities might serve some wise purpose in the Divine economy, even after the Jews have returned to occupy Jerusalem? Whence does

this spirit of cavil come; and to what does it tend but to unhinge and to disturb the mind?

Thus much had I written on this important subject when my neighbour, Mr. W. Forbes, kindly sent me Williams' Holy City, an excellent work, from which I adopt a few sentences as illustrating and confirming what I have already said. Speaking of the traditions of the Holy Sepulchre he says, "The credit of the whole church is in some measure involved in their veracity, and at any rate the burden lies with others to disprove traditions, and not with us to establish them. The traditions should be allowed to stand till valid objections are brought against them, and we should not disturb ourselves with doubts which in most cases are more doubtful than those they dispute."—He says, "it is inconceivable that while Mount Zion, the Mount of Olives, and the valley of the Kedron retain their distinctive appellations, that Calvary should have lost its name,—a name, be it remembered, universally received in our Saviour's time, and the memorials of which were preserved in the writings of the Evangelists. The Christian church had never been absent from Jerusalem probably for more than two years. And would any Christian who had once known the place Golgotha fail to identify it after ever so long a period? It must be remembered too that this part of the city being but thinly inhabited, the effect would be that its features would undergo little or no alteration by the overthrow of Jerusalem." Or in the words of Dr. Shaw, "It cannot be doubted but that, among others, Mount Calvary, and the Cave where our Saviour was buried, were well known to his disciples and followers, and not only so, but that some marks likewise of reverence and devotion were almost paid to them." For myself, I may also remark

thus generally, that although I was so far willingly led by tradition and religious veneration, I was not altogether blind in my credulity. For a time I could not bring my mind to the conviction as to the locality of Calvary, mainly because I could not discern the mount on which it was said to be. But while I was thus arguing the point stoutly with Mr. Rush, one of the Monks, when going along the street, he said, with an air of triumph as if he had caught me, "Don't you see, Sir, how steep every one of these streets are which lead to Calvary?" and this was an undeniable fact.

The Romans had an immense mass of accurate statistical information regarding the census, at all times, and every where, and also regarding the registration of property. Every province, city, and private estate was surveyed; every field was measured and laid down in plans, and mapped with such extreme accuracy that trees were counted, and the vines in the vineyard were noticed. Plans of whole districts were engraven on brass and deposited in the imperial register office, while copies were taken on linen and placed in the hands of the local administrations and in the provincial archives. The great census of Augustus is mentioned by St. Luke, when "Joseph went from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and family of David), to be taxed," Luke ii. 1. From this source therefore, so exact in its details as to fix questions relating to private property, Constantine had plenty of materials in the Roman archives and in the provincial records of Judea, to determine with exactitude the site of any public building in Jerusalem, and certainly he would not fail to be accurate. If history then can prove any fact, it has proved that Constantine could not have pos-

sibly been mistaken in identifying the site of the holy sepulchre, and that the marble tomb now standing in the Church of the Resurrection at Jerusalem was the grave of Christ.

But the proofs in support of the exact identity of these places rest on a far stronger foundation than on these general remarks. There is a chain of direct historical testimony. Eusebius gives us a list of fourteen bishops from James, the first bishop of Jerusalem, who was made such A.D. 35, to Jude, which brings the succession up to the time of the persecution of Adrian. Simeon, the second of these bishops, or the first after James, was bishop at the time of the taking of Jerusalem by Titus, and he lived to be one hundred and twenty years old, having suffered martyrdom in the time of Trajan. This venerable man, then, who lived to see the Church re-established, may be considered a safe depository of these traditions, which might have been in danger of being lost during its dispersion. And it may be concluded that by him they would be faithfully transmitted to his successors, who came back after the havoc and fixed their residence on the ruins of the city. This need not, however, be supposed to have rested solely with him. At the commencement of the troubles which preceded the siege of Jerusalem, the Christians, warned by our Saviour's predictions, withdrew to Pella, and immediately after the destruction of the city they returned to take up their dwellings among its ruins. These were absent only a few months, but call it two years, or ten, or twenty, or more if you will, they could not all have forgotten these localities so sacred to their recollections. There can be no doubt then that the traditions respecting the identity of these places were delivered down with perfect accuracy to the year 137, when the Emperor Adrian rebuilt the

city; and when, in his zeal to obliterate these identities he became the instrument in the hand of God of preserving them more entire than ever, and that by a way which he knew not of. Adrian was fierce for paganism, and he caused a statue of Venus to be erected on Mount Calvary, and another of Jupiter on the Holy Sepulchre; thus stamping the seal of his conviction that these were sacred spots, and thus doubling the proofs by two monuments most permanent. The grotto of Bethlehem was likewise given up to the rites of Adonis. And thus the zeal of idolatry published by its foolish profanations the doctrines of the Cross, and triumphantly preserved the identity of the places where the most remarkable events were transacted. In this way in the time of Adrian, as formerly at the resurrection of Christ, the very events by which man meant to destroy the proofs were turned by heavenly wisdom so as to confirm them beyond the reach of doubt. So long as these sacred spots continued to be profaned by the idolatrous statues of Adrian, they served to mark the places in question. "Hence," says Sozomenes, (Lib. ii. ch. 1.) "the Pagans rejoiced in the idea that the Nazarenes, when they repair to Golgotha to pray, they would appear paying their adoration to the daughter of Jupiter." Surely then we want no greater evidence to show that a perfect knowledge of these sacred places was retained at this time, and that the Christians were not molested in continuing their own worship before the idolatrous statues of Adrian.

But again, Eusebius tells us that immediately after the second dispersion of the Church at Jerusalem, it was re-established in the line of the Gentile bishops—the first of whom was Mark. And Eusebius again gives us a list of his suc-

cessors, twenty in number, up to the time of the persecution of Diocletian, A.D. 284. Now it is evident from this long list of successive bishops, that the Church at Jerusalem enjoyed a state of peace for nearly a century and a half. And it is absolutely incredible that these men, either from piety or interest, should not have taken care to maintain and transmit the exact position of spots rendered so memorable from having been the scenes of the leading articles of their religion. This brings us down to the third dispersion of the Church by the persecutions begun under Diocletian. The Church was not again united until the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the empire, by Constantine, in the year 327. This interruption continued for about forty-three years. But, even supposing that the Christians were debarred all access to Jerusalem during that time, it by no means follows that the exact situation of these places would be entirely effaced, on the contrary their identity was preserved by Pagan statues, and these sacred spots were resorted to by Christians at these early periods from different parts of the world. It is obvious therefore that many hundreds of men must have been living, both at the beginning and termination of this period of about forty years—and if ten or two of these were Christians, the exact identity would be maintained and transmitted.

From the time of Constantine everything relating to these holy places becomes matter of history. Constantine wrote to Maccarius, bishop of Jerusalem, to build a church over the tomb of our Saviour, and the Emperor's mother, Helena, went herself to superintend this and many similar works in the Holy Land. Eusebius wrote immediately after this restoration of the holy places, and he speaks of

the Holy Sepulchre, of Mount Calvary, Bethlehem, and the Mount of Olives, and the grotto where Christ revealed the mysteries to the Apostles. St. Jerome, about the year 385, gives a complete delineation of the same places, and what is more to the purpose, he speaks of them having been visited by pious Christians from the time of our Saviour's ascension as a thing well known. He says that in his time pilgrims resorted to Jerusalem from the most distant parts of the known world, and he especially mentions Britain. It is needless therefore to pursue this chain of evidence any farther, as it was no longer possible that these sacred places should be forgotten or mistaken. In a word, the mass of evidence is indeed overwhelming—and Gibbon himself admits this much, and says, "THAT THE CHRISTIANS HAVE FIXED BY UNQUESTIONABLE TRADITION THE SCENE OF EACH MEMORABLE EVENT." How important such a testimony from such a man!

CHAPTER IX.

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT, THE
MOUNT OF OLIVES, AND BETHANY.

LEAVING Jerusalem by St. Stephen's gate, I came to the edge of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and descending the steep by a rocky winding path nearly to the bottom of the gorge, the place was pointed out to me where it is said St. Stephen suffered martyrdom, and where Saul of Tarsus stood and held the clothes of his murderers while they stoned him to death. It is a bare sloping slab of rock of no great extent, and with no striking feature whatever by which it may be distinguished excepting the meeting of two roads and the general grandeur and solemnity of the whole scene. The path takes a bend for a short way to the east, and then reaches the bridge over the Kedron, along which the Saviour passed that night in which he was betrayed to the garden of Gethsemane, and along which he was conducted as a prisoner back to Jerusalem. Here the road branches along the north side of the brook, and between it and the garden of Gethsemane onward towards Siloam, and then up by the eastward slope of the mount of Olives to Bethany. Another path forks off directly from the end of the bridge past the northern boundary of Gethsemane as walled in, and the

tomb of the Virgin Mary and of Joseph, and takes the steep at once up the Mount of Olives by the spot where Jesus wept over the city, and to the place from which he ascended.

Very intense indeed were my feelings when I approached Gethsemane, and the solemnity was elevated when I noticed that no adorning whatever had been attempted at the spot where the Man of sorrows suffered agony in the garden. With the exceptions which shall be mentioned, and with which the heart of every pious man will sincerely concur, the grotto, the rock, and the whole garden of Gethsemane still present almost the same appearance they probably presented in that awful night when "the heathen raged and the people imagined vain things." The only material alteration effected has been the building of a wall of stone and lime fifteen feet high round the sacred spot, by the Mahometan authorities, to prevent Christian pilgrims from destroying the olive trees by carrying off twigs and even branches as relics of the spot. Turning the northern corner, with the face eastward, I came to the door of the garden, which I found locked. But I had procured a Turkish permit, and had been told the hour at which I would be received; and thus although nobody answered my first call at the door, I knocked loud and long, when at last a little bandy-legged bronzed sinewy Arab opened the door from within, rubbing his eyes so as to convince me that he had been sound asleep. But before taking me into the garden, I was shown the spot where Peter, James, and John, were said to have tarried, and to have fallen asleep, while Jesus went from them about a stone's cast to pray. It is exactly opposite the door, and upward a little on the slope, and it presents a small flat of stone raised a little from the

rest of the rock, apparently of not much more extent than would admit of three or four men sitting or lying in the way in which they are said to have been.

The principal feature in the Garden was eight olive trees gnarled and time-worn, probably the most aged, and undoubtedly the most venerable in the whole world. Their large trunks much decayed and small tops of foliage still survive the lapse probably of two thousand years or more. Around the bottom of these trees, on the surface of the ground, heaps of dry stones have been built up. And certainly, when I looked at the aged stocks in all the different stages of hardy decrepitude, I felt somewhat apprehensive that their life would ere long become extinct. But I noticed, and the fact was explained to me, that plenty of young suckers were sprouting from the base, and it is said, in proportion as the vigour of the parent ceases this offspring grows with the more rapidity, indicating that the roots never decay. Moreover, when the young shoots acquire a certain strength and stature, one of them seems to take the lead and the rest begin to fade, so that this one in time becomes the sole representative of its parent. And thus there is a renewal of these trees as often as required, and probably every two or three hundred years or more. And in this way it is easy to conceive that these olives grow still where they did in the time of our Saviour; and also, that if they had even been cut down, as has been alleged, by Titus at the siege of Jerusalem, they would live still, and their boughs and blossoms would mark the spot anew. It is said that the enclosure of the garden has been enlarged about one-third so as to contain about the third of an English acre. Besides the eight aged olives, it is now planted with three young cy-

presses, many hollyhocks, roses, wallflowers, and some rosemary.

As I looked around, a very solemn feeling began to steal over my mind in the unbounded and unbroken silence of the spot where the Man of sorrows, despised and rejected, suffered such agony for sinners that his sweat became as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. This agony he suffered under the triple shade of the city, the mountain, and the darkness of midnight. There was something very impressive in everything around, and the more so that no attempt has ever been made willingly to disturb the tradition of this hallowed spot. It is a place of entire seclusion, just such a spot indeed as a soul desirous of being alone with God would select, overhung by the Mount of Olives, the heights of Jehoshaphat, and the walls of Jerusalem. I walked pensively around and across again and again, and meditated, and poured forth the mental prayer, humbled and elevated too with the thought that this was the place where our Lord walked and wept and was agonized, and I felt as if the spot possessed a charm more hallowed and severe than even Calvary itself. Here for ages the pilgrim has knelt and kissed these olive trees, carrying thence a few of the fallen fruit or a twig or a portion of the bark to remind him at his own distant home of the spot where Christ was sorrowful unto death. Tradition says that this garden belonged to his mother by hereditary succession, and that Jesus was wont during his whole public ministry to make this place his well known retreat from the "contradiction of sinners against himself." Often among these groves at meditation and prayer, many a tear from his eyes has watered this soil, and many a sorrow and suffering has he endured. At the south-

east corner is a small space fenced off, which tradition has marked as the scene of Judas's treachery, and it has accordingly been named *terra damnata*.

Having got, after all, from the surly Bedouin a few twigs from the olive trees, which I have carefully preserved, I was conducted northward from the garden to the tomb of the holy Virgin; and also to what is pointed out as the identical spot where Jesus kneeled and prayed that if it were possible the cup might pass from him, and where he added, "nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven strengthening him; and being in agony he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Here, over the eastern altar, and surrounded with a wall, is written,—

HIC

FACTUS EST SUDOR

EJUS SICUT

GUTTÆ SANGUINIS

DECURRENTIS

IN TERRAM.

The spot has been built over, and a lamp burns within the erection at the identical place; both of which I thought might have been spared. The tomb of the Virgin, standing to the west and north, is in the form of a simple bench coated with marble, and marked by building over it with a pointed arch at the entrance, and Grecian ornaments sculptured in relief. The ashes of St. Anna, the mother of Mary, as also those of Joseph her husband, are contained in two arched



Drawn by DeBorja from a sketch by the Earl of Minton
BROOK KEDRON **TOMB OF ABSALOM**

Engraved by W. Emden

TOMB OF ST. JAMES **TOMB OF ISHBAAL**

V A L L E Y O F J E R I C H O, S E E A. P. H. A. T.

Between Mount Moriah, and the Mount of Olives

1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025
2026
2027
2028
2029
2030
2031
2032
2033
2034
2035
2036
2037
2038
2039
2040
2041
2042
2043
2044
2045
2046
2047
2048
2049
2050
2051
2052
2053
2054
2055
2056
2057
2058
2059
2060
2061
2062
2063
2064
2065
2066
2067
2068
2069
2070
2071
2072
2073
2074
2075
2076
2077
2078
2079
2080
2081
2082
2083
2084
2085
2086
2087
2088
2089
2090
2091
2092
2093
2094
2095
2096
2097
2098
2099
2100



recesses in the sides of the building as we descend to the bottom of the stair.

Before ascending the Mount of Olives, I stood upon the bridge crossing the brook Kedron, which the feet of the Redeemer had so often hallowed, and I looked up and down the whole valley of Jehoshaphat, which was the centre of the localities of his sufferings. It is celebrated equally in the traditions of three religions, the Jewish, the Christian, and the Mahometan. As I thus looked on the tombs of Absalom and Zacharias and others, at the Garden of Gethsemane, and down past it to the pool of Siloam, and on my left hand to the Mount of Olives, and over on my right hand to the ramparts of Jerusalem, and the site of the temple, with its outer wall almost entire, and its large stones which excited the amazement of the disciples,* I thought that if there be a hallowed spot on the face of this sinful earth, here it is in this valley. Jehoshaphat is a ravine deep and dreadful. Desolation and death are pictured on both sides of it. Like the scroll of the Prophet, it is written within and without with mournings and lamentations and woe. Far and near, up and down, its surface is covered with gravestones, and millions of Jews are sleeping the long sleep of death in this valley, waiting for the day when God shall for judgment call them forth. It is really a dreary resting-place of the dead. Tombs are cut in the rock with innumerable excavations within for receiving the bodies. At some places in this valley the dead, naked and in heaps, are thrown into a square house, as at Naples or Palermo. There dead bodies are to be seen in all stages of decomposition, and here all pride and vanity in

* I measured one of them ; it was twenty-four feet in length, three feet in breadth, and six feet in depth.

man is cured at a glance. Among several of the other tombs whole families of Arabs have made their dwellings, some of them niching their plaster huts against the side of the cavern, and others creeping out and in to the tombs themselves. And thus the cries of infancy are heard to issue from the resting-place of old age, long, long gone by,—and where the bodies of the nobles of Judah were borne to their last home with the pomp of funereal ceremony, I saw flocks of sheep and goats driven in at noon for shelter from the heat.

In this valley, according to the traditionary belief of Jews, Mahometans, and Christians, the last judgment is to be held; and the natives point out the pillar on which their Prophet is to be seated on that day. In the midst too of their Mosque of Omar, built on the site of Solomon's Temple, is their Bir Arruah; that is, the Well of Souls, this being the entrance in their estimation to the Mahometan hell. And with desire do the descendants of Abraham long to have their bones laid in this valley, the name of which signifies in Hebrew 'the judgment of God.' To obtain a burial in this place they will live any life of long poverty and contempt. For here they believe that God will plead for Israel when it shall please him to turn again the captivity of Judah and Jerusalem. "I will gather," says Joel, "all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people, and for my heritage Israel. Come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat; for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall

withdraw their shining. Then shall Jerusalem be holy, and there shall no strangers pass through her any more. And Judah shall dwell for ever, and Jerusalem from generation to generation.”

This valley of Jehoshaphat has been the theatre of the awful evangelical tragedy,—the tears, the groans, and the bloody sweat of Christ. Often have these heights above me glittered with the arms of the Persian, the Saracen, the Greek, the Roman, the Christian Crusader, and the Turk. Along both sides of this valley all the old prophets in their day and generation have walked and uttered their cries of sadness and of horror, and their fearful warnings to the Jews. Here, they have all in their turn meditated, and prayed, and praised Jehovah. Here they may have seen their visions, and been inspired by the Spirit to foretell the coming of the promised Messiah. Here, when Absalom by fair speeches had stolen the hearts of the men of Israel, and formed a dangerous conspiracy against his own father, “David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered; and he went bare-foot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up.” And more than all this, unless the words of Joel be altogether symbolical, this valley may hear on the last day the noise of the torrent of souls rolling before God for the award of the final judgment. It may even hear the yells in despair of the damned departing into the fire prepared for the devil and his angels, and it may resound too with the holy songs in triumph of the redeemed of the Lord, when entering into the kingdom prepared for them before the foundation of the world.

Of all the places in and about Jerusalem, I looked on the Mount of Olives, the scene of so many touching events, with the greatest satisfaction. Every other spot around was the place of Christ's humiliation and sufferings, this was the only scene of his exaltation and triumph. Taken in connection with the Redeemer's resurrection from the grave, it gave the last stamp of authenticity and divine approbation to all that he did and suffered for a lost world. Oh it is a sweet sweet spot, peaceful still, like as Paradise is said to have been before the fall. Here there is no feeling to disturb the full impression of identity, that on this place the Captain of our salvation was through sufferings made perfect. Upon this mount beautiful were the feet of him that brought good tidings, that published peace; publishing salvation, and saying unto Zion, "thy God reigneth." Independent of all associations whatever, it abounds in pastoral beauty and serenity beyond anything else that I have seen in the extensive dominions of Turkey, whether in Asia or in Europe. Here I felt as if alone with nature, and in silence unbroken I gave up my mind to the full impressions of the spot. I saw it day and night from the door and window of my sitting-room in the hotel on Mount Zion, and a thousand times did I admire the lowly and lovely simplicity of the sight. I was wont immediately after dinner to seat myself on the flat roof there to enjoy the decline of the evening after the heat and fatigue of the day, and to admire the shadows of the minarets projecting farther and farther as the sun went down till the last roseate glare, beautiful beyond description, settled on the range of this Mount of Olives, and at length invested the top of it with the gorgeous hues of the setting sun. First, on these occasions I noticed the whole city bathed in lambent light,

then I saw its holy turrets tipped with evening gold, and at last the crimson shaded with purple lingered only for a minute on the Convent at the summit of the Mount of Olives. How intense then and cloudless seemed the arch of heaven over the peaceful hill, and how refreshing when the evening wind sprung up and swept gently over my face! It was often a source of pure and pious delight to come out again on the roof of my hotel immediately before turning into bed, to feast on another look at the Mount of Olives, and then to shut my eyes in meditation and prayer. And thus, when the clear stars or pale moon shed their lustre on the whole scene, I indulged my heart with another and another contemplation. On the night previous to my departure, and immediately before laying myself down on the iron bedstead, I came out, and knowing it would be the last occasion of the kind, I sat, walked, and stood, and I thought of the past and of the future, and of their consequences to me and mine, my flock, and my friends, when in eternity. I turned, quite accidentally, towards Calvary, which presented at the time the dark and undefined scene of our Saviour's sufferings. In the instant I was startled by the howl of a hungry dog which rose from the spot, sounding as if from hell, filling not only my heart, but the whole horizon, with momentary horror. In a state of great agitation I rushed into my room and almost fainted at the light of my candle. While memory and reason and piety retain their seat, the recollection of this incident, and the contrast it gave of Calvary and the Mount of Olives, shall never be effaced from my brain.

The Mount of Olives is said to be distant a Sabbath-day's journey from Jerusalem; and from this we may learn that

a Sabbath-day's journey means about two miles. It is situated on a round table-shaped hill, covered with verdure, about four or five hundred feet above the valley of Jehoshaphat, and, as measured by Lieutenant Symond of the Royal Engineers, it is 2,897 feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea. The heights here are variously given. By some the top of the Mount of Olives is said to be 2,700 feet above the Mediterranean, and from 400 to 500 feet above the channel of the Kedron. Mount Moriah is said to be 2,300, Mount Zion 2,500, Mount Acra 2,600. I ascended the steep under the morning sun beaming in brightness. It is composed of three hills, whose summits range from north to south. The olive appears to be indigenous to the soil, and after ages of desolation its sides are still dotted with these hardy and long-lived trees. About two-thirds up the Mount of Olives a ruined monastery is erected at a bend in the road on the spot whence the Saviour, beholding the city, wept over it and pronounced the memorable prophecy of its fall. Here, too, Titus stood, without knowing of the coincidence, and watched the progress his legions made in fulfilling the prophecy. Here also very probably burst forth the exulting praises of the multitude, Luke xix. 37, 38. "And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice, and praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen; saying, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest." The top once gained, a sight opens which has been much and justly admired. Below on the one side is the daughter of Zion bereft of all beauty; below on the other side are the peaceful villages of Bethany and Bethlehem.

Around are the spots where Melchizedek reigned, where Abraham bound Isaac for the sacrifice, where Samuel knelt in prayer and Jeremiah poured forth his lamentations, and Isaiah spoke his visions of the coming Messiah, and David wrote his Psalms and sung them to his harp, and Solomon prayed in dedicating his temple, and Jesus wept at the death of Lazarus. More distant in the east my eye traced the mountainous desert towards Jericho, the valley of Gilgal, down which the silver thread of Jordan's stream was winding its way to keep under water the doomed cities of the plain. Here for the first time I saw at the foot of the perpendicular mountains of Moab and the hills of Ammon a portion of the Dead Sea over which a blue mist seemed to brood. The peak of Pisgah, where Moses stood while he viewed the land, was pointed out to me. On the north, hill surmounted hill till the eye reached the mountains of Ephraim. To the west was the great central chain of the hills of Judah, and on the south was the mount of Offence and the valley of Rephaim.

But the very spot where I stood called my mind away from everything else, and fixed it to the place where Jesus blessed his disciples and was taken up into heaven. To me this place had two peculiar charms. As I have said, there have been no cavils as to its identity; and now I was gratified to observe that there was no disfiguration of its natural aspect by lamps or tawdry pictures or tapestry. Here all was real in the exact livery of creation. There are two churches erected on the top of the Mount of Olives, and they are separated about a quarter of a mile. I was surprised to learn that they are both meant to commemorate Christ's ascension. In the one to the south the print of the

Saviour's last point of contact between his glorious body and this earth, has been cut out in the rock. From this spot it is said the Saviour ascended, a very little only above the ground, and thus floated northward in the air while the disciples followed him as if to bring him back. At the place where the second church has been erected, "Jesus was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while the disciples looked stedfastly towards heaven as he went up, behold two men stood by them in bright apparel; which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up to heaven. This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." In conformity with this anthem from on high the apostles adored their God and Saviour, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

I went down the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives to Bethany, (El Azirezeh, the town of Lazarus,) the peaceful and pious home of the happy and holy family which Jesus loved. I took the path winding over the lower heights of the mount, sanctified by the feet of Jesus, who often escaped from the contentions in the city, by enjoying this cool walk in the evening tide, to this village. I passed the spot fixed on by tradition where the fig-tree grew which the Saviour cursed, and all I could say as to this was, that I noticed the path to be still bordered by a few straggling fig and olive trees. I also noticed two or three sweet and cold springs of water on this descent of the hill. I passed some plots of barley and traversed some uncultivated fields covered with rank grass and wild flowers. I next got over a dry stone-wall, when I saw a few white flat roofs among groves of olives. I noticed that I had now lost sight entirely of Jerusalem, but I had

still before me a succession of pleasing landscapes. I remembered that somewhere around in this pastoral spot must have been the locality where the ears of corn were plucked in the fields by the wayside, and to all appearance I was walking on the track along which the sisters of Lazarus came forth with the mourners to meet Jesus and to conduct him to the tomb of Lazarus. Thus I felt that the walk was picturesque in itself and extremely pleasing in its biblical recollections. I soon discovered that the white-roofed hamlets was Bethany—the home of Lazarus and his sisters Martha and Mary, and the scene of some of the most affecting incidents of our Lord's life and ministry, to which he retired when the toils of the day were over, and enjoyed in this sweet seclusion an endearing fellowship in the bosom of his friends. It seemed of itself to be a poor and paltry Mahometan village, and more than two-thirds of it was in ruins, but the situation presents still a beauty, fertility, and fragrance, seldom to be met with even in Asia. It basks in the bosom of the mount which protects it from the north and west winds, and it enjoys a delightful exposure to the south. I wended my way among about thirty Mahometan hovels till I was led to the tomb where he who was the resurrection and the life stood and cried, "Lazarus, come forth." On the right side of my path there was a small Turkish mosque planted on the south, and under it, entering from the west, there was a door in the faced-up bank, and a narrow dark stair downward. An Arab youth came out from his mother's house on the opposite side of the path with a lighted taper in his hand, and conducted me down the flight of steps into a square chamber hewn in the rock. Here a door to the left received me into another small room, in the side of which

is the stony grave where the body of Lazarus was laid, cut out of a compact limestone rock. It is filled with fragments of stones provided for the purpose of supplying the rapacity of visitors and to prevent them from breaking the grave itself into chips with their hammers. The young Arab told me, by the help of Solomon's interpretation, that this was the tomb of Lazarus who was brought to life by the prophet of the Nazarenes after he had been 'forty years' buried. The grave bore all the marks both of antiquity and authenticity. On my hands and knees I went down a second descent communicating with another small room, also hewn out of the rock, in the side of which a recess was pointed out as having been the grave of the two sisters. Thus piety and kindred love naturally led Martha and Mary to select a resting-place where their mortal remains might sleep till the day of the resurrection, near the body of their brother. Deeply interested, I lifted a stone from each of the graves as remembrances of the places, and came up the stair to the light of day. At the mouth of the inlet I found that a number of naked children had collected, who ran after me, crying, "Haji Buckshish"—'Pilgrim, give me a present.' I was next conducted to the house where Lazarus and his sisters are said to have lived. It presented merely a little heap of large stones, and did not seem to be like the ruins of a poor man's dwelling. Not far from it, according to tradition, there was shown me the house of Simon the leper.

In returning to Jerusalem I took a circuit more to the east that I might see the place where Judas was said to have hanged himself, and that I might wash in the pool of Siloam. I passed the remains of an ancient village, probably that over

against the road to Jericho where the disciples procured the colt and brought it to Jesus. When I surmounted the ridge I obtained a fine view of the Holy City, and now I had time to enjoy it. Here let me remark, that one of the most faithful representations of Jerusalem is that taken by Lieutenant-Colonel M'Niven, who resided for some years in the Holy City in charge of the Turkish troops in Palestine after the Syrian war. It must have been taken from that part of the Mount of Olives near where I now sat. It has been very beautifully engraved by Mr. Forrest of Edinburgh. Seating myself under the shade of a large fig-tree I took a long and listless view of Jerusalem, and found that this was a far more imposing point from which to behold it than my first view of it from the Jaffa road. I noticed that it stood on a high rock near the summit of a broad mountainous tract. It is built on four hills, as everybody knows, and surrounded by three deep gorges, showing at a glance the strength of the place by nature on every point but the north. The imposing grandeur of the position was more apparent in looking up to it than when I formerly looked down and over it, and thus my eye traced the correctness of the remark made in the Psalms, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion." I noticed too that the principal streets run almost at right angles to each other. Tired with my walk and oppressed with heat I was averse to rise, and often did I range my eye from place to place, each of them more memorable than another. I saw the Hill of Evil Counsel and the Mountain of Offence beyond the Valley of Hinnom, where the priests, the scribes, and the Pharisees, took counsel against Jesus to put him to death. I saw at the foot of the King's Dale the field of blood where Judas

hanged himself. A little farther down is the cave where the Apostles hid themselves after Christ's crucifixion; and on a small low projecting point on the edge of Mount Zion, is the spot, where, at the command of Manasseh, the prophet Isaiah was sawn asunder. Nearer me were the monuments of Absalom, Zechariah, and Jehoshaphat; and all in the valley there were gravestones of every shape and tombstones of all devices, from the sombre architecture of Egypt to the livelier forms of Greece. Surveying all these memorials of the dead, I wondered again whether the language of Joel was symbolical, or if in reality the throne of judgment was to be set at the last day in the space now before me. Nay, without thinking that these mountains would be removed, I even wondered if my own immortal soul would recognise the features of the scene now in view, or if it would remember the solemn impressions of the last hour, and then I shut my eye out from the whole sight, and turned for a minute or two, and on my knees with my face to the ground I was properly employed, when my interpreter and guide interrupted me to say that we must go back to Jerusalem, as none of us had breakfasted.

I rose and came to the village of Siloam, a wild nest of Arabs perched on a rocky eminence, and then down to Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God. I descended the steps of the fountain, polished by feet long since mouldered into dust. I sat down within the cool arch, not only for rest and shelter from the sun, but to enjoy the noise of the waters of Siloam, which still go softly as they did in the days of Isaiah, and in a minute I fell sound asleep; but Solomon, hungry for his breakfast, soon wakened me. I rose, and laved the water with the palms of my hands on my temples,

and waded in the limpid stream. I saw the natives from the village of Siloam come down in long lines to fill their pitchers, reminding me of the daughters of Judah of old. I noticed several pilgrims and wandering Arabs pause here and drink, besides horsemen from Jerusalem, and passing trains of camels. I thought how many prophets, priests, and kings, had often drank of these hallowed streams when the scene was busy with the hurry of a constant thoroughfare. I thought how David had often reposed on these very steps, and that Jesus here restored to sight the man born blind. Near this pool of Siloam an ancient tree marks the place said to be that of Isaiah's martyrdom. And near it in this the King's Dale, Abraham was blessed by Melchizedek after his battle with the four kings. At the point where the three valleys of Jerusalem meet I came to a very deep gorge cut through the rock at the lower part and built above with solid masonry. Warm and thirsty, for a time I could not reach the water, but an Arab who came down from the village to draw it gave me to drink. I asked him the name of it, and he answered, "Bir Eyub," 'the Well of Job, as to which God said to Job, Place thy foot in this cold hole.' Its connection with Job seems obscure. The Greek Christians call it the Well of Joab. It is also said to be identical with the En-rogel of Scripture. From this I went up the breast of the hill to Mount Zion by a steep and toilsome path among rugged terraces faced with stone, and sustaining a few olives, by the tomb of David. I reached the track by which our Saviour was conducted from the Garden of Gethsemane in the hour and power of darkness to the high priest's house, when Peter followed him a far way off to deny him.

When I entered the Hotel I found my travelling com-

panion in a state of agitation. He had accompanied me in the cool of the morning to the top of the Mount of Olives; but dreading the fatigue and the increasing heat of the day he returned to Jerusalem, while I and the two guides advanced to Bethany. Crossing the hill of Moriah towards that of Zion, he happened to pass near one of the gates of the Mosque of Omar. It was standing open, and he naturally embraced the opportunity of stepping into the area and looking quietly around the premises. He did not know that the ground on which he trod was reckoned too holy by the Mahometan saints to be polluted with the foot of a Nazarene. The cry of indignation was raised, and in one minute a crowd rushed forth and began to stone him as if to death, Fortunately he found shelter at hand in the house of one of the higher authorities of the place, and thus his life was saved in the meantime. But he was detained as a prisoner to answer in a more legal way for the pollution. He tried to speak, but he was not understood, and he had no interpreter, Solomon having at his own request gone with me. Fortunately it occurred to him to present his *teskery* or permission to travel in the Turkish dominions. This calmed their fury a little, and after a long consultation amongst themselves they presented him with coffee, set him at liberty, and guarded him home to our Hotel, where he had just arrived, and also without his breakfast.

Next to the Kaaba at Mecca this Sakhara is the holiest of the Mahometan retirements; and throughout the year the Mosque of Omar and its courts are crowded with turbaned worshippers. This mosque, built upon the site of the Holy Temple, is the great shrine of their devotions. It is strictly guarded against all intruders. And in the estimation of the

Prophet's followers, angels keep watch every night above the lofty dome of the mosque, and an air of paradise is said to breathe from them over its beautiful area. Father Rogers, a monkish traveller, says that there is a superstition among Moslems that if a Christian were to gain access to it Allah (God) would assent to whatever he might please to ask; and they take it for granted that his first prayer would be for the subversion of the religion of the Prophet. There is no wonder then that a host of fanatics should have gathered in increased numbers around my friend, and uttered menacing language, and rushed at him as if to tear him to pieces. On similar occasions a Christian caught only in the outer court has thankfully submitted to circumcision as the only means of saving his life from the fury of the Mussulmans. And it is a fact that other more unfortunate Franks have been put to death for this offence.

CHAPTER X.

BETHLEHEM.

I HIRED a guide, and went down to Bethlehem-Ephratah. Passing out by the gate of Bethlehem, I turned to the left, descended the sloping bank into the ravine, leaving on my right the pool of Hezekiah. I mounted up the rocky flat upon the other side, and proceeded in a south-west direction over the plains of Rephaim, where, in the time of David, the Philistines encamped against Zion, and whence they were driven home with immense loss. I passed a little spot of verdant corn-fields, at the meeting of the two valleys which sweep round the city. This in the palmy days of Jerusalem was the gardens of Solomon, irrigated by the waters of the Pool of Siloam. I descended into the desert of the Dead Sea, of the savage sterility of which I shall speak hereafter. I came to Deir, the well of the Magi, where the star appeared to the wise men of the East. I attained the summit of a ridge which commanded an interesting view both of Jerusalem and of Bethlehem; and here a Greek convent has been built called Mar Elyas. I halted to enjoy the striking prospect, and could not do less than pay my respects to the fathers within. Servants took our horses at the door, and a healthy aged priest, with a long white beard,

dressed in the elegant and ancient costume of his order, clean and fresh-looking, received me with dignity and great kindness. He first led me round the whole establishment to show me the relics and paintings, and then into his own sitting apartments, where a neat refreshment of fruits, bread, wine, water, jellies and coffee was set before me, and pipes were also produced.

But more interesting still, he took me to the top of the Convent, and pointed out all the celebrated places within the range of our eye. Along the country through which our road lay were the battle-fields of David with the Philistines. The place was noticed where the ruined tower of Simeon stood, that venerable prophet who took the Saviour in his arms in the Temple and sung, "Now let thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation,—a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel." The Tomb of Rachel, who died near Bethlehem travailing with Benjamin, and was buried by the way to Ephrath, was pointed out below me. But the pillar which Jacob set upon her grave, and which is mentioned in Genesis as then still existing, is now gone. Westward among the hills was seen the birthplace and residence of the prophet Samuel. To the south, distant about three miles, lay the massive and imposing town of Bethlehem, covering the ridge of a hill on the southern side of a deep valley, and spreading extensively from east to west. The soil around the city seemed to be extremely rich, well watered, and very carefully cultivated, presenting a beautiful foreground of flowers and fruits, vines and olives, and also of sesamum. I saw the scene too of the story of Ruth and Boaz, the grandmother and grandfather of David,

an extremely interesting tale illustrative of the purity and simplicity of manners upwards of three thousand years since. The industry of Ruth, the elegant charity of Boaz, the widowed distress of Naomi, her affectionate concern for her daughter, the reluctant departure of Orpah, the dutiful attachment of Ruth, and their sorrowful return to Bethlehem, the respect likewise which the Israelites paid to the law of Moses and their observance of ancient customs, all rendered a sight of the place where the scene is laid very impressive. More distant to the south stood Tekoah, and to the eastward was Engedi, and the cave where David magnanimously refused the opportunity of killing Saul who was in pursuit to kill him at the time. But by far the most conspicuous and hallowed objects in sight were the monastery erected over the cave of the nativity, upon the eastern side of the city in the suburbs, and the plain where the vision of angels appeared to the "shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

I left the convent of Mar Elyas gratified with the hospitality and sights I had enjoyed. Soon after I came to the

Kabbet Rahil—the tomb of Rachel—which I had seen from the convent. It is a small mosque covered by a dome, with an open apartment towards the east and a small enclosure towards the west. A raised longitudinal mound covers the spot in which the remains of the wife of Israel are said to rest. The Jews offer up prayers at a hole in the wall, pleading the marriage of their mother Rachel as a ground of acceptance before God. In a rude enclosure above the tomb, on the brow of the hill, is Ramah, embosomed in olive trees, which was notorious for the murder of the infants. What an infinite number of sanctified associations thus rise on the mind on approaching Bethlehem, which is really one of the most lovely villages in Palestine!

About twenty minutes' distance from the city I was conducted to a well of pristine renown, and I drank of its waters, which were remarkably pure, delicious, and soft in the mouth as the finest silk may feel to the touch. This fountain is celebrated in Scripture, and not surpassed by any in pagan or sacred history. David at the cave of Adullam had defied the Philistines that were gathered together to battle, and "the Lord had wrought a great victory. And three of the thirty chief went down, and came to David in the harvest time unto the cave of Adullam: and the troop of the Philistines pitched in the valley of Rephaim. And David was then in an hold, and the garrison of the Philistines was then in Bethlehem." And David, being born there, calls to mind during the sultry heat and fatigue of a day in harvest the sweet waters he had so often drunk in his boyhood. We read that "David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate! And the three mighty men,"

Adino, Eleazar, and Shammah, having overheard David's exclamation, they sallied forth and broke through the host of the Philistines, "and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David" as a testimony of their valour and affection. The pious monarch received from their hands the pledge they had so dearly earned; nevertheless he would not drink of the water purchased by the blood of the men who went in jeopardy of their lives. He returned thanks to God who had vouchsafed the deliverance of his warriors, and poured the water on the ground as an offering unto the Lord.

I was next conducted to the ruins of the house of Jesse, where David and his seven stately brothers were brought up. Here David spent his early years in the humble occupation of a shepherd, until his encounter with Goliath opened to him a most glorious career; for here the Lord had provided him a king among the sons of Jesse. And Samuel filled his horn with oil, and took a heifer with him that he might sacrifice and anoint unto the Lord whom the Lord might name unto him. "And the elders of the town trembled at Samuel's coming, and said, Comest thou peaceably? and he said, Peaceably; I am come to sacrifice unto the Lord: sanctify yourselves, and come with me to the sacrifice. And he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice. And Jesse made seven of his sons to pass before Samuel. And Samuel said unto Jesse, The Lord hath not chosen these. And Samuel said to Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him: for we will not sit down until he come thither. And he sent, and brought him

in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him: for this is he. Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren: and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward. But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him."

When riding along the streets of Bethlehem, not only did the boys follow us in crowds to take charge of our mules when we were within the convent, but even the bulk of the whole population turned out to look at the Nazarene Hadji (Christian pilgrims). I was conducted to one of their neat apartments by the monks, who received me into the convent with great respect, and set wine, and water from the well of Bethlehem, bread, eggs, vegetables, and fruit before me. While I was eating, comfortable beds were made down for me and my friend, and we were told in the Italian language to go to sleep for two hours during the hottest part of the day, as they were all about to do so. When we were thus doubly refreshed I was conducted over the Church of the Nativity. Descending a flight of steps I entered the cave, or stable as it is called, where the "Word was made flesh." But instead of finding anything like the stable of an inn, I found myself in a splendid little chapel magnificently fitted up with rows of golden lamps suspended from the rocky ceiling. These shed a gorgeous but subdued light upon the rough and irregular convent. It is floored and lined with beautiful marble, and provided on each side with five oratories answering to the ten stalls for horses said to have been contained in the stable when Jesus was born. At the end of this there is an arcade hollowed out below in the form

of an arch to embrace the sacred spot of the nativity. A glory in the floor, composed of marble and jasper, and encircled with silver, marks the place of birth. Below the altar of the Nativity in the east of the grotto there is a representation of a star with the inscription:—

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

Simple and overwhelming announcement, recording the most blessed event which ever happened in this world!

From this the altar of the Nativity I was brought by two or three steps to the manger in which the infant Jesus was laid. It is raised about a foot and a half above the floor, and hollowed out like a manger. Here the very spot is shown where the infant Redeemer slept in his swaddling clothes. The sacred place was also shown where the star was formerly fixed to commemorate the miraculous leading of the Wise Men. The very spot where Joseph is said to have stood during the birth was pointed out with extreme accuracy. I was next shown the study of St. Jerome in which he translated the Vulgate version of the Bible. I was shown what is called the Chamber of the Innocents, in which were buried all the babes murdered by Herod on this occasion. I was also shown, in a grotto adjoining the Convent, the place where Joseph hid the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus. I was also conducted to several cells and altars, in which and beneath them many holy men are said to sleep in death.

But my heart was too full to be taken up with these minor details. My whole feelings and faculties seemed instinctively to centre on the main fact that in Bethlehem-Judah David the son of Jesse, an Ephrathite, was born and anointed; that of the root of Jesse was born in the city of David the Sun of

Righteousness, the Saviour of the world. And while I was bending over the manger in which the babe is said to have been laid, I felt myself overpowered by a multitude of sorrowful and sincere sentiments working in my heart, and I and my friend simultaneously and without concert bended our knees and offered up short prayers with praise and thanksgiving to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. We arose and retired with all humility, and again as before we loathed the gold and glittering emeralds around, and all the rich offerings of the altar, as being ill-suited to the place and circumstances. In leaving the convent we were beset with a host of relic-venders, and I bought some things from them, of course at exorbitant prices.

I left the convent soothed and satisfied much with all that I had seen, and went round to take a parting and more particular view of the plain where the shepherds heard the angels proclaim, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men!" The plain is still mainly under pasture, fertile and well watered, and there I saw shepherds still tending their flocks. These shepherds have great influence over their sheep. Many of them have no dogs. Their flocks are docile and domestic, and not as the black-faced breed of sheep in Scotland, scouring the hills like cavalry. The shepherd's word spoken at any time is sufficient to make them understand and obey him. He sleeps among them at night, and in the morning he leadeth them forth to drink by the still waters and feedeth them by the green pastures. He walks before them slow and stately; and so accustomed are the sheep to be guided by him, that every few bites they take they look up with earnestness to see that he is there. When he rests during

the heat of the day in a shady place, they lie around him chewing the cud. He has generally two or three favourite lambs which don't mix with the flock but frisk and fondle at his heel. There is a tender intimacy between the Ishmaelite and his flock. They know his voice, and follow him, and he careth for the sheep. He gathereth his lambs and seeketh out his flock among the sheep, and gently leadeth them that are with young, and carrieth the lambs in his bosom.

In returning back to Jerusalem I halted on a rugged height to survey more particularly and enjoy the scene where Ruth went to glean the ears of corn in the field of her kinsman Boaz. Hither she came for the beginning of barley harvest, because she would not leave Naomi in her sorrow. "Entreat me not to leave thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." How simple and tender! Here, when looking around me, honoured I felt for ever be her memory, not only for these touching sentiments worthy of our race even before the fall, and when the image of God was not yet effaced, but also in respect that she who uttered these words was the great-grandmother of David, and as of the generation of Jesus. Here also I looked back to the city of Bethlehem with lingering regret, uttering a common-place farewell to the scene, but never to its hallowed recollections. These are engraven with an iron pen on the fleshly tablets of my heart. I also examined more minutely Ramah and the coasts thereof, with reference to the memorable massacre of Herod, the horrid murderer of the children "from two years

old and under, according to the time he had diligently enquired of the wise men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremiah the prophet, saying, In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted."

I had spent an interesting day, and I returned to the Holy City to spend an interesting evening at the hospitable board of the Bishop of Jerusalem. In the course of the evening my friend and I were shown many sacred relics of these localities, and presented with a memorial of kindness taken from the spot. The remark was made by his lordship, and concurred in by all, that more scriptural events, and these more memorable, had certainly happened in and within the space of two or three leagues from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and mainly around these places, than probably in all the rest of the Holy Land. It was also justly observed, that next in importance to these celebrated localities were those of Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. After being told all the places I had visited, the Bishop assured me that nothing more remained for us before setting our face towards Galilee than to visit Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. But I was warned both by the Bishop and the British Consul, that it would be as much as my life was worth for me to attempt the journey unless I was protected by a strong guard by the Turkish authorities. It was said that the natives made it a point effectually to punish every unprotected pilgrim, both for the pleasure of pilfer and murder, and also that parties of them might continue to be employed in the lucrative occupation of guarding travellers through the tract. A proper cavalcade of armed Arabs was accordingly

procured from the village of Beit Tamar, near Bethlehem, through the agency of their Sheik Hamdeh. The British Consul told me that my very guards were habitual robbers, who maintained a monopoly of guiding pilgrims to the Jordan. But in this one circumstance he said lay our safety, as these Jephthahs were respected for their calling by all the marauders of the district, and he held them answerable for the consequences of every party of Englishmen intrusted to their charge. The remuneration to be paid to them was also fixed by Mr. Phin at a general rate for every journey, and on terms satisfactory to both parties.

CHAPTER XI.

JERICHO, JORDAN, AND THE DEAD SEA.

I LEFT Jerusalem for the Jordan with my armed cavalcade at daybreak. When I came out of my bed-room with my candle in my hand, I found my two guards squatted on the floor of my breakfast parlour, and turning up, as I spoke to them, their bleared wild dark eyes, twinkling with delight and deceit. Their robe was coarse wove, and without a seam, but ample in its folds. When I reached the street, I found everything adjusted, and the long-tailed Arabians, adorned with trappings and tassels, ready to start. I was warned that the journey would not be easily accomplished, even whether mounted on horses, mules, or dromedaries. The roads every where are almost impassable; and however excessive the heat may be in other portions of Palestine, it is still more overpowering in the valley of Gilgal. I was warned that in going through this desert there would be every variety of sameness travellers have to encounter in the Holy Land. On these occasions the path is either through cultivated valleys in the midst of vineyards, all similar in every respect, along the sides of hills which are either bleak and bare or verdant with evergreens and olive yards, or the path leads up the face of a steep rock, and winds round jutting pro-

montories and among huge broken boulders, and up like the steps of a stair in which small holes have been hollowed for the feet of the mules. But whether it be over or round a difficulty in the path, the mules overcome it with the activity of cats, while the rider is in danger of slipping off behind should he not hold fast with his feet in the stirrups, with his hands by the mane, and his knees pressing on the ribs of the animal. But it is in coming down these steep stairs or slopes, that difficulties and dangers are more likely to be encountered. The mule, when left to itself, is sure to select the safest path and to take the best way of stepping it. It seldom commits a mistake, and sets down its feet with perfect confidence. The round smooth iron-plated hoofs clank and clatter, slide and paw, and prance and strike fire, and stumble and trot, and stand still, showing that the animal has a sagacity in reconnoitering such points even more than human. Nay, when the mule finds itself decidedly checkmated, no thumping or kicking, however continued or cruel, will induce it to move an inch. But it will turn its eye back, and up to that of its rider, plainly to indicate that he must either dismount or make up his mind to sit still on the spot. When freed from the burden of its rider, however, the animal gets down on its side and sputters itself onward till it reaches a rideable tract, when it rises and stands stock-still till the rider mounts again. And this is the general routine of travelling in Palestine.

Not only are the roads and scenery very much the same in the Holy Land, but the dress and manners in the East are still exactly what they are described to have been when Abraham sat at the door of his tent four thousand years since. The descendants of Ishmael seem as little likely to

change as the Pyramids themselves. The hand of Ishmael's descendants is still against every man's hand, and everybody dreads the ravages of these Bedouin Arabs. Now, as in the earliest times, they sow not, neither do they reap, or gather their own crops into barns, but they pilfer and plunder, and roam with their flocks and herds, ever restless, and never abiding anywhere. As of old, the women walk erect with pitcher on head, and children sitting stride-legs on both shoulders, coming to draw water at the deep draw-well; or to wash themselves, or fill their kid-skins with the sweet waters of the Jordan; or they are grinding at the mill while their husbands are winnowing barley at the thrashing-floor; or they are gleaning like Ruth among the reapers at the harvest field, or driving their flocks to the fountain;—all in exact identity with the descriptions given in Scripture of the remotest times. The oxen still tread out the corn, unmuzzled as ever, according to the command of Moses, and reaching down their necks for a mouthful of the best of it. Often did I notice the wandering Arab of this desert lay himself down after sunset on his bed of sand, like Jacob in the wilderness of Padan-aram, with a stone only for his pillow. During the heat of the day there still sits everywhere the Sheik of the village, as Abraham did in the plains of Mamre, ready to receive the stranger, to bring him a little water that his feet may be washed, to bake bread for him, and to bid him tarry for the night. And to the purpose in hand, the traveller, in going down to Jericho from Jerusalem, is still as liable to fall among thieves, or even to be shot by the deadly aim of the robber's musket from behind a rock, as he was in the days of our Lord, when Jesus spoke his parable. And for anything I know, there may be priests in these dis-

tricts to pass by on the other side, and good Samaritans too to bind up his wounds, to set him on his ass, and to care for him at the inn. To the Biblical student all this is instructive as affording so many explanations of Holy Writ, and to the general traveller, these pleasing incidents of his journey bring back to his eyes illustrations of the very days even of Melchizedek, king of Salem.

Our attendants on this occasion were swarthy, sinewy, well-mounted and well-armed sons of the desert, shaking their long lances and careering around in their journey at the full speed of their Arabian charger in all the fiery life and joy of Bedouin freedom. I never saw finer men of their kind, and no Christian saint could have been kinder to me in my sickness upon this occasion than these marauders of the wilderness. Their features were full of energetic expression, and ever their bleared eyes flashed like diamonds. Their long black wiry hair swung about their neck, with the yellow ends of their turban hanging down over their shoulders, adding still more to the wildness of their tawny countenances. They wore a rope twisted twice round their head, which, after all, I thought may at times be more usefully employed round their neck; for these fierce lords of the desert are thieving and murdering vagabonds. One of them, who had paid me no little kindness, had the audacity to take me round a corner and show me a place where he said he had killed a man: and he dashed his spear on the rock so as to suit the action to the word. Being alone with him for the moment, I scarcely can say that I felt gratified at his politeness and candour in confessing this crime. They sneer at agriculture, and despise the luxury of houses, preferring to live in dingy

tents which they pitch wherever they find pasturage, and strike when it is ate up. They live mainly upon milk; the fleeces and camel skins furnish shelter and raiment, and plunder does the rest as to meat. Such has been the life of these savages from the day when the son of the bond-woman was cast out; and even this life of theirs seems now as formerly not to be without its blessing from the God of Abraham. "As for Ishmael, I have heard thee; behold I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly; and I will make him a great nation." (Gen. xvii. 20.)

In this way did Abdallah and his brother push on their way before me, showing off their prowess, firing their muskets, and raising their spears, their gabble, mirth, and music, without ceasing for one minute. I admired their horses, which are still much the same as they were in the days of the Patriarchs. Both the men and horses before me were born and reared in the same apartment; they live, feed, and sleep together; they are travelling companions everywhere. Throughout the whole day the Arab is seated on its back; when food is needed he subsists entirely on the milk of his mare. During the insufferable heat at noon, where there is no vine or fig-tree to shelter from the sun, the Arab rests in the shade of his horse's body; and when sleeping at night he makes its side his cushion; and the pawing of this same faithful friend awakes him at the dawn of the morn. A secret language of natural signs exists between the Arab and his steed, and they convey their mind to each other like a father and son. The language seems to be their own, as none but themselves understand it. I noticed how gently the master treated his fleet servant without whip or spur, or

bridle-bit, but by a pressure of the knee, or a touch on the neck with his hand. Speak to one of these Arabs of his wife, his family, and his horse; silent in regard to all but the latter, he boasts of its docility, symmetry, and swiftness. All this is national, hereditary, and unchanged since the days when Job maintained his integrity.

The song of these Arabs to me was any thing but pleasant. Their melody is melancholy, and a sad minor runs through the whole tune, which is a low long-drawn mournful wail as if the cry of the jackall had been set to music. The whole song which they constantly sing is the painful sounds of despairing chromatic anguish. In fact I did not hear one note of music in the whole land of Palestine, while every one of the natives was singing around with nasal and twanging sounds not only monotonous but really provoking. "Truly," I thought, "all the merryhearted do sigh, and gladness is taken away. The sound of the tabret and harp, of the sackbut and psaltery, of the lute and the viol, are heard no more in the land." The only instrument I noticed was the Rebabeh, which discoursed music most melancholy; but nothing better could be expected from its sighing solitary string. The camels have bells about their necks, and some of them about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks. The tinkling of these is pleasant, and during the whole night the drivers continue to sing to make the journey pass delightfully in their own way. Hence we read that the Israelites, on their return to Jerusalem, came with singing unto Zion.

Language cannot better describe the road from Jerusalem to Jericho than the writings of Ezekiel and Jeremiah. These tell us that the mountains of Israel shall be desolate.

“For the mountains will I take up a weeping and wailing, and for the habitations of the wilderness a lamentation, because they are burnt up, so that none can pass through them; neither can men hear the voice of the cattle: both the fowl of the heavens and the beast are fled; they are gone.” During the whole morning I wended my way down rugged rocks and over tracts scarcely passable, and hemmed in behind and before and on both sides by solemn desolation in the grandest scale. The silence all around was still as the grave. For twenty miles I did not see a bird, or a beast, or even an insect. Our cavalcade monopolized the whole life of the district, and was the only moving anomaly of the scene. There was nothing to awaken the deep solitude but the noise of the horses’ feet, and the musicless, monotonous chaunt of Ishmael’s song, which never ceased. The Saracen poet says, that “song is like the dews of heaven on the bosom of the desert; it cools the path of the traveller.” The scuff scuff of the animals’ feet on the sand, and the splash splash of the water-jars on the back of our beasts of burden, were therefore varied by the song of the wild Bedouin beguiling the weary way.

The bridle-way leads along the course of the brook Kedron, through one terrific chasm after another, in every one of which there was presented the face of terror. There was nothing but abrupt rocks, deep ravines, and yawning caverns without water or life even for a summer fly. These caves have in all ages been a refuge for outlawed banditti; and as hiding-places they are frequently alluded to in Scripture. “Because of the Midianites the children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains, and caves, and strong holds!” It was in one of these near by at En-gedi

that David and his six hundred men hid themselves when he cut off the skirt of Saul's robe.

When the sun passed the meridian its fierceness was overpowering. The rocks were of white limestone, and they reflected the excessive heat from every side. All that I had suffered from heat at Grand Cairo, in the Desert, or on the promontory of Sinai, when Fahrenheit's thermometer reached 109 degrees in the shade, seemed to be inferior to what I had to endure on this occasion. A turban was round my head, and cloths were on the crown of my straw hat, and an umbrella was held above all, but still the heat overpowered me. The tendency to drowsiness amounting almost to stupor was irresistible, and I felt myself sometimes fast asleep on the saddle, or sick even to faintness, or feverish, and afraid even of madness. I was taken down, and laid to rest whenever we came to the shadow of a great rock in this weary land. And thus with a little ease, and a drink of water, I became again determined in spirit, and kept moving, knowing to a certainty that I would be robbed or perhaps murdered if I fell behind my protectors. Poor Warburton tells us that a traveller in similar circumstances, who fell behind when going down to Jericho, was robbed, stripped naked, and left with nothing but his hat. The district is mainly occupied by a fierce predatory tribe, called the Beni Sakhers, who contend with all the Arabs around, and harass the pilgrims going down to Jericho.

As I approached the plains of the Jordan, the road seeks a lower level through what is called the wilderness of the temptation and fast of forty days, where Satan was permitted to assail the Son of man. It attains a deep depression, as-

certained by the Ordinance Survey under Lieutenant Symond, to be 1,312 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Towards Jericho every mountain became familiar to the recollection the moment it was named, and every plain was full of meaning to the heart. Among the hills there was not a breath of wind, and when we descended towards the plain I expected that some slight breezes would spread on the river, and over the wide expanse. In this I was mistaken. I crossed a level tract. Over the Jordan, and on to the mountains of Moab, up and down the valley of the Dead Sea and its tributary streams, the prospect was equally unpromising. As far as the eye could reach, not one leaf or blade of withered grass seemed to stir. Everywhere was brown rock, or burnt foliage, or bitumen, salt, and lava. Passing Jericho a little in the distance, I traversed the salt-crusted vale of Gilgal, first over small sand hills and past little thickets of brushwood, and through dry water courses, and by winding lines of tamarisk, all the while through an atmosphere beaming under a bright sun, with a close suffocating heat, almost intolerable to man or beast. At last I entered the jungles by the banks of the Jordan, the dens of serpents and of wild beasts, our path being entangled in underwood of thorns. Men and mules were equally worn out. Still I felt sick, and often did I expect to find the river, but as often was I disappointed. The Dead Sea immediately to the right of us presented a dull blue expanse to the sun, and I noticed the sand beds where the river seemed to join it. Before me there were other rows of sand hills such as I had already often passed, and mud banks dried in the sun, and another dry channel beyond, but still no Jordan was there. I passed one bank of verdure after

another, then we reached spots of greater luxuriance and freshness, and a deeper valley in which vegetation held undisputed sway. I next came to virgin thickets of Persian poplars and of willows interlacing their branches, thus affording impervious dens for the wild boar, the wolf, and the hyena. At length I reached a more formidable embankment, fringed with a more luxuriant selvage of fine trees. Ere I mounted half way up the barrier, I saw that the opposite mud bank was much more distant than those we had passed, and the certain conviction was expressed by me in the Scottish aphorism, "Long looked for comes at last."

And certainly there was now before me the sacred Jordan hastening its copious floods in vain to sweeten and vivify a sea of bitterness and of death. It was a magnificent river, rapid, broad, deep, and altogether dangerous looking. When my feeling of piety and amazement subsided, I looked again more particularly to the stream. I noticed that it was of a whity-brown colour, muddy, and murderous-like in its heavy swell and whirling eddies. The river seemed to be about the breadth of the Tiber at Rome, but far deeper, and containing a much greater volume of water. Were I to be very particular at a guess, I would say it seemed to be about forty or fifty yards broad, and ten or fifteen feet deep; but it was the rapidity with which the majestic torrent seemed to flow, and strange to me on so level a flat, which struck my heart with awe. Both banks were overhung by the richest foliage of shrubs and fine tall trees feathered down to the water's edge. When on the top of the bank I noticed my position as being directly opposite to Jericho, and therefore as near as could be supposed to the place where the river was passed under Joshua; yet I could



Digitized by Google

THE ...

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..



Engraved by E. Fisher.

Drawn by A. W. Colclough, R.A. from a sketch by Sir A. Schomburgk, & A. Allan, Esq.

THE FORDS OF THE JORDAN.

see no appearance of the ford, notwithstanding that it is marked in the map where I halted, where the twelve stones must have been set up for a testimony in Gilgal in the east border of Jericho. Here I noticed young willows and many reeds standing some two or three feet above the surface of the water, and shaken in the eddies with a tremulous and distressed motion; reminding me of the comparison (1 Kings xiv. 15), "for the Lord shall smite Israel as a reed is shaken in the waters." It also behoved to be as near as I could count where John baptized our Lord, when the Holy Ghost visibly descended like a dove, and a voice from the Father was heard proclaiming, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." It must also, I thought, have been as near as I could guess to the place of the passage of Elijah and Elisha over Jordan, when Elijah smote the waters with his mantle, "and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground." Then did the spirit of Elijah, who was carried up into heaven, rest upon Elisha; and the waters again parted hither and thither, so that the prophet passed over. But I did not reckon it of importance to be very inquisitive as to the identical spot of these hallowed transactions, as my eye could reach far enough both up and down the stream to enable me to say that the scene was certainly somewhere within my sight. Dismounting therefore, I flung my bridle to Solomon, and stripped off my shoes and stockings, and waded into the stream, to ascertain what sort of bottom it had before I attempted to bathe. But at the very first step my feet stuck in the clay, and when I found that the stream was not only so very rapid, but exceedingly deep even at the edge of its inner bank, I contented myself with washing in its waters,

and in doing so I felt my heart impressed with a sweet and sacred awe, under the recollection that these waters were so much venerated of old.

The banks were covered with thickets, and we are told in the Bible that lions were wont to lodge here, and that they were driven from their dens by the overflowing of the river in March and April, when the snows begin to melt on Lebanon and Hermon. The author of *Eothen* tells us that he saw the footmarks of the lion when he was crossing the desert. Mr. Lynch also says that he saw the fresh track of a tiger on the low clay margin of the Jordan, where he had come to drink. And he mentions that at another time as he passed his lair a wild boar started with a savage grunt. But I saw nothing of the sort, not even a hyena, a wolf, or a fox. It required not, however, novelties of this sort to give interest to the scene. Plenty of birds sang their wild wood songs, the nightingale ceased not his warbling notes, and others continued their uninterrupted melody; high upon a sand-bluff the cliff swallow chattered and darted about in the bright sunshine catching water flies, and the whole foliage looked rich, and the green bank smooth as velvet; but prettier and sweeter far to my ear than all or any of these sights and sounds was the sacred river itself, with its gurgling voice of gushing minstrelsy. Every thing around proclaimed a district teeming with prodigies. Almost all the poetry and pictures of Scripture are to be found here. Every name revives the recollection of something sacred and significant. Every grotto indicates something symbolical. Every hill echoes with the voice of the prophets. All around, the Almighty himself has spoken to break the deep silence of the scene. All around, Abraham and Lot, Isaac and Jacob,

and Joseph and Joshua, and Elijah and Elisha, and John and Jesus have walked, and talked, and wrought miracles, by stopping the current of the river, by rending the rocks, by sweetening the springs, by sinking the cities of the plain, and by calling the dead back to life.

We spread out our mats amid the tamarisk, laurustinus, mimosa and willows, and sat down to dinner within a yard of the water, in a beautiful grotto of flowering shrubs in wild luxuriance, and on soft green grass. After our repast, lulled by the sounds all around, and being very fatigued by the heat, I fell sound asleep, and lay thus stretched out for an hour. I for a long time walked up and down the banks, charmed by the scenery, and cut a walking stick, and drank again and again of the water of the Jordan. Like that of the Nile it is peculiarly soft, and sweet as milk. It was charming in these thirsty and torrid regions, to behold the very sight of a fresh flowing river. I went down the river side as far as to obtain a distinct inspection of its junction with the Dead Sea, and of the sea itself. I filled a canister from the stream with water, as also a small bottle, which I brought home and presented to a clerical friend in Edinburgh. I was near the tower said to be the only remains of the dwelling of Zaccheus the publican. I saw the apples of Sodom fair to the eye, but when the teeth touches them they are bitter to the taste and their fibres dissolve into ashes and smoke, and when pressed between the hands they explode like a bladder, leaving only the shreds of the thin rind. I saw also the Zukkum, the bitter and acrid fruit of a small thorny tree which is declared by the Koran to be the only food of the Infidels in hell. In washing for the last time before my departure in the consecrated stream, it was my main desire

to feel thankful to God for the precious favour of being permitted to visit the spot, and for His protection during this journey. And as the sun was now sinking far in the west, I mounted to ride back to Jericho for the night. I proceeded up the vale of Gilgal. After travelling about a league and a half I passed an old fortress kept by a score of Turkish soldiers. The fierceness of the sun had abated, so that I accomplished this portion of my journey with comparative ease. I next entered some cornfields of remarkable fertility, and came to a few scattered huts, and a few Bedouin tents pitched near the fountain Es-Sultan. Everywhere the fellateen were busy cutting, carrying, treading out, winnowing, and grinding the grain. As the twilight began to deepen into darkness I saw them kindling fires to scare off wild beasts during the night, which might be roaming about.

I came to a collection of most wretched mud hovels, clustered in confusion as if they had fallen at random from the clouds; and great was my wonder when I was told that this miserable Mahommedan village was all that now remained to represent Jericho, the famous city of palm trees, the first in Palestine that was taken by Joshua in so miraculous a manner, and the inhabitants of which were put to the sword. It appeared in a moment how truly Joshua's imprecation against this city had been fulfilled. A position more entirely destitute could not be conceived anywhere. The village consists of about fifty huts of mud covered with brushwood. They are also fenced strongly in front with thorn bushes as an effectual defence against incursions of the Bedouins, whose horses will not approach such formidable thickets. The inhabitants are Mussulmans without exception. The habits of the men are those of shepherds

rather than cultivators of the soil. In this capacity they roam the plain on their fleet horses, deriving their principal subsistence from robbery and plunder. These barbarians seemed to look more surly than usual even in this land of savages. Their countenances were almost black. Their eyes sparkled with uncommon lustre, and their teeth were remarkably regular and like ivory. They were in the very extreme of wretched poverty, and almost in a complete state of nakedness, having merely a ragged shirt with a girdle about the waist. Some wore a coarse cloth of wool, or of camel's hair thrown round their shoulders, and others had on actually nothing more than the skins of animals. A piece of leather, like the sole of an old shoe, was tied to their feet as a sandal, similar to the inhabitants of Gibeon when they went to the camp of Joshua at this place. But most of them were barefooted. The women looked still more wretched,—hags sallow and shrivelled, with dark and deep lines in their faces, having an angry, anxious, hungry, hyena-like look. A loose blue cotton wrapper covered their nakedness more negligently than the veil did their face. Their skinny arms and legs were ornamented with large rings, which, as Isaiah tells us, tinkled as they walked. And like Rebecca, their wrists were decorated with coarse and paltry bracelets. Like the Nubian watermen they know nothing of spoons, knives, or forks, and eat out of one dish in the same disgusting manner, by dipping into and taking up their victuals with their fingers, filthy as they were. They have no notion of the minute measurement of time, having no idea of hours beyond sunrise, noon, and sunset. Some of their natural philosophers go a step farther than this, by sticking their thumb and forefinger dialwise into the sand,

and showing by the shadow not only twelve o'clock, but when it is ten or two. The hours at night are also known by looking at the southern cross. It is perpendicular and horizontal exactly at midnight, and more or less so accordingly. The operations of agriculture, when performed at all, are done by the women and children. They are governed by a sheik, whose influence over them is more like the authority of a father over his children than like that of a general magistrate. This sheik is moreover restrained in the exercise of his power by the perfect and practical knowledge that he would instantly be deprived of life were he to exceed the bounds which even in these rude countries is opposed to despotism. From its depression so far below the sea, and the reflection of the sun's rays from the surrounding mountains, Jericho is said to be one of the hottest places in the known world: and verily, from what I suffered this day, I am ready to testify the fact so far as my personal experience goes.

When I reached Jericho, men and women, all alike dirty and disgusting, left their usual occupation, and gathered around us in crowds. Our feelings of surprise seemed to be mutual; for if we looked with interest at them, they gazed with no less amazement at us. I was aware that the people bore a bad name in this quarter, but every one seemed quite harmless. Whether this was owing to our strong escort, or to the simplicity of their character, I had no means of ascertaining. I was conducted to the mud hovel of the sheik, which is always in the west end of the town here as in London, and may be further distinguished by the lance planted in the ground alongside of it. His duty it was to find us protection and sleeping quarters for the night. The sheik and his wife and whole family soon presented them-

selves: and what a Lord Mayor was now before me! He had no clothes on but a short blue shirt, open at the neck and breast, and reaching about midway down his thighs, and bound round the waist with a leathern girdle, in which was thrust a long crooked knife (jambir), his ammunition, and his apparatus for striking a light. His feet were bare, and he had very short bandy-legs, with a broad chest and long brawny arms, with a square body, a long neck, and a large head. He had a sharp intellectual countenance. His features were small, well-formed, and delicate, deeply embrowned by the sun, and terminated by a flowing snow-white beard, which he continued to stroke with peculiar complacency. His nose was straight and regular; his eyes keen, deep set, black, and glowing; and his teeth equalled in beauty the ivory of the East. Soon after his appearance some one brought him an upper garment in colours not unlike one of our Highland tartans; and this he seemed to assume with considerable complacency. It is called the 'Aba,' and is worn by the better sort in authority, and is striped vertically black, white, yellow, and red, according to taste. He had also a broad kerchief striped in the same way, and having the sides hanging down with knotted strings appended to them, serving by their motion to keep off the flies, which are excessively troublesome in this tropical climate. This dress brought to my recollection the history of Joseph and his brethren, and seemed to intimate to my mind, that the incident of Joseph being clothed with a coat of many colours, which is mentioned as having excited the rancour of his brethren, indicated something more than that the stripling should obtain a distinction in dress over them. It implied that they were all to be deprived of their birth-

right, and thus their younger brother was to be made sheik over the family. If this interpretation be correct, it helps to account better for the revenge which they attempted to take on their father's favourite. And the very name by which this upper garment is called seems to put this matter beyond a doubt. "Aba" does not mean camaline or cloak, but *father*, indicating authority, as a baton or mace does. The common Arabs wear in some parts a coarser striped cloth of dirtier colours, reminding me of the Scottish Highlands, where the chief of the clan is another Joseph having a coat of many bright colours, while that of his subjects is coarser and more subdued in its tartan. There is something similar too in the language and even looks of the Arabs and Highlanders, which has not yet been attended to, and requires to be accounted for. There is more than an accidental similarity in the hyke worn by the Arabs over the tunic, in its being the very same with the plaid of the Scottish Highlanders. In this robe, six yards long and two broad, the Israelites carried their kneading troughs. It is a loose and troublesome garment, frequently discomposed; hence the Scripture injunction to gird our loins. But the sheik knew his duty, and set about it promptly enough. Waddling before us like a duck, and driving back the crowd to make room for our advancing, he brought us to a large awning of boughs with all the sides of the porch open to the weather. All the while we were marching along he carried his jereed, a long javelin (as a mark of honour), high in the air, and pushing at the natives, he continued to exclaim in the wild growling howls of their battle cheer, "ollah! ollah! ollah!"

The awning which was to be my hotel for the night was a low dirty hovel, the roof and sides of which were con-

structed with ~~the~~ dried branches of the date-palm (cadjars). It was raised at the ~~one end~~ for the space of two or three yards by about eighteen inches ~~above~~ the level of the rest of the floor, which extended a considerable distance, and seemed also to be fenced in with prickly thorns. The lower enclosure was a stable for the camels, asses, and other cattle. The higher space, pointed out as my sleeping place, was divided by a dirty and scanty screen of cotton cloth, behind which was the harem. Seeing a pair of black eyes peeping at me through a small hole, I selected another aperture, by way of returning the compliment of the child, and satisfying my own curiosity, I saw within the harem several armed Bedouins all squatted on the ground, and eating out of a large, round, wooden dish, a hash of boiled beans, rice, and flour mixed with butter. The loads were taken off the tired mules. Solomon spread my mat; and the fine bread which had been brought from Jerusalem, with milk and eggs procured on the spot, enabled me to make a very comfortable supper.

Sometime before this, night, like a gloomy Rembrandt, had thrown her shadows through the gorges of the mountains, and darkened the bright tints upon their summits, and the twilight was now fast thickening into blackness. The crowd had begun to disperse, and I had laid down, with my clothes on of course, my wearied frame for sleep. Something like silence had begun to obtain, when suddenly it was broken by a sound resembling that of a charge of cavalry. And there advanced upon us, and entered the awning below, a large flock of donkeys, and dromedaries, cows, and calves, horses, and foals, all collected from the surrounding pasture to be penned up for the night. Then there came goats, and

sheep, and kids, and lambs not a few; and several cats and a covey of hens had taken possession of the place even before our arrival. There was no barrier whatever between us and these our somewhat strange bedfellows, but the raised floor on which I had the honour to stretch my limbs—an honour which I enjoyed in common with all the beasts of the field below. Regardless of the suffocating heat which began to obtain, and also of the variety of genteel sounds and smells which were undeniable, I fell sound asleep, with my head upon my portmanteau, as my usual pillow. Sometime after this a goat got up into my bed-room, and began gently to poke my face with his nose. I awoke, and thought of moving my mat out to the open air; but I dreaded the heavy dews of this climate, and began to consider that a visit of one of the wild beasts from the jungles of the Jordan would be still more unwelcome. I cuffed away the goat with my hand, and fell sound asleep again, as if nothing had happened. At the dawn of the morning the judicious braying of an ass roused us all from sleep. Solomon presented me with bread and milk, and fresh eggs, and warm coffee; and I was soon mounted and ready for the road. There was when I started a deep dark fog over the Dead Sea, and the mantle of the morning was not yet spread along the vale of Gilgal. I did not see the Jordan, and the mountains around looked gloomy in the grey light. For some time I could not distinguish the Mount of our Saviour's temptation, which I was desirous to see. But I took the road with the light rapidly increasing,—and behind, the red beams of the morning soon began to brighten the hills of Ammon and of Moab, the abode of fiery serpents.

I reached the fountain of Elisha, Ain-es-Sultan, at the

Wady El Kelt, bursting forth from a patch of brushwood at the foot of the mountains, flowing in a clear rapid stream fringed with tamarisks, nabque, and water-cresses. The cliffs of the mountains above us looked now in the clear light as if they had been rent by thunderbolts, and scathed by lightning. The ridge of the Quarantana was pointed out, as the scene of our Saviour's forty days' temptation. It is a wild cleft rising to a prodigious height, in a perpendicular wall, and honeycombed like some of the rocks I have seen in the Styrian Alps. To this exceeding high mountain the Saviour, after having been baptized in the Jordan, was led by the spiritual adversary to be tempted, and to hold communion with his holy Father. The Quarantana overtops all the dreadful mountains which bound this side of the valley of Jordan, and stands out as the monarch of the savage wilderness. I dismounted at the fountain of Elisha, and drank and washed in the waters to which Elisha went forth, and cast in salt, and said, "Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from henceforth any more dearth or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day." Cool, sweet, and refreshing were these waters to me, a pilgrim, as I copiously drank and dipped the dry crust of bread into the gushing crystal stream. I sat under the deep shadow of a habbukh tree, pulling and eating the watercresses, which were delicious when sprinkled with salt from our basket. I remembered that Sir Walter Scott states that this fountain was in the days of the Crusaders well known to them as the diamond of the desert. Here, says Scott, the Christian knight moistened his lips and dipped his hands in the living fountain, and said to his pagan associate of the journey, "I would I knew the name

of this delicious fountain, that I might hold it in my grateful remembrance : for never did water slake more deliciously a more oppressive thirst than I have this day experienced." "It is called in the Arabic language," answered the Saracen, "by a name which signifies the Diamond of the Desert." "And well is it so named," replied the Christian ; "my native valley hath a thousand springs, but not to one of them shall I attach hereafter such precious recollections as to this solitary fount, which bestows its liquid treasures where they are not only delightful but nearly indispensable." "You say truth," said the Saracen, "for the curse is still on yonder sea of death, and neither man nor beast drink of its waters, nor of the river which feeds without filling it, until this inhospitable desert be passed." This spring may well be said to be nearly indispensable, for it is almost the only one in the whole of Central Palestine, up even to Tyre, where the streams from Lebanon become many and plenteous.

The bright sun rose with the usual splendour of the climate, spreading its golden beams on the Arabian mountains of Abarim, Nebo, and Pisgah over against Jericho, Then it poured its light down amid the purple hills before us, and soon it shone like molten gold on Gilead and Jordan, awakening everything into life, but the dull, and lead-like expanse of the Dead Sea, which still preserved its sullen aspect of sombre melancholy. The rising evaporation enveloped it in a thin transparent purple tinge, giving the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. Now, and whenever I saw it, it seemed a vast seething caldron of fused and motionless metal.

I resumed my journey amid the gorges of the mountains

till I came to a spot where it was evident I would have my last view of the country below, and I stood long to enjoy it. Hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked of vegetation, seemed in sublime horror to face each other like the tribes stationed after crossing the Jordan on Ebal and Gerizim, to pronounce curses on the rebellious. Amid these crags there did not seem to be one plant, from which the smallest bird of heaven could obtain a mouthful of food even once in the year. But the sight was grand in its own way, not so much from the lofty peaks of chalk and irregular heaps of sand, as from the picture everything presented of the country of a reprobate people cursed by the Almighty on every feature. When I passed my eye from solitude to solitude, my heart was filled with melancholy deep and dreadful. Below the rocky border on which I was standing, there was spread out before my eyes the waters of death; the Bahar Loth, the Sea of Lot, from end to end, curved like a bow. There were such quantities of bitumen, sulphur, and asphaltus, with a hill about three hundred feet high and about seven miles long, composed entirely of pure salt. I saw the waters which covered the vale of Siddim, where Strabo says thirteen cities were swallowed up. Mount Gilead and Hamoth-Gilead were seen in the distance, and to the north the Sea of Galilee held a position in the landscape. I looked down to take my last view of the great plain of Jericho, and the inexpressible grandeur of the whole scene riveted me in speechless admiration.

But after all, I remarked how unlike it seemed to the flat along the banks of the Nile as noticed from the top of the Pyramids, and still more unlike any level line of land in our own country. There were no villages, no fields waving

with corn, no plains of rich pasture, no green portions of water-melons, no flocks of natives filling their kid-skins from the river, no crowds of Mussulmans bending at sunrise to wash and pray, no oxen working at the wheel to draw up the waters of the Jordan to irrigate the lands of Gilgal, no boats on the stream, no song, no sound, no camels or caravans passing in any direction, no beast, no bird, no living thing was seen, not even a fly humming in the forbidden air, no grass growing from the earth, no weed peering through the void sand. The soil resembled the bottom of a sea retired from its bed, a beach crusted with salt and dry mud, and moving sand furrowed by the wind. Down the middle of the plain flowed a broad brown river, its course being distinguished only by the reeds and willows that border it, among which wild beasts and Bedouins lie in ambush to attack the unprotected pilgrim. Over this dark valley and shadow of death, at a distance of about six leagues, is the Arabian chain of mountains standing like a prodigious perpendicular wall two thousand feet in height, and presenting nothing but black precipitous rocks. Scarcely one summit of this range rises above another; but there are slight inflections, and one of these, a little higher than the others, is Pisgah, from whence Moses was allowed to view the promised land into which he was not permitted to enter.

In journeying towards Jerusalem the Arabs, our guards, seemed to be in high fettle. They were fine dashing fellows, and their horses had been well fed, rested, and watered. They set up a kind of mock fight in the open ravine, to give me an idea of savage agility. All the motions of men and horses were extremely graceful, but sometimes the picture seemed almost terrific. Now some were in hot pursuit of

the rest, brandishing their long spears as if to transfix the fugitives. Then the pursued turned on the pursuers, checking and bringing up their horses with great dexterity. Sabre in hand, they dashed up as if to the deadly conflict, raising the war-shout as they rushed on one another. But in an instant they broke off with a loud laugh, and came back to me, respectfully asking buckshish, saying, "Tayeeb Tayeeb khowaga"—(Is it not very good, Sir?) I reached Jerusalem about mid-day, and I was not nearly so much oppressed with heat as I had been in going down to the Jordan.

The old and fertile vale of Siddim was a continuation of that of the Jordan, through which the river seems to have taken its course southward, by an opening leading into the valley of Ghor, which, with its southern continuation, termed El-Araba, descends by an inclined valley uninterruptedly to the Elanitic Gulf of the Red Sea, which it joins at Akaba. Captain Moresby told me personally, what his Lieutenant Wellsted also states, in their survey of the gulf of Akaba, that one straight continuous valley extends from the Dead Sea to the entrance of the sea of Akaba, which was merely a prolongation of the valley of El Ghor, and called the valley of Akaba or of the Jordan. Through this valley it is supposed the river Jordan used to empty itself into the Red Sea, before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. At the present day good fresh water is found a few inches below the sands. In this valley the fiery serpents bit the Israelites. Here Captain Moresby found no bottom at two hundred fathoms in the Red Sea. This seems to have been the ancient channel of the Jordan before the face of the country was changed by the judgment which fell upon it. Some powerful agency or other has lowered the level of the

Vale of Siddim with its five cities of the plain. Volney, Burckhardt, and Buckingham, speak of the volcanic character of this vale. And any traveller may notice the hot springs, the lava, sulphur, pumice, basalt, and other volcanic substances testifying the fact. Josephus asserts that there were occasional eruptions of flame and smoke, so late as the first century. The bituminous nature of the soil, and the volcanic character of the catastrophe, is described very generally in Genesis. Some writers ascribe the destruction to the combustion of the soil, or that of its substrata. But it seems more probably to have been effected by an earthquake or by volcanic action. These cities could not have been buried beneath a shower of ashes as Herculaneum and Pompeii were, nor could they have been overwhelmed by a torrent of lava, for the effects of it would still have been visible; they must have been sunk by an earthquake, or something similar, of a volcanic character. The vale itself may have been the crater, which, vomiting forth not a vitreous sluggish lava, but a diffusive stream of liquid bitumen, might produce a general deluge of fire. And this seems to be corroborated by what Abraham saw upon the occasion. "And Abraham gat up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord: and he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward *all the land* of the plain, and beheld, and lo the smoke of *the country* went up as the smoke of a furnace."

Be that as it may, by the subsidence of the valley the Jordan has been apparently arrested in its course, and a basin formed to receive its waters. But this matter has not yet been explained satisfactorily by what is said of the process of evaporation, and more observations must be made, and these with greater accuracy, before this point can be set at rest.

Six millions of tons of water are said to be discharged daily into the Dead Sea from the Jordan alone. The river Ammon, rising in the Mountains of Gilead, pursuing a course of fifty miles, pours its streams also into the Dead Sea. The Kedron, after running a course of twenty-five miles, discharges in winter a considerable volume of water into this lake, as also does the brook Cherith. There are other rills of less bulk, and mountain torrents and hot springs. But with all this supply of water, this small lake never seems to increase to any very material extent, not even in winter, when there is little or no evaporation. Neither is there any apparent outlet from the lake. It might therefore be inferred that the basin would gradually fill up till it attained the level of the opening of the southern border, when it would go down the inclined plane by the Wady-El-Arabah, as formerly into the Red Sea, and at any rate the lake would continue to extend itself. But it has been said that the increase of the lake is prevented by evaporation. There is reason to doubt this. Excepting for four months in the year the evaporation is nothing extraordinary, and even then the cause does not seem to be adequate to the required effect. If it were so, it may be asked, why are the contents of the Jordan not evaporated in the Lake of Tiberias? Or why is the Nile not evaporated, flowing as it does from Abyssinia through burning sands, under a tropical sun, and without receiving rain, and from the junction of the Taccaze or Astaboras running a course of twelve hundred miles to the sea without being joined by one tributary stream. During its whole career it is exposed to the evaporation of a burning sun, drawn off into ten thousand canals, absorbed by porous banks and thirsty sands, drunk of by every living thing from

the crocodile to the pasha—imbibed by every plant from the papyrus to the palm-tree; and yet, strange to say, it seems to pour into the sea a wider stream than it displays between the cataracts, a thousand miles away. But as there is no sensible diminution of the Sea of Tiberias or of the body of the Nile, there cannot well be any of the Dead Sea by evaporation to the extent required.

Is it not probable that the same volcanic shock which lowered the level of this plain, may have at the same time riven up an under-passage in the strata of rocks below, so as to convey a portion of the water still into the Elanitic Gulf of the Red Sea? Six millions and ninety thousand tuns of water daily, summer and winter, from the Jordan alone, independent of all the other supplies, would produce an enormous evaporation from a surface of seventy miles long and eight or ten miles in breadth. May not it be asked again, Is not the superfluous quantity of water rather thrown out by some subterranean channel leading to the Elanitic Gulf at Akaba. I wrote Captain Moresby on this point, after my return home, and got for answer, "I cannot presume to say that the Jordan river used to run into the gulf of Akaba before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah: but I believe that that is the tradition; fresh water being found close to the surface in the valley near Akaba Wahdey Araba. What a wonderful trip you made, and you have brought it to good account too! I send you by this day's rail several of my drawings of the sea of Akaba, which you can have copied into your narrative if they are worth it. These, with the one I gave you, respecting the passage of the Israelites, will, I hope, add to the interest of your narrative: and when you have done with them you can return them."

There is one thing certain at all events in this matter; that is, that more geological facts require to be made out by accurate observations on the part of men of the first science. In a geological point of view there is not a more interesting spot in the world than this. The very fact of its having been sunk 1,312 feet below the level of any sea, is of itself very interesting. And the other fact of such a body of water from so many various sources falling into so small a basin, without increasing the bounds of it, or filling it up in any sensible way, is unknown anywhere else in the world. The American Government sent men somewhat scientific to survey this locality in reference to these points, and might not a board of savans from all the regions of Europe hire a steamer for the purpose, take a four months' cruise on the shores of the Levant, make a journey onward to this district, and produce such observations and remarks as might clear up the difficulty? And since so much waste of men and money has been expended in fruitless expeditions to the North Pole, could not the Government spare a war steamer, or hire a mercantile one for the purpose, and grant a thousand pounds or two of the public money to defray the expenses on shore? Not only in Syria, but along the whole coast of Asia Minor, where earthquakes are rattling almost every month, many important geological facts might be brought out. Probably the French Government might join with that of England in the whole matter. It is remarkable that the Americans should have taken the lead in an investigation of this kind. But Jonathan is a clever fellow, and goes ahead everywhere; and Mr. Lynch has contributed a volume of most interesting matter to men of science.

H. B. Whitaker Churton, in his 'Thoughts on the Land of

the Morning,' published last summer, says, that "Akaba, especially on the western side of the broad Wady Araba, shows much like the ancient bed of a river. The difficulties of levels in the surprising depths of the Dead Sea, are not insuperable, the sea of Tiberias being 300 feet, and the Dead Sea being 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Here is also to be placed, with great probability, the land of Uz. If the Jordan flowed here along the broad Wady Araba, there might well be not only pasture enough for 14,000 sheep and 6,000 camels, but water enough for 2,000 oxen, and the thousand she asses," p. 105. What Captain Moresby writes me, that he found no bottom at the head of the gulf of Akaba after sounding with 200 fathoms, favours the notion of a subterranean passage from the Dead Sea.

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM BACK TO THE COAST BY GIBEON,
EMMAUS, BETH-HORON, AND LYDDA.

TIME passes, and at last my preparations for leaving Jerusalem were completed. Soon after mid-day I left the city along the road to Bethel, and bade a last farewell to Zion. I was accompanied by my travelling companion as before, and for a few miles by a friend from Jerusalem, a faithful servant of Christ and missionary of the Jews. We were followed by Solomon our dragoman, and a sufficient portion of horses, mules, and muleteers. I passed through the encampment of Turkish soldiers without the walls. It had all the accompaniments of oriental pomp. The tents were covered with black lamb-skins for the soldiers, and with striped cloth for those of the officers. The horses, splendidly harnessed, were fastened by the fore fetlock-joint. There was a small display of artillery respectably mounted on carriages. This guard is stationed here to check the savage Bedouins, who acknowledge no master, and to enforce the payment of tribute from strangers, whether entering or leaving the Holy City. Thus the recollections of the Mussulman, no less than those of the Christian, inspire a reverential feeling for the town in which David dwelt, and in which Christ was

crucified. Turning to the right, I crossed the line of the ravine, and proceeded west by north till I came to the upper fountain of Gihon. It is dug in the rock like the pools of Solomon beyond Bethlehem, plastered within, and supported by buttresses. Here Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king over Israel. Entering the mountains, the paths become rugged. The hills unite at their bottom, but are rounded off at the top, and scanty verdure covers their sides. Ruined cottages and convents are seen everywhere, with a few solitary trees dotting the slopes. Proceeding over the hill, I came to the convent of the Holy cross, and then to the tombs of the illustrious Maccabees. Again I had a distant view of the country of the prophet Samuel, his birth and burial place, and of the site of Mizpeh, a city of Benjamin, where the tribes often assembled, where Samuel offered sacrifice and judged the people, and where Saul was chosen king by lot. Here too is said by some to be Shiloh, so long a station of the Ark.

Our missionary friend pointed out the convent of St. John where the Baptist was born. I was delighted to cast my eyes on the reputed scene of the interview mentioned in the Gospels between the mother of our Lord and the mother of his forerunner. "And Mary arose in those days, and went into the hill-country with haste, into a city of Judah; and entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elisabeth. And it came to pass, that, when Elisabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb, and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost. And she spake out with a loud voice, and said, Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For, lo,

as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy. And blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord. And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his hand-maid: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." How important was the subject of these mutual gratulations! Mark, too, that the two babes were still but in the womb; but both mothers were instructed from heaven of the high character of those to whom they were to give birth. I passed the cave of St. John. It is situated on the edge of a deep rocky ravine, the vicinity still abounding in locust trees, indicating that whatever may have been the food of the Baptist, the fruit of this tree is what the early Christians understood by the locusts mentioned in the Gospel. Close by the cave there is a small fountain of fresh water supplied by a stream from the rock; and also the ruins of a small monastery that had been built over the early residence of the forerunner of Christ.

I next descended into the valley of Turpentine, or Elah, to visit the scene of the conflict between the youthful David and Goliath; than which, whether taken as a mere historical detail, or considered as the stepping-stone of a herd-boy to the crown of a powerful state, nothing can be more remarkable. Of all the speeches recorded as spoken by warriors on the field of battle in ancient or modern times, was there ever a better than that of the stripling son of the aged Jesse? "Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I

come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands." So it was, and so it has ever been in all the battles that ever were fought in every age and portion of the world. "For all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing, and He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest thou?" Elah is a narrow valley running from east to west, with a small stream quite dried up when and where I visited it. The place of encampment was carefully pointed out, by my very intelligent friend the missionary. It is at a bend of the valley, and where it narrows into a broad deep ravine. We surveyed it from the spot where David is said to have gathered his five smooth stones, and I selected the same number and sort of stones to bring home as a remembrance of the place. A well of water under the bank, with a few olive trees above, is said to mark the spot of the Shepherd's triumph over the impious and haughty champion of Gath. It was told me that when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh, to meet David, he halted at the foot of a rock, which I noticed, and leant his huge body and back on the face of it, when David hastened and ran towards the army to meet the Philistine. "And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth." Dr. Richardson says Saul and his men probably occupied the side of the valley which is nearest to Jerusalem, on which

the ground is higher and more rugged than on the other side, which was occupied by the Philistines. Not so as it was pointed out to me. The back of the Philistines was said to be towards Jerusalem, as also was the face of Saul and his host. The fact of the Philistines retreating to Ekron, and David bringing the head to Jerusalem, seems to be nothing to the purpose. I here parted with my friend and fellow-disciple of our Lord, who had shown me no little kindness in Jerusalem, and whom I hope to meet in the new Jerusalem above.

I passed on the left the valley of Sorek, said to be the Eshcol of olden times, from whose vine-clad brook the spies carried away the enormous cluster of grapes which furnished the Tribes in the wilderness with ocular demonstration of the fertility of their promised possessions. I saw the battle-field where Joshua gained the victory over the five kings at Gibeon, "and chased them along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon; and smote them to Azekah, and unto Makedah. Then spake Joshua, and said in the sight of all Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day. And there was no day like that before it, or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man: for the Lord fought for Israel." The afternoon was by this time far spent, and it had been arranged before starting from Jerusalem to stop for the night at Upper Beth-horon. I was still far from it; the path was rugged and almost trackless over among the mountains of Judea, and to a certainty I was again to be overtaken by darkness. Following the track of the routed army of the five kings as near as we could, and taking rather

the direction than the road to Beth-horon, I passed villages and hamlets, up hills and along valleys, through cornfields, and around walled vineyards, at a quicker rate, I believe, than the Canaanites themselves, and with very little less anxiety as to the result. My guards and muleteers evidently knew nothing more of the way than I did, having never gone one foot of it. Fortunately I found a Bedouin mounted on a donkey, who was acquainted with the whole country, and I bribed him to accompany us. He insisted on being paid his hire in the first place, but I knew that this was the sure way to induce him to go off at the gallop in a contrary direction. Forward still and faster—the Arab took the lead, till he reached his own home, when he refused to go further, and insisted on payment. I rattled the piastres in my hand, and assured him that they were all his own whenever he reached Beth-horon, and I gave buckshish to his children. So he came along with me, much indeed to the satisfaction of every one of us, after muttering some words to his wife. After trotting two or three miles he came to a stand, and move one step he or his donkey would not. Here the plains of Galilee, both upper and lower, were before me like a map, from the south up towards the mountains of Lebanon, eastward towards the Jordan and sea of Galilee, and westward towards Phœnicia. The Bedouin pointed down towards the red sky where the sun was about to set, and showed me the town of Upper Beth-horon. It seemed still to be dangerously distant, and there were ravines, and ragged promontories, and winding paths, up, down, over, and along, in every variety of difficulty. But there was still the twilight, and with joy I noticed the half-moon, dimly bright, high in the sky.

When the edge of the sun reached the horizon the Arab

leapt from his donkey, spread his mat, and put off his shoes for prayer. Then standing upright, he leant forward until his hands rested on his knees; bending yet further in prostration, he touched the earth with his forehead. He then rose erect, recited a sentence from the Koran, and went on with silent and similar genuflexions and prostrations. In the intervals of the prostration he sat back, his knees to the ground, and his feet under him, reciting long passages from the Koran. Then he stroked down his long white beard, than he looked solemn, and renewed his orisons with great gravity. And all the while I believe he did not understand one word of the Arabic passages of the Koran he had recited by devotion. All the while too the murmur of his prayers mingled with the bleating of the sheep and goats, and the deep bark of the shepherds' dogs, and the asses, and other cattle, approaching their night encampments from afar. Starting to his feet he mounted his donkey; and when I had paid him one half of what we had agreed he should receive on reaching Beth-horon, he made his salaam, and returned better satisfied than was common on these occasions.

Onward, still following one of the muleteers who was accustomed to such tracks, and who kept the road remarkably well, I rode and rattled without an accident. After the twilight had died away the moon shone very clear, and the plain below, far up in Galilee, and all around, was gleaming with bonfires, at which the Arabs were sitting for the night to protect their large heaps of winnowed grain from plunderers and the ravages of wild beasts. I passed on my left hand, on the other side of a deep ravine, which our path skirted, the village of Emmanus of St. Luke, the El-Rububeh of the Moslem. But I saw nothing of it in the dark, ex-

cepting a few glimmering lights flitting about as if from one house to another. I saw it again distinctly next morning, then towards the south and east, and opposite the space between the two Beth-horons; and it did not fail to remind me of the tender incidents of the scene, and to make my heart burn with devotion. The village seemed to consist of twenty or thirty stone houses in the hollow of a rich red-soiled rocky valley. There is a ruined Christian church of simple architecture. Around the place are olive-gardens, aged fig-trees, and a few date-palms.

Eventually our whole attention was fixed by the barking of dogs, which as I advanced became exceedingly furious. Deceived by the light of the moon, I fancied that we had come upon a village, but I found myself in the midst of flocks and herds of cattle, and there started from the ground almost at my side two Bedouins thoroughly armed, and for a moment I was afraid of robbery; but my interpreter struck up a conversation with them in great earnest, and the sound of their voice, and their laughter probably at my having been startled, indicated that I was in no danger. They were lying wrapt in their thick capots or loose coats without even a shed, and by some glimmering embers among the bushes in a dale under a spreading tree by the fold. The tree was hung with rustic utensils—the she-goats in a pen sneezed and bleated, and rustled to and fro. The incident reminded me of the words of Ezekiel, “I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land; and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.” Jacob too complains: “Thus I was; in the day, the drought consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from my eyes.” So the angels who descended to announce the birth

of our Lord found the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night. To prevent them from wandering, they shut them up in a fold formed of hurdles, and take their station on the outside to defend them from wild beasts and robbers. When David kept his father's sheep, he had to encounter a lion and a bear, both of which he vanquished. Solomon at length told me that we had almost reached Upper Beth-horon, but as there was no accommodation there for us, we behoved to go a mile further to Lower Beth-horon. Being tired, I grudged this a little, but to no purpose. Then I tried to induce one of the herds to accompany me as a guide; but he said that he durst not leave his flocks even for the short time, but must tend them for the night.

When I reached my destination, everybody was sound asleep. I and the interpreter dismounted, and giving our mules in charge to the rest, we walked around the confusion of mud huts in search of a sleeping apartment. We even entered some of the hovels, where we found the inmates, male and female, lying promiscuously on the floor, under the light of a dim lamp, and with no other covering than the shirt worn through the day. As the men were armed with daggers and pistols around their body, and each had his long gun by his side, I deemed it discreet not to disturb them in case of a mistake. Passing on from place to place in a half despairing state, a dog sprung out from its den upon me, with fierce barking. I defended myself with my stick, and the result was rather doubtful, when an Arab, alarmed at the noise, rushed out to help the dog, and took hold of Solomon, uttering some angry words. I was thankful that the struggle was for the moment to be maintained

between two Arabs, who would in their own language soon explain matters, and settle the discussion. And I had found out already that when my stick spoke to the nose or forelegs of the dog, it uttered a language very well understood by the furious cur. In a minute the dog was called in, and a bargain was struck that we should have accommodation for the night. My travelling friend and I were led through an outer court, which was filled with goats, and into an out-shed, and up a step or two, where there was an empty space with a dry earthen floor, something after the fashion of our accommodation at Jericho. A lamp with oil, and a rag for a wick, was lighted and fixed in the mud wall; plenty of goats' milk and some honey were brought; and Solomon turned out from his basket, bread and hard-boiled eggs, and a little salt, and we fared sumptuously.

Here I may take the opportunity of stating that the houses of the Arabs are never without lights. They burn lamps not only all the night long, but in all the inhabited apartments of the house. This custom is so well established in the East, that the poorest people would rather retrench part of their food than neglect it. Therefore Jeremiah makes the taking away of the light of the candle and the total destruction of a house the same thing. Job describes the destruction of a family among the Arabs, and the rendering one of their habitations desolate, after the same manner, "How oft is the candle of the wicked put out? and how oft cometh their destruction upon them?" On the other hand, when God promises to give David a lamp always in Jerusalem, (1 Kings xi. 36,) considered in this point of view, it is an assurance that his house should never become desolate. So Virgil, *Æn.* II., line 281,

"O lux Dardaniæ! spes O fidissima Teucrûm."

"O Ilium's light, the Trojan's surest hope!"

While we were eating supper, a goat dropped its kid within three or four yards of us, and it was pleasing to see the kindness and care with which the tender mother treated its new-born progeny. I noticed the confidence with which she looked upon the two white men beside her, although she had probably never seen such a sight before, while she drove away the rest of the herd with determined assurance and sagacity. There was something said about rats, but cats were jumping about, and being tired we required sleep even at the risk of being bodily devoured by them. Our mats were accordingly spread, and leaving one Arab to the kindness of another, and the mules to the kindness of all, my friend and I fell sound asleep side by side. In about four hours I awoke. The pale light of the lamp was still glimmering in the dry socket, the nursing goat was standing over and caressing its offspring, and the rest were beyond it in every variety of position; but my companion, and his bed, bag, and baggage were gone. I arose, and retraced my steps through the court, and out at the main entrance; I found him just starting to his feet after a refreshing sleep in the open air, having shifted his quarters, as he felt himself rather hot.

Leaving the long slope on which the two Beth-horons are placed, I descended into a fine valley at the foot of the mountains. Skirting the hills in a more westerly direction, I entered the great plain taking the course towards Lydda, the Lud of the native Arabs, and the Lod of the Old Testament. This was the road Paul travelled when he went down to Cesarea to appear before Felix. It was behind Beth-

horon, and on the eastern hill that Gibeon (El-Gib of the inhabitants) stood. I was gratified at having seen it, as it is associated with one of the most stupendous miracles even of Bible history. It is here that Joshua made war against the five kings who were encamped before Gibeon. "And the Lord discomfited them before Israel, and slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Beth-horon. And it came to pass, as they fled before Israel, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them, and they died." The site of Gibeon is prominent and naturally very strong. It was considered "a great city," and the neighbouring kings of Jerusalem—Hebron, Jarmuth, Lachish, and Eglon—enraged at its surrender, formed a combination against it, but were defeated by Joshua. The inhabitants of Gibeon obtained exemption from the decree of extermination, but they were made "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Below, on the west, is the valley of Ajalon, a broad and beautiful expanse, with the town which is called Yalo in modern times.

In going towards Lydda I was deceived by a magnificent specimen of the mirage on a grand scale; and I state the particulars to show what a remarkable phenomenon it really is, and so deceptive. My friend confidently asserted that we had come within view of an arm of the Levant, and for a time I was exactly of this belief. But I began to consider my position in the middle of a vast plain, and in looking still more attentively I saw the Saracenic tower at Ramleh dipping in the distance on the far edge of the horizon. And I knew that the Levant must at least be as far beyond it. Trusting to the evidence of my senses, however, I looked again very attentively, and I thought if such be not the

ocean I never saw it in my life, yet I knew by this time it was the mirage. But right or wrong, my friend, who knew more of the desert districts than I did, insisted that it was the sea, and like me, he said he would trust to the evidence of his own senses in preference to anything else: and certainly the reverberating sunbeam, and the quivering undulating motion of the quick succession of vapours exhaled from the ground by the powerful influence of the heat, looked very like waves. But I noticed that they were white, and not coloured with indigo like the waves of the Levant. I noticed too that it always appeared at the same distance. Nay, in looking accidentally behind me, I not only saw a large sheet of it which we had passed, but I saw the waves as if agitated by a breeze flowing towards the shore, and a richly wooded island in the midst of it. It is remarkable that there is no allusion to this peculiar appearance either in the Scriptures of the Old or New Testament; but the Koran says of it, "As to unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until he cometh thereto, he findeth it to be nothing." In this instance the appearance of water turned out to be no practical deception on my part, for so positive was my friend that the dispute ended in an offer on his part to treat me to a bottle of port wine, to be drank between us wherever we found it the best, should he be mistaken. In another hour the state of the atmosphere had altered, and the plain stood forth to the eye as a barren waste without anything like the appearance of water in its whole expanse. We were thankful to God that none of us were thirsty, and I had plenty of fine water hanging in a can from the horn of my saddle.

I reached Lydda a little before ten o'clock in the morning. I was conducted by the eastern quarter of the city to the ruins of an old roofless convent, once the famous church of St. George, and frequently mentioned with admiration by the writers of the Crusaders, and by old travellers. Whenever I entered the town, we were attended by a vast crowd of the inhabitants, old and young, male and female, some walking before, and looking back, and the main body—hundreds of them—pressing on behind, all staring at the Hadji (pilgrims) with intense interest. There were incipient symptoms of insolence amongst them; and as all this while I did not know where they were conducting me to, I felt myself to be somewhat in the position of a captive taken in war, or of a pilgrim being led to the gallows.

In the narrow street I encountered a large Mahometan burial, attended, to my surprise, with merry music, and men and women all dressed in white, which is the Turkish mourning. I was thankful when at last I was led into the gate of the mosque and got all my luggage quietly beside me. The rays of the sun were very severe, and there was no shelter from its beams; but a tent was erected with three poles, a blanket, and a shawl, and in a few minutes after, my friend and I were sound asleep on the pavement below, protected by our own attendants, and surrounded still by groups of aged and blind Mussulmans.

After sleeping about two hours, I was awakened at mid-day much refreshed, by a loud and long song of praise and prayer from a Turkish minaret, which stood high in the air almost over our head. The words uttered were "Allah ekber. Eshhed en la 'llah illa 'llah; Mohammed resiel ul-lah. Hhay el salwet; hhay ila'l filah. Allah ekber. La allah

illa 'llah. Alla Hu"—“God is supreme; I confess that there is no God but God. Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayer. Come to salvation. God is supreme. There is no God but God.” When this cry of the Muezzin is sounded from the minarets, which it is every day—morning, noon, and night, everywhere in the East, an impression is made on the whole body of the people as if they were struck with electricity. Whatever the work is that may be in hand it is left, and all the Mahometans prostrate themselves to devotion. The Mahometans have a horror at bells as the harbingers of public worship, but the hours of prayer are announced by such simple airs as the following:



The words and music are sometimes varied at different parts of the day. At the dawn the cry is heard, “Prayers, Mussulmans!!—Prayers are preferable to sleep.” At noon the cry is heard, “Prayers, Mussulmans!!—Prayers are more profitable than business.” At sunset, while the top of the minaret still glitters in golden rays, the cry is, “Prayers, Mussulmans!!—Prayers are better than repose.” Lord Byron says, “On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.” So I have often felt, on the Sabbath evening of a summer sacrament in Scotland, that the sound of the human voices, singing the sweet psalm, was more solemn and beautiful

than the celebrated instrumental music at St. Peter's, Dresden, Vienna, or Salzburg, all of which I have heard.

After dinner, while preparations were making for our departure, my friend was sauntering along the narrow street, and I was sitting on a stone at the side of it, taking care that all the baggage was being properly packed on the back of the mules, when the crowd, which was still hovering around, began to hoot at my friend, and more decided still, a stone hit me on the back. I took no notice of this, further than that I kept an eye in my neck, to see what the rabble were about in every direction, and my friend acted in the same judicious way. The loading completed, we all mounted and marched off, the people still following us along the streets, and yelling at the pitch of their voice. I knew them to be cowards, and that nothing but cool courage would be requisite. Every thing moved slowly, and regardless of the uproar, so that it was only when we left the skirts of the town that they treated us in a most determined manner to a very plentiful and continued shower of stones. We all scampered off, and although the missiles were flying about our heads, we escaped unhurt and unhit. Coming by a direction much more to the north and west than when we left for Jerusalem, I entered Jaffa (Joppa) a little before sunset, and rode directly by appointment to Dr. Kiat's, where I enjoyed four and twenty hours' rest to my wearied frame, and much most affectionate kindness.

As I had seen sufficiently from the hills of Judah far up into the interior of Galilee, and to the foot of Mount Carmel, and the heights of Nazareth, my next point of destination in the Holy Land came to be Cesarea, so much spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles; Mount Carmel, famous in the

Old Testament stories of Elijah; Acre, conspicuous in the history of the Crusades, and also in that of our own day; and Tyre and Sidon, interesting from the fulfilment of prophecy in regard to them. With this view I was advised by the Bishop of Jerusalem, and by Dr. Kiat, before I started for the Holy City, to return to Jaffa to be ready for the Levant steamer, which was due there the day after I reached it. The arrival of this steamer so opportunely was reckoned a circumstance singularly fortunate for me; because carrying, as it did, the mail boxes from Europe for all the principal stations around the head of the Levant, and back on the other side through the Archipelago up the gulf to Smyrna, it gave me an opportunity of visiting all these shores of the Great sea. Thus, as the steamer had to stop at each of the chief towns in Syria and along the coast of Asia Minor, both to give out and to take in the letter boxes, and to afford the inhabitants a reasonable time for replying, I found an excellent opportunity of seeing this interesting portion of the Eastern world to as much advantage as if I had been sailing in my own steam yacht. From the first it was part of my plan to visit the seven churches of Asia, the plains of Troy and Constantinople, returning through Greece, Italy, and the south of France; but by getting on board of the Levant steamer, I was enabled, in addition to all this, to visit Tripoli, Alexandretta, Tarsus, and some of the battle-fields of Alexander and Darius. It was gratifying on the afternoon of the day after our arrival to see the "Levant" steaming proudly up the coast of Palestine from Alexandria, and to be personally introduced by my worthy friend Dr. Kiat to the amiable Captain Newbolt, on board of whose ship I spent many happy days.

CHAPTER XIII.

GALILEE—C.ESAREA, MOUNT CARMEL, NAZARETH, ACRE, TYRE,
SIDON, BEYROUT, AND MOUNT LEBANON.

THE "Levant" was ordered to sail at midnight on the day it arrived at Jaffa, and there was a vast crowd and great confusion at the embarkation. All the villany of the Arab watermen was in active operation. With the assistance of Dr. Kiat's Italian servant, an arrangement had been made that I and my friend were to be taken out to the steamer for a stipulated sum. But while all the boats of the natives were going off, ours was still detained at the pier under a variety of flimsy pretences. Then a proposal was made to carry the luggage back to the shore, and to take away the boat somewhere else, a promise being given by the Arabs that they would return with it in plenty of time to take us on board before midnight. By this time I was too old a traveller amid ruffians of this sort to permit so simple a fraud to be perpetrated. The crew insisted on taking hold of the oars, and my friend and I persisted in preventing them. We soon saw that nothing but determined courage would carry the day. I therefore did not hesitate to grasp the skipper firmly by the throat till I almost choked him, threatening to toss him headlong into the sea. We also threat-

ened loudly to go back to the English consul, and to have them punished for their conduct. Awed a little, and seeing that we were not to be so easily done as they expected, notwithstanding that we had been so simple as to pay our fare before we started, they did at last push off the boat, but it was only after a fashion of their own. Every forty yards their oars struck work and they demanded more money. The sea was rough even beyond the breakers, and the grave-stone which I had seen in the garden at Jaffa was enough to convince me, that the guiding of a boat by savages in the dark through the neck of such a harbour, with whirling currents and terrifying waves, was a matter of considerable danger. There was no remedy for it, but continuing to set the crew at defiance, knowing that they could not upset the boat without endangering their own lives as well as ours. They wetted us however purposely with the spray, and did their best to frighten us by rocking the boat like a cradle. First one piastre (about twopence halfpenny) was given to the skipper, then the boat was advanced about a hundred yards, when the oars were laid down once more. Another row was the consequence, at the end of which another piastre was doled out to him, and forward we moved till we were fairly within cry of the ship, when I called out for assistance, and they pushed us directly alongside behind the paddlebox. Here again they detained the luggage, and demanded more buckshish, but I laid hold of the rope hanging down from the rails of the steamer, and crying to my companion to sit still and watch our property, I ran up the side of the ship and called for the master, knowing that the captain was on shore. Looking down upon them he threatened to sink them in the ocean if they

did not bring every thing on deck in a minute. When I saw the portmanteaus brought up, and my friend and I safely on board, I thought that all was well enough, although we had got a ducking in the surf; but in a little my friend found that he had been robbed of his purse containing two sovereigns and some small money, but nobody could tell whether this had been done in the crowd on the pier, or when he was in the boat, or when helped up the side of the ship.

The anchor was weighed about midnight, and we steamed along the coast of Samaria towards the once famous city and seaport of Herod. These shores have often echoed with the clang of war and the world's debate, but no sound now broke their dead silence but the unearthly cry of the jackall roaming for its prey. At Cæsarea a long pier of solid workmanship, apparently of Roman construction, projects into the sea, and quite on the shore. Along the site of the ancient city, all is ruin upon ruin, and great numbers of scattered broken columns, lying among sea-weed and the wild herbage of the desolate plain. No city in the world rose in so short a space of time as did this of Cæsarea, and none exhibits now a more awful contrast to its former magnificence. Herod the Great raised it from an obscure fortress to the grandest city of all Syria. The mole, constructed in the form of a crescent, had its foundations laid twenty fathoms below the bottom of the sea. A whole navy could ride within it. All around the port there were theatres, palaces, and temples of polished marble, and enriched with the choicest works of art. And in the centre, on an elevated spot to strike with amazement those entering the harbour, there stood a temple dedicated to Augustus Cæsar. But all now are in ruins,

and not a single inhabitant remains. Theatres, resounding then with shouts of applause, echo only the nightly cries of beasts of prey; palaces, then inhabited by the captains of the land, are now the abodes of serpents; the harbour is filled with sand, and the mole is overthrown. Temples and towers are laid in heaps.

But this city possessed a higher eminence still of old. When Judea was reduced to the condition of a Roman province, Cæsarea became the stated residence of the proconsul. In beholding these ruins, the absorbing impression on my mind was that the Apostle Paul came thither along my track by Beth-horon and Lydda to defend himself before Agrippa. Here, in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power, he made the most noble Felix to tremble, when he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. St. Paul was brought down to this place on his way to Tarsus. Here he concluded his voyage from Ephesus, and then saluted the church. Here he resided for a time with Philip the Evangelist. Here he was a prisoner for two years, and from Cæsarea he sailed to Rome. Here again Paul pleaded before Festus, when the Jews stood round about, and laid many grievous complaints against him, and therefore he appealed to Cæsar. Again, Paul in presence of Agrippa declared his life from childhood, his conversion, his call, and his preaching of Christ, with such power that Festus said with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad. But Paul said, I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." Here Agrippa was struck by the angel of the Lord because he gave not God the glory. Above all, here Cornelius the centurion was

instructed in a vision to send to Joppa for the Apostle Peter, who should tell him whereby he and all his house should be saved. This memorable event was one of the great turning points in the history of the church, as it opened the door of salvation to the Gentiles.

I was disappointed rather with my first sight of Carmel. I had read of its fertility, and of the excellence and beauty of Carmel and of Sharon, as being compared to the glory of Libanus. Judge then of my surprise where I first saw a common-place, bold headland, about two thousand feet high, bluff and barren, as such rocky summits fronting the sea generally are, and rising from the great plain of Esdraelon, the Armageddon of the Revelation. But in a moment I noticed its commanding position standing out as a solitary sentinel on the low coast of Galilee, embracing a view back to Cæsarea and forward to Lebanon, and having at its base the noble bay and noted town of Acre. When talking of its barrenness I was reminded that the curse of prophecy had been pronounced against it; for Amos says the top of Carmel shall wither. And my thoughts carried me far back to the scenes and sayings of Ahab, who halted between two opinions, and Elijah, who was ever so zealous for the Lord God of Hosts, when he cried out, "If the Lord be God, follow him;" and when the fire descended from heaven and consumed the sacrifice offered by Elijah, when the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal were confounded, and when these false prophets were slain according to the law. At this time the kingdom had been forty-two months grievously afflicted with drought and famine. "And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his

servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And Elijah said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And Elijah said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariots and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in the meanwhile, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." A convent has been built on the spot where this interesting transaction took place. During the French campaign in Syria, Napoleon, judging that the situation would be healthy, made it an hospital for the sick; but soon after it was ravaged by the Turks, who massacred the wounded Frenchmen in cold blood. Lately an old French monk procured funds from distant lands, and even wrought with his own hands as a miller, till he succeeded in having this convent rebuilt.

Let me not omit to mention for the information of young readers, the fact recorded by Pliny, that here, at the mouth of the river Belus, the art of glass-making was first discovered. Some European sailors, when on this shore, propped up their kettle for cooking above the fire with pieces of nitre resting on the sand, and thus they found that a new substance was produced, which has added unspeakably both to the comforts of life and the progress of science. Lucian relates too of this river, that about the time of the feast of Adonis it assumes a bloody colour—a fact which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from sympathy in the death of this favourite of Venus, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains at the head of this stream. And honest Maundrell thinks it worth while to state, that this redness proceeds from red

earth being washed into the river by the violence of rain at certain seasons. Here I saw the hills of Nazareth and Zafed, and a wide extent of plain once crowded with towns but now desolate. I gazed on the sacred scenery with deep interest, remembering that among these hills were spent the youthful days of Jesus, and that along these valleys he wandered in his boyhood.

No town on these shores from Jaffa to Cape Blanco has been the scene of more important events, both Asiatic and European, than the fortress of Acre, the Akka of the Syrians, which stands within the bay at the foot of Mount Carmel. It has an imposing formidable look, standing on a headland that protrudes itself far into the sea, which bounds it on three sides. Four times has it been the scene of severe carnage; and remarkably enough, on three of these occasions the English have borne a conspicuous part. In the year 1191 the Crusaders resolved to recover this city, at whatever expense of life or treasure, knowing that they could not maintain their ground in the East without a constant communication with Europe; and Richard Cœur de Lion invested it for nearly two years before he could carry his reinforcements into Palestine. Again, in 1291, two hundred thousand Tartars and Mamelukes encamped before the plains of Acre. The city was defended by twelve thousand soldiers belonging to the several orders of religious knighthood, commanded by the Grand Master of the Templars. Prodigies of bravery were displayed on both sides; but the city fell, Christendom was lost, and the sacred walls of Jerusalem were abandoned to infidels. Everybody knows what happened in 1799. When Napoleon opened his trenches before it, he said, "On that little town depends the fate of the

East. Behold the key of Constantinople and of India." He made many murderous attacks on it, and spent sixty days under its walls; but he was compelled to retreat to Egypt by Sir Sydney Smith. Had he gained it, he said he would have raised the whole of Syria, advanced on Damascus and Aleppo, abolished slavery and the government of the pashas, gone to Constantinople, overturned the dominion of the Mussulmans, and founded in the East a new and mighty empire. In 1840, when it was necessary to expel Mehemet Ali from Syria, the brave Sir Charles Napier opened a battery on the fortifications with terrific accuracy and effect—as described to me by a gentleman who was present. He said the whole fleet of ships seemed to be one vomiting volcanic mass of fire, not in flashes, but in a continuous blaze, with an unbroken roar of pealing thunder for three hours. When the powder magazine exploded, it spread a fearful glare of light over the distant hills, even in the face of the bright sun, and in one moment it sent two thousand Egyptians to eternity. The French and Turkish ships fired only a few broadsides, at the first somewhat irregularly, and then remained at their ease to admire the activity of the British tars in action. The minarets still testify the extent of this memorable bombardment; but the fortifications are again being rapidly repaired.

I felt more desirous to see Tyre—the London of the old world—than any other place in Galilee; not because it was the emporium of the world, the mother country of the Carthaginians, the mart of commerce, the nursery of arts, and the city perhaps of the most active people ever known; but because the prophecies respecting it are more minute, and their fulfilment more exact, than any other place mentioned

in Scripture. No proposition in Euclid comes out more faithful to the facts than the accomplishment of these predictions, which were made at a time when the fall of Tyre could not, humanly speaking, be anticipated, as it then existed in all its pride and population. The ruins of Tyre compelled even the infidel Volney to acknowledge that Ezekiel's prophecies had been accomplished, and with enthusiasm he says, that Ezekiel's description of the Queen of the Ocean is a valuable historical fragment. "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, because that Tyrus hath said against Jerusalem, Aha! I shall be replenished, now she is laid waste. Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea: for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God; and it shall become a spoil to the nations. They shall lay thy stones, and thy timber, and thy dust, in the midst of the water. I will make thee a terror, and thou shalt be no more: though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again." Accordingly, many nations have come up against her. It was besieged by Salmanazar, Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander, Antonius, the Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, Egyptians, Turks, and English. Her walls have been destroyed, and it has become a spoil to the nations. This city was such a terror to Alexander that, frightened for his fame, he durst not pass it without subduing it. Now it has been sought for, yet it can never be found, because it is no more. Not a house is to be

seen over the wide-extended space where ancient Tyre flourished in greatness. It is a mere Babel of broken walls, pillars, and vaults. There are no inhabitants but a few very poor fishermen, who seem to be preserved as a visible argument how minutely God hath fulfilled his word concerning Tyre. The port is choked up, and there is almost no trade. The sand has gathered about Alexander's causeway, forming a roadway to the land, where there are a few fragments of aqueducts and vestiges of antiquity scattered about the plain on the site of the city. Bruce describes Tyre as a rock where fishers dry their nets, and I saw several of them in the very act. The manner in which Alexander conducted the siege of Tyre was one of the most singular events in history. His design was daring, and the success wonderful. The city stood on an island half-a-mile into the sea, and it was surrounded by a wall one hundred and fifty feet high; but he formed a mound from the mainland to the island, and as he became scarce of materials to fill up the space, every fragment of the ruins was carefully gathered for the purpose, and thus he scraped her very dust from her, and he laid her stones, and her timber, and her dust into the sea. Hence, when sought for now, she cannot be found. On this subject, Dr. Keith puts the plain question to the infidel, Who then taught the prophet to say to Tyre, they shall lay thy stones, and thy timber, and thy dust in the midst of the water. I will also scrape her dust from her? And the worthy Doctor might also have asked, who was it that put the bold idea into the head of Alexander to make such a mound for such a purpose? An earthquake in 1834 has made the desolation still more desolate. Dr. Keith justly remarks on this subject, that no facts could have been more unlikely,

and no prediction concerning them could have been more clear.

The "Levant" stopped at Sidon, which it is said was founded by Sidon the eldest son of Canaan. It is situated in a fine country about sixty miles from Damascus, and has always been noted for its extensive trade. The anchor was cast under a reef of high rocks, which serve as a breakwater to the harbour. Here the beauty of the scenery and the richness of the cultivation give to the whole the aspect of an orchard. The orange and lemon trees, with their dark foliage, surrounded by the gracefully bending leaves of the banana, cover the hills immediately behind the town, and further up the wild oak trees and olives are mixed together in every variety of light and beauty. Then there are white houses in the fruit gardens, the old tower projecting far into the sea, and the bridge of so many arches which was built to reach it, giving the whole an historical interest. The town itself is a confused collection of streets and passages, dirty and dark, and built narrow for the purpose of excluding the sun. There are the remains of two ruinous castles, and the entrance to the harbour is sanded up. One circumstance need only be mentioned in the annals of Sidon to explain the genius of the people. When Darius Ochus repaired to their frontiers with an army of three hundred thousand foot and thirty thousand horse, the Sidonians defended themselves with desperate valour; and rather than yield, they set fire to all their ships at the approach of the Persian troops, and burnt themselves in their own houses, in which they voluntarily shut themselves up. Forty thousand, besides women and children, perished in this voluntary conflagration.

I spent five delightful days at Beyrout, the beautiful sea-

port of Damascus, the most important harbour between Alexandria and Scanderoon, the mart of Syrian commerce, and the head-quarters of Christian Missions. It is a Franco-Syrian town, where the customs of the East and West are blended, and separated only by differences of complexion and of faith. It is deemed one of the hottest places in Syria, famous for the insinuating mosquitoes, which delight to luxuriate in European blood, but never attack natives, because their skin is hard and their blood sour to the taste. The moment I landed I was struck with the peculiarity of dress, and especially by the horn worn by the wives of the mountaineers. I saw it often two feet long, and apparently made of silver. From the top of it hangs a veil over the face and down on the breast. Its origin is said to be unknown, but a reference is evidently made to it in these words of Holy Writ, "The horn of the righteous shall be exalted." Beyrout is situated delightfully in a crescent of Lebanon, surrounded by magnificent scenery, and in one of the prettiest bays in the whole Levant. Gardens and groves, sea and sea-beach, hill and dale, sand and rock, are all mingled in splendid variety. The houses stand fair to the sun and sea-breeze, amid a paradise of fruits and flowers, green shades and fountains of water. The beautiful blossoms of the acacia impart fragrance to the air, so that there is balm in all the atmosphere around; the palm trees wave their branches in the wind, and the whole foliage is rich and remarkably green. The sea is seen and heard splashing its gentle waves in very calm tranquillity. The roebuck, the antelope, the fallow-deer, and the wild ass,* scamper along the flats, the moun-

* The Asiatic donkey is altogether a different animal from the despised European ass. In his native state he is of greater size, docility, strength,

tain goat and chamois leap among the crags, calmly gazing down, very independent of the world below. The coney finds a refuge among the rocks. The pelican, the swan, the bittern, the stork, and the ostrich are there. The eagle, the vulture, and our old friend the raven hover on the wing. Wood-pigeons are rustling among the leaves, and the song of the nightingale renders the still midnight more melodious than the heat of the day, when man, beast, and bird are all asleep under the shade.

But the great object of admiration here, and of Biblical interest, is Mount Lebanon. When speaking of the beauty and majesty of his beloved, Jesus, as head of the Church, Solomon says, "His countenance is as Lebanon,"—a fine image. What a grandeur and repose there is in "the glory of Lebanon," "that goodly mountain." The flat, with all its beauty and variety, becomes tame when seen for a day or two, but every look on the face of majestic Lebanon filled my mind with stronger impressions of sacred imagery than before. It presents to the eye, at one time and on the same place, every variety of mountain form and beauty to be found in the four quarters of the earth

and agility. He is sleek and handsome in his appearance, and manifests all the spirit of the war-horse,—walking, trotting, and cantering like an Arabian. The weight he carries is extraordinary. He carries a saddle large and stuffed quite soft, with a pommel rising high in front. The saddle is generally of a gay colour covered with a red carpet, and having a pair of fantastic iron-stirrups. The bridle and head gear are generally gorgeous. The eastern donkey is sensible of kindness, obedient to the bridle, safe, and convenient for travelling, as he will continue during a very long journey with very little food, and that of a very coarse kind. But when ill-used, he becomes wild and indomitable in his character. When hired, he is generally accompanied by a donkey-boy, who delights to thump the hips of the ass to increase its pace, and this he seems to take with complacency. The owner of hack horses, mules, and donkeys for hire is called *Gedeesha*.

during the four seasons of the year. Hence the native poets say, "The Sannin carries winter on his head, spring upon his shoulders, and autumn in his bosom, while summer lies sleeping at his feet." This is a fact, throwing fancy aside. The range is composed of four enclosures of mountains rising one above the other. The first is fertile and abounding with grain and fruits; the second is barren and burnt; the third enjoys perpetual spring; and the fourth is covered with snow for ever freezing. My mind was often filled with admiration and reverence at the loftiness and steep ascent of this magnificent rampart. The gigantic masses, which shoot up into the clouds, become fresh subjects of astonishment when the scene is looked to in detail. Whether I viewed it on purpose or at random, every time it displayed its beauty and grandeur, often in romantic wildness, and always in variety. Here it is broken by deep glens, and there mantled with vivid verdure. Here a precipice is crowned by a silk manufactory, a Maronite village, or a convent; there a stream gushes in silver cataract from among dark woods, and beneath runs a line of golden sands fringed with foam from the restless ripple of the ocean. Embracing the whole country below, and filling the whole horizon broad before the eye, everywhere Lebanon stands with its perpetual snow lying in beds, and streaks flickering its broken summits, dignified with its patriarchal cedars coeval with Solomon; and adorned by its lilies, which grow so here, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them.

Lebanon is probably one of the most striking sights in the world at sunset. I was taken up one evening immediately before dinner to the flat roof of Captain Newbolt's hospitable mansion, to see the sun sink in the Levant, and to be-

hold Lebanon in all its glory.* It was a superb scene; but words cannot describe the splendour of the sun or the magnificence of the mountain, with its wondrous combination of light and shade, hue after hue, and tint after tint, changing like the colours of the chameleon. It was here that Dr. Keith and his friends, as I was told by the Captain's lady, burst out in awe and ecstasy with the words, "O glorious Lebanon!" I reiterated the exclamation, and gazed alternately on Sannin and the sun till the upper edge of his rim sank in the distant wave, and his lambent flame grew dim at once among the precipices over our head. I next directed my eye to the rich gardens around, now crowded with gay Mussulmans, come out, as usual, to enjoy their pipes and coffee in the cool sea-breeze. Joy and festivity were in every face, mirth and glee in every tent, and nothing but kindness and native civility on every hand. But a more interesting sight still appeared. It was Captain and Miss

* The houses in the East are low, having generally a ground floor only, or one upper story. The roofs were in ancient times, as they still are, flat, covered with broad stones, or a strong plaster, guarded on every side by a low parapet wall, Deut. xxii. 8. The terrace is frequented as much as any part of the house. On this, as the season favours, people walk, eat, sleep, transact business, and perform their devotions, 1 Sam. ix. 25. Acts x. 9. The house is built with a court (el Woost) within, into which chiefly the windows open—those looking to the streets are so obstructed with lattice-work that no one, either without or within, can see through them. Whenever, therefore, anything is to be seen or heard in the streets, every one immediately goes up to the house-top to satisfy his curiosity. In the same manner, when any one had occasion to make anything public, the readiest way of doing it was to proclaim it from the house-top to the inhabitants in the streets, Matt. x. 27. The entrance from the street is through a gateway, furnished with benches, and sufficiently large for transacting business and receiving visits. The stairs which lead to the roof are never placed on the outside of the house, but usually in the gateway or passage-room to the court. Cords are fixed across the court for awnings to cover from the heat. In this area our Saviour sometimes taught.

Newbolt galloping homeward over the plain on their clever Arabians, thoroughbred, and no mistake. The gong now summoned us to the toilet, mingling its swelling sound with the songs of the Syrians, their harps and reeds. Everybody of station at Beyrout dines shortly after sunset, when the promenade is deserted, the gates of the town are closed, and the busy hum of life subsides into stillness as the twilight darkens quickly into night on the scene.

I did not sleep on shore, but in the cabin of the steamer, because it was cooler; and besides, the bedrooms in Beyrout are infested, not only by vermin swarming everywhere, and tormenting mosquitoes sounding like a band of music, and giving no rest, but with large long-legged beetles, ugly little green lizards, and long black snakes. On retiring to your room at night candle in hand, you chance to notice an extraordinary shadow moving across the floor; you stoop down, thinking it is a mouse, but you find it to be an immense hairy spider as big as a pigeon's egg. In the surprise of your horror the monster escapes like lightning down into its hole, and then you must turn into bed in the delightful uncertainty when he and the rest of his family may creep into your bosom. And as to these three lizards now looking calmly up in your face, you are told that should they creep over your naked body they are quite harmless, their bite not being venomous. And if a snake should affectionately twine round your neck before the morning,—what for no? it will keep you warmer, and Fahrenheit's thermometer stands only at 98°, and besides, the embraces of this domestic are never to be compared to the withering grasp of the boa constrictor. And as to the fleas and mosquitoes, having been in Egypt you have surely learned long since to

endure them. With consolations of this kind the Arab takes away the candle, and leaves you in doubt and darkness most horrible, with the words, "El am doo Allah,"—'Praise be to God.' When you rise in the morning, there is nothing wrong after all, only the mosquitoes have punished you as severely about the eyes, as if your head had been put into chancery by Tom Crib at a boxing match.

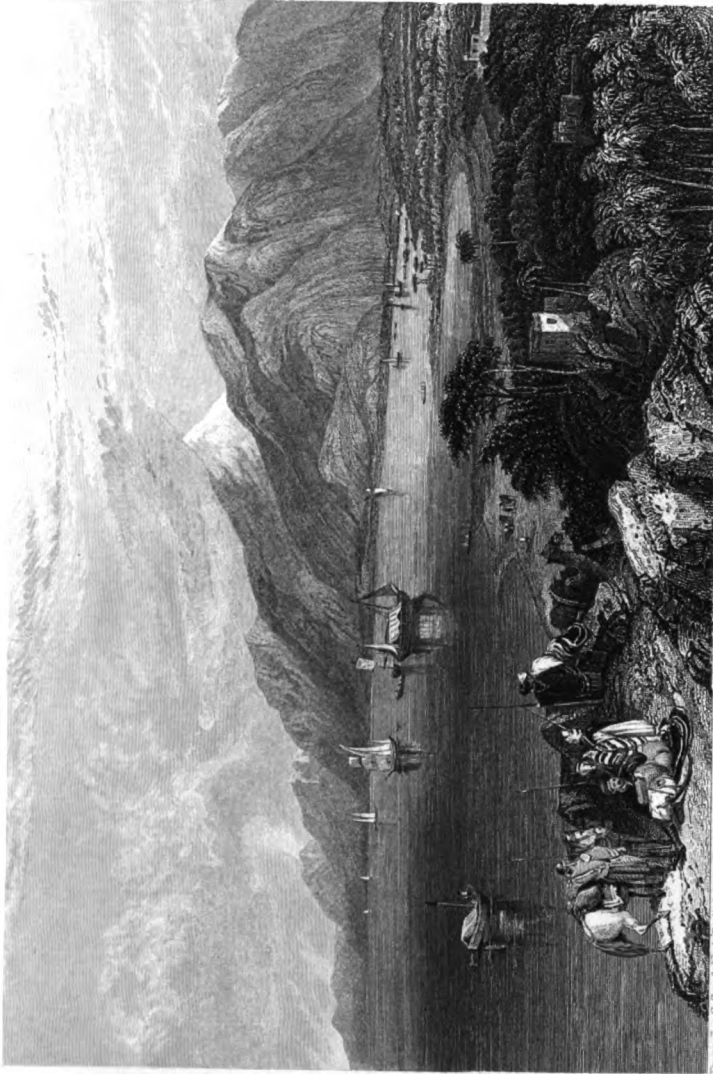
The long-boat, well-manned, took from Captain Newbolt's house me and the master of the ship on board, and before midnight I was sound asleep. In the morning all was active preparation for sailing. Fruits of every kind were arriving for our table, and fresh eggs not a few, and cream, and vegetables, and, in fact, every luxury an eastern clime can produce. Bravo! There goes the harsh but pleasing clank of the long and large-linked chain heaving the huge anchor, and here more portmanteaus are being put on board, and new faces are coming up the ladder; but they will soon become familiar and friendly. And the steam is up, and we are off immediately for Tripoli. But first let me mention an incident, were it only by way of variety. It was Sunday, and the English service had been read by an Episcopalian minister, and a sermon had been preached, the Presbyterian form of worship having been conducted by myself on the previous Sabbath. Everybody was overpowered by the heat, and a party went off to the beach to bathe. While they were in the water, their clothes were carried away by a set of Bedouin robbers, armed with very long knives. A race and a scuffle ensued, in which the stolen property was retaken, and one of the Arabs was caught, and severely punished by club-law, he calling out all the while that they were not to kill him, for he was a

Christian. In the meanwhile the rest of the cut-throats returned to the rescue of their companion, and the fight was renewed, when one of our ship's crew was severely wounded in the head. The captain and cabin passengers had not gone to the beach, but we waited on the deck for the return of the bathers with considerable anxiety, knowing not what might have happened in the scuffle. According, when the boat arrived, the fireman, who had been wounded, was stretched out in the bottom of it like a corpse, and his head was bleeding very profusely, and this to every one of us was a most painful sight. One of our new companions in the voyage told me how he had been attacked, and how his companions had been plundered near Baalbec; and the captain had informed us, when sailing up to Beyrout, that that district of Syria was very disturbed, and that English travellers had lately often been assaulted. Let the reader then accept of my fears on this score as being part of my apology for not visiting Baalbec and Damascus, and joining the Levant steamer at Tripoli, as I at one time intended to have done. I thought it better to leave Palestine with a hale head. And besides, I was suffering under a severe attack of Egyptian ophthalmia, which such a journey must have aggravated.

It was with extreme reluctance that I now bade a final farewell to the sacred scenes of the Land of the Messiah. I remembered the delights, fatigues, and adventures of my journeys in Palestine, so touching to the heart, and so gratifying. But, as the head of an affectionate family, I longed for home. And as the minister of a beloved parish, I felt very desirous now to get back to my spiritual employment, and to commemorate again with my people, the love of a once crucified, but now highly exalted Redeemer. No pen

can express what a charm hangs around the heart of a traveller when, in a far distant land, he thinks day and night of home. No heart can conceive on these occasions how much is embraced in the home of a father. And certainly the Bible and a minister's responsibility, in time and in eternity, should teach him how much is comprehended in the pious home of a manse, and in the many and important duties of a parish, however small. Delightful, when I returned home I found everybody well, and that not one parishioner had died during my long absence!





Engraved by W. Brown.

THE RANGE OF LEBANON.

From Beirut.

Drawn by G. Schuchardt, &c. taken & sketched by the Hon. W. J. Richardson.

CHAPTER XI .

PRESENT STATE OF THE JEWS IN THEIR FATHERLAND.

THE destruction of fifteen hundred Jews, including men, women, and children, in the round dungeon within the citadel of York, was as selfish and savage a massacre as ever the Arab or African perpetrated. They were refused all quarter, and could not purchase their life at any price. Frantic with despair, they perished by a mutual slaughter. When they saw that being burnt to death was their only deliverance, every father became the murderer of his own family. Their whole history in England during the reigns of Richard, John, Henry, and Edward, is but one tale of horror. Edward the First drove nearly twenty thousand Jews helpless and pennyless from our island, and for three or four hundred years no forlorn wanderer of Israel was ever permitted to set his foot on our shores. The fact of their not being allowed to purchase land in England, and of their keeping their immense wealth mainly in money-bags with which they can rise and run to Palestine at any time, is one of the many minute events which Divine Providence directs ever to the point in hand.

Since the period of the Reformation a more Christian humanity has obtained towards that interesting people.

And within our own times an obvious change has begun to take place in their position among the nations of modern Europe. The matter is now seen in a different light, and the pious and enlightened of every country and church in Christendom feel more than ever the deep debt of gratitude due to those through whom were transmitted to the Gentiles the oracles of the living God. In the gradual growth of this sympathy two circumstances have occurred, neither of which could have been expected in the chapter of accidents. Any favourable consideration the Jews have yet received, has sprung rather from political than religious motives. The great captains of the earth are beginning to eye these dispersed millions, as instruments which may become useful amid the rivalry of the nations for empire. And as the dismemberment of the Turkish dominions is every year being more apparent, they see that the Holy Land is to become a rich prize in the lottery, which the wheel of fortune will toss into somebody's hand ere long. Besides, in Europe the Jews as a community, and from their riches, have become one of the under-currents in the great political ocean,—so much so, that no sovereign in Europe can quarrel with his neighbour without obtaining from the Jews the sinews of war. Napoleon was the man to see all this at a glance, and it is remarkable that he was the first statesman who by one blow broke down the gingerbread prejudices of many centuries by extending to the Jews the common-place privileges of citizens. Such was the effect of his proceedings on the minds of those who were so unexpectedly done justice to, that their Rabbis consulted anew the mysterious allusions of prophecy to ascertain if this soldier of fortune, who trampled down old thrones and dynasties

under his feet, might not be the Messiah, for whose coming they had waited so patiently. Jonathan also over the water had sagacity and benevolence enough to grant them earlier than other nations did every privilege as citizens.

In Great Britain the motive has been religious rather than political, and hence I mention it as the second remarkable circumstance in this matter, that in England, where the slave becomes a free man the moment he steps on our shore, where every man's house is his castle, where there is trial by jury, a habeas corpus act, an extensive franchise, Roman Catholic emancipation, few test or corporation laws, where there is every toleration as to religious opinions, and where dissenters enjoy equal rights in many respects with churchmen; yes, in England Jews are treated as slaves. They are held as a degraded caste is in Hindostan. It may be stated as a third singular fact regarding the Jews, that the Mahommedans have treated them with more kindness and justice than the Christians have ever shown them. Born and bred in our land they are denied the protection and privileges of a British subject. And because God has veiled their eyes, and made their heart stubborn, free and Protestant England sets her heel on their neck, and holds them down, whatever may be the justice of their case, however much we may owe them as Christians for the faith that is in us by which we hope to be saved;—how long soever they have been trodden down of the Gentiles. Nay, whatever irresponsible influence they may exercise over cabinet ministers behind the screen, and whatever boxes of bullion they may import, or millions of money they may lend to the nation in the days of danger and difficulty,—all must go to the winds. And when a Jew is returned to serve

in the Commons house of Parliament, he must be kicked back from entering the lobby, and in this way his numerous, intelligent, influential, and religious constituents must be denied the right of every other free-born subject in the realm,—that of sending the best man in their own estimation to represent them in Parliament. And why is this solitary intolerance and gross injustice kept up?—for fear this single Jew should unchristianize our constitution, and turn the religious public in our land back from faith in Jesus Christ which hath eternal life to the deeds of the law by which no flesh can be justified, and which condemns us to our face. No—no—the tide of public opinion and of religious feeling has begun to rise in favour of the Jews, and every year it is setting in stronger and stronger, and it will soon carry every opposition before it. The principle for which the opponents of the Jews still contend, was conceded by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel in 1829, when the Catholics were emancipated, very improperly as I thought. But having thus swallowed the camel, it is downright absurdity now to strain at the gnat.

Without doubt we are on the eve of some great move in fulfilment of Jewish prophecy, and who knows but that the admission of such as Rothschild into parliament may be a small spoke in the wheel? At any rate, I was convinced, before I started for the East, that the Holy Land, and indeed the whole Turkish empire, was in a transition state. Accordingly I resolved to look well about me when among the Jews in Jerusalem. For this purpose I copied the questions which had been framed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1838, intrusted to the deputation sent to

Palestine. I did this, not under the impression that Drs. Keith and Black, Messrs. Bonar and M'Cheyne, had failed in their object of collecting accurate and extensive information, but with sincere regret that the succeeding disruption had put an end to all practical results from it so far as all the churches of Christ in Scotland are concerned. Moreover, I felt that twelve years in the present position of the political and religious world was a long and important period of active operation, which might have afforded considerable scope for the progressive changes evidently going forward. I had no instructions from our church or its committee on Jewish conversion, far less was I armed with any authority to act, so that nobody but myself is responsible for what I state. One word more introductory and apologetical. I have no interest or object in the following details and their results, but to serve the good cause everywhere east and west, in Asia and in Europe; and if in this I succeed in the lowest degree, I feel that I shall not fall short of my reward.

Taking then the questions in the order in which I find them printed in the narrative of the "Mission of Enquiry to the Jews from the Church of Scotland in 1839," I have to state, in answer to the first question, that there might be in 1851 about ten thousand Jews in Jerusalem. Others are living throughout the whole of Palestine, and mainly at Hebron, Jaffa, Japhet, Tiberias, Acre, Sidon, and Beyrout. But I was told that it is difficult to ascertain the precise number, from no registers being kept at the Turkish authorities, or by anybody, but an imperfect one by the foreign Consuls, who keep a sort of list of the names of those under their protection. It is difficult to ascertain the population of an Eastern city from the want of municipal or statistical

tables, and from the immense floating populations, hundreds arriving at night and departing in the morning. A rough guess may approximate to the truth. And till lately the Turkish laws permitted no more than 300 Jews to reside in Jerusalem at a time. I was told in answer to the second question, that the number of Jews have of late greatly increased, and that they are supported by Jews in other parts of the world, chiefly by the Jews of Holland and also by those of America. Messengers are often sent to collect the money, or it is transmitted by rich friends and pious Jews, or it is brought by Jewish pilgrims visiting the Holy Land from time to time. But whatever way the money comes, it is all intrusted to the hands of the Rabbis, who distribute it among their respective flocks, and acquire on that account great influence over their people. Many of the Jews about Jerusalem are rich, and even possess a good deal of property in the city, but they are careful to conceal their wealth, and even their comfort, from the greedy and jealous eye of their rulers, lest by awakening their cupidity some vile plot should be devised to their prejudice. They reside chiefly on the rugged slope of Mount Zion, over against the temple, and in the lower part of the city near to the shambles. It is a deplorable place, with narrow, dirty lanes, and as you enter it you must inhale the infected air of its close alleys, reeking with putrid filth. Without all seems to be misery and social degradation, and their wretched and ruinous habitations are crowded together in poverty and filth.

The greatest number of resident Jews are supported by annual contributions made by the various synagogues of their brethren in other countries. Those who possess some little property when they quit Europe for Palestine, very

commonly make it over to friends, on condition that they remit them an annuity while they sojourn in the Holy Land. The general sum annually raised affords about five ducats or £3 10s. for each man yearly. The whole money is remitted to a rich Jewish merchant at Amsterdam, who is called the President of the Holy Land. He remits the same to the Austrian Consul at Beyrout, who forwards it to Jerusalem for distribution. The average amount may be near £3,000. Instead of doing good this money engenders strife and idleness. As a body the Jews are much divided by jealousies and hatreds of every sort. There is no such thing as brethren dwelling together in unity. No Jew trusts his brother or anybody else. And every solitary Jew met on the street gives the impression of a man walking in the expectation of being insulted.

How changed this remnant of God's chosen people! Instead of the mighty man and man of war, the judge and the prophet, the captain of fifty, and counsellor, and the cunning artificer, here is a despised body of dirty exiles, creeping under persecution, yet with stubborn tenacity clinging to the spot which recalls their past grandeur, and inspires the hope of future power. In going to visit a respectable Jew in Jerusalem, it is common to pass over a ruined foreground, and up an awkward outside stair, constructed of rough unpolished stones that totter under the feet. But the access improves as you ascend, and at the top it has a respectable appearance, and ends in an agreeable platform in front of the house. The court is overshadowed by a vine-covered trellis. On entering the house itself it is found to be clean and well furnished and lighted. Sofas or low divans stand around the walls. They are soft, and covered with Persian

carpets, and look even elegant; but nobody can sit long on one of them without getting a start at the sight of some little vermin. The people are hospitable, and happy to receive you. The old Jew leads you in very politely, and introduces you to his wife and daughters, who are ordered to furnish pipes and coffee, and water and bread. You admire their faces and forms, their easy and elegant gait; and their address surprises you. They chat and laugh with great vivacity of manners, and are on a perfect footing of equality. They speak very readily, and give their opinion with confidence, when even that of a wife controverts her husband. Many of these daughters of Judah are remarkable for their attractions, beautiful and well-behaved, tall, fair, and blue-eyed, and around their forehead and cheeks are several roses, large ear-rings, and the vermilion blossom of the pomegranate, forming an exquisite pendant, reflecting its glow upon the dazzling whiteness of the skin. No interpreter is needed. The Jew speaks English easily, and the Jewesses talk Italian with elegance to the Nazarene; while the pure Hebrew goes from one another very fluently, and it is easy to see who and what are the subjects of their remarks. The mother produces her child by this time, elegantly dressed, and adorned with jewels. You ask if the boy has been circumcised; and the father looks very solemn, and answers in the affirmative. You ask what tribe his family belongs to. He answers with a sigh, that he cannot exactly tell, as alas, the tribes are now no longer separate and entire. His keen eye notices the sensation this simple but most important fact has excited in your mind, and something solemn is said again in Hebrew by the father to the family, and among one another. You hesitate once and

again, but at length you break the ice, and speak of the prophecies, and their promised Messiah. Their eye kindles, their cheek flushes, their lips quiver, and their hand trembles. "Yes, we expect him, and were certain that he was to appear last year. But he will come this year, and then the land will be our own again." You press him gently to point out some prophecy on which his mind mainly rests as to the time. He remains long silent and sad, and at last comes out with the very candid admission, that "the prophecies have failed so often as to time that he cannot mention one passage more than another. But the Messiah will come; the God of Abraham has promised, and He is no liar." But I ask, "When will he come?" "This year," he answers, "and the land will be ours." I speak of Jesus of Nazareth, and in a moment the frown flashes over his face and frame, and he tells you sternly never to name the name again within these walls, and he moves as if he were about to start to his feet. You change the subject and propose to purchase some trinket, and you are friends in a moment.—"Only shirty piastres,—shirty piastres." You have had coffee and kindness, and how can you return it better than by making a small purchase? And this was the main point—the number one towards which the whole mind of Israel was constantly bending, and from which his entire inner man never was turned in all the conversation from beginning to end. Thus are they an acute, plausible, calculating and kind-hearted people. Sure and sharper to their own worldly interests than either their razors or pen-knives. They have always an aim, and they are never idle. Their sympathy and benevolence for one another must be well sustained and directed. They have no compulsory poor-laws

among themselves, nor are the poorer classes of Jews left to the tender mercies of the public at large.

Out again to the ruined court and over the heaps of rubbish with the perfect conviction on looking at your ten-penny trinket that you have been regularly Jewed by paying thirty piastres, i. e. five times its value. But now you take a look, guided by your friend, into other houses belonging to Jews. The inmates seem withered and hungry; they are mean, filthy, and diseased—starvation is in every feature—they look scowling and haggard, but their keen cunning eye is ever the same. And next you are conducted to a wedding-party, and treated to mirage and wine, and to see dancing very graceful, and music but one degree removed from that of savage life. But here you see much to interest and to instruct the Biblical student. Here again the females are pure red and white in the face, fine, fair, disposed rather to be of a plethoric habit, and of size and softness, often with auburn hair, and with their countenances uncovered by any veil. The bride was young, tall, and well furnished with double mouldings in the neck and chin, surrounded by her virgins, both wise and foolish no doubt, but every one of them pretty. On something being spoken by my conductor, the bride stepped up to me, and with an easy mixture of confidence and modesty, which innocence only can assume, she held out her hand for me to kiss it; then she pressed the palm of my hand to the cold and broad arch of her brow, and bowed her forehead for me to kiss it again. On retiring I was told that the parties were poor, and that a dollar would be acceptable. And thus was I Jewed a second time, but not to the amount hinted at. It

was with regret that I parted from my venerable and kind elder brother.*

In coming home I heard weeping and wailings and lamentation and woe in another house hard by. It was a death scene, and the mourners were going about the streets refusing to be comforted because they are not.

* Here let me state the particular incidents at a Jewish marriage. The guests assemble and take off their shoes, and sit down on low divans or sofas around the room. Everybody is offered a pipe, the head and mouth-piece of which are often six feet asunder. For a time the company sit at their ease, smoking, and drinking coffee from small cups, and eating citron preserves. During this, the time of expectation, the bridegroom is waiting till the bride hath made herself ready. Next a deputation arrives to announce that she is arrayed. Then the bridegroom rises, and puts on his praying cloak, commonly used in the synagogue. Then at the far end of the room there is heard the voice of prayer from an old man in the Hebrew tongue: some of the Jews accompanying him with their voices. At the mention of the three names and attributes of the Trinity, they give three jumps forward, as an emblem of their desire to approach the purity of the Holy One. Then they continue silent for twenty minutes in fervent mental prayer; then they repeat the same prayers with a loud voice, and this finishes the services at the bridegroom's house. Next everybody puts on his shoes as fast as he can, and headed by the bride's deputation they depart for her house, where the marriage is celebrated. On leaving, rose-water is sprinkled on hand and handkerchiefs. On going along there is heard a sound wild and piercing. It is the unearthly scream of the virgins awaking from their slumbers—the midnight cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh—go ye out to meet him." When the procession enters the court, it is filled with these beautiful and joyous expectants, who make the welkin ring with acclamations of gladness and praise. Flambeaus are all around, and the maidens have each their lamp burning, and on every side of the seat appropriated to the bride are candles. Veiled and glittering with trinkets, she is led by two companions to the appointed place. The Rabbi prays aloud, drinks a cup of wine, and breaks it in token of *virginitas fragenda*, and to remind them that Jerusalem is in ruins. The bride and bridegroom stand up together, and a veil is thrown over both their heads. Then he puts a ring on her finger, saying, "Behold thou art sanctified to me by this ring according to the law of Moses." Next the Rabbi lifts the veil, and presents the bridegroom with the end of his handkerchief, which taking hold of, he promises to fulfil all the duties of a husband. Then another Rabbi reads a prayer and drinks wine. Then the chief Rabbi steps forward and reads the marriage settlement.—And thus the matter ends.

In answer to questions the fourth and fifth I am prepared to state, that there is a constant and rapid communication kept up between the Jews in Palestine and those in other parts of the world. The Jews flock from Poland, Russia, Wallachia, the eastern coast of Africa, from Asia Minor, central and western, from Europe south and north, east and west, from all portions of America, and in a word, from the whole known world, and consequently they must naturally have a communication with their own respective homes, if not constantly, at least occasionally. No people on the face of the earth have been so dispersed, and thus furnished with opportunities of communication. The facility too with which the Jews speak every known tongue helps them in this. The Rabbis of Palestine maintain a constant communication with their brethren all over the world. The Jews too in the Holy Land, and especially those that are converted, are generally more migratory, many of them being mere birds of passage. Convert one of these, and he at once becomes a missionary, moving back into the far east, the remote south, or the frozen regions of Russia. Jerusalem is the centre of the earth in their eyes, and the focus of all their pious affections. There the hearts of Israel are more susceptible of religious impressions, and everything done in the Holy Land tells on the whole Israelitish world. Whereas in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, or in Hamburg, the Jews are more intent on mercantile transactions, and for every one message transmitted by telegraph as to the conversion of souls, there are ten thousand running along the wires communicating the price of stock bought, or the rate of exchange in the money market. And hence, whenever the Jews are converted to Christianity, as if on the four wings

of heaven they will carry the gospel to all the known and inhabited regions of the world.

But distrust, injustice, and cruelty are not the means to be used for their conversion. Let there be no more persecution in their captivity. Let us not insult them in the day of their adversity. Let us treat them like fallen fellow-creatures. The very obstinacy with which in error they cling to their institutions shows the stern stuff that is in them. They have given to all. We owe them everything. The elements of our Christianity are incorporated in their institutions. The gospel of the blessed Jesus is but the consummation of the law as given to Moses on mount Sinai. Their religious opinions have been formed and confirmed by the thunders of Sinai once rung in their ears. The pure and lofty thoughts of the ancient word of their inspiration have made them proud and stubborn, and blind and perverted. Neither have their hearts been anointed or annealed by the blessed influences of Christianity. On the contrary, after having been plundered by invading foes, and exiled by the Almighty for eighteen hundred years, they have been a reproach and a by-word to all people. Rancour, revenge, and malignity, deep and dark, have been planted and taken root in their heart. But their sympathies must be gradually softened by kindness—the fort must be taken by gradual approaches. Sichæus must be abolished by little and little. Let us polish the gem, rather than strike so hard at the rock.

The Jew will bend, but he will not break. I saw him walking down the south and eastern slopes of Zion towards the tombs of his fathers. His step was firm, his face erect, and his frame unbending. Stern and steady was his eye, his upper lip was well drawn back, and his teeth were set

like a victim's under the torture. He stept past with stately stride, lending me but one glance of his eye, quick and restless, and then, lifting it up in defiance, it appeared to take in the whole valleys of Jehoshaphat, and Hinnom, and the site of the temple at a look; and giving his head a toss, he seemed as if to say, this holy city and that land is mine, and was my father Abraham's. And you are a Nazarene intruder. I wandered round the valley and over the brook Kedron, and down past the garden of Gethsemane, and found myself among the tombs of Absalom and Zechariah. I heard here some moaning, muttering sounds of anguish and supplication. I followed it up, and there on his bended and bare knees, with his mouth biting the dust, I found the same Jew lamenting the captivity of Israel, and praying for the coming of the Messiah. The graves of kings, and priests, and prophets, were all around, and I wondered if their departed spirits heard and saw as I had heard and seen. I deeply sympathised and prayed on my knees that the Jews might be convinced that Messiah had already come, and that it was vain for them to expect another. In this place of wailing, bowed in the dust, they weep over the fallen glory of their race, and bedew with their tears the soil which their fathers so often moistened with their blood. Their excitement is frightful, springing up on their toes, beating their hearts, groaning and crying simultaneously at the highest pitch of their voices. The burden of their prayer is, "The joy of our heart is ceased: our dance is turned into mourning—our inheritance is turned to strangers—our house to aliens—the crown is fallen from our head. Woe unto us that we have sinned; for this our heart is faint, for these things our eyes are dim. Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever; thy throne is from generation to genera-

tion. Wherefore dost thou forget us for ever, and forsake us for so long time? Turn thou us unto thee, O Lord. Renew our days as of old."

The lamentations of their Liturgy reminded me of Ossian's Poems, e. g. "The sea through which they pass, destruction is its path—death is its pilot, and the grave its ship. The kephud wails, the raven croaks, the screech owl and dragons howl dreadfully—the wild beasts, together with the lizard, the vulture, and the kite, form a horrid concert. I asked them where are the lovely young roes as doves in the chamber? Where the chambers built with carbuncles and the tallest cedars? Where are the oracles, the precious foundations, the courts of the young roes, and the glorious temple? Where are the damsels clothed with embroidered garments? Their honour is buried in the chambers of captivity." But how earnest the pathos of the following prayer: "The seed are dispersed, oppressed, and trampled under foot, born to plagues and dreadful wounds. O may their Father in his infinite mercy compassionate his orphans, and gather his dispersed to the pure land; for he is high and exalted: he bringeth down, and raiseth up, he woundeth and healeth, killeth and restoreth to life. O Lord, return to thy city. Build thine oracles. Dwell in thine house, and gather thy scattered flock. O thou who renewest the months, collect the saints, both men and women, to the erected city. O may this month be renewed for good. And may it please God, who is mighty in works, thus to command."

The Jews are wont to assemble for humiliation and prayer every Friday, near the site of the temple. The wall of the western enclosure at that place is formed with stones of immense magnitude, wrought with great care, and bevelled off at

their edges with much exactness, all favouring the notion that they once were a part of the temple, or its boundary. The Jews therefore have a persuasion that their prayers offered up here will find especial acceptance with God. I noticed rows of them, aged and dirty, sitting in the dust in front of this wall, reading and reciting portions of the Hebrew Scriptures. They seemed so intensely occupied as not to perceive my approach. They stepped forward to various parts of the old wall, and kissed it with great fervency of manner and many tears, and uttered their prayers in a low whisper as if through the crevices of the building.—This plaintive scene reminded me of Israel when they sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept, and hung their harp upon the willows.

In answer to the questions sixth, seventh, and eighth, I learned that there were many Rabbis among them in Jerusalem and Palestine, and that the peculiar characteristic of the Jews in Palestine is their being very religious, superstitious, and bigoted, with respect to their sacred places. Seventeen times have they witnessed the destruction of their city, yet nothing deters them from turning their faces toward Zion.

Their real religious character may be inferred from the fact, that those who come to Jerusalem are the elite of the devotional Jews of other countries. From pure piety and regard for the Mosaic dispensation, they undertake the journey to the land of their fathers the prophets. Every stone about Jerusalem is dear to their heart, and every spot of ground in Palestine represents facts of vast interest and importance, as associated with their tenderest feelings. No people on earth are prouder of their fatherland than the Jews. As of old, when by the rivers of Babylon they sat down, and wept,

they still weep when they remember Zion in a far and foreign land. They still hang their harps upon the willows in the midst thereof, when they that carried them away captive require of them a song. And when they that wasted them require mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion, they answer still, How shall we sing the Lord's song in a foreign land? To this day their solemn words are, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Moreover, their feelings towards Christianity are decidedly hostile. In fact, they assert that of all their persecutors the Christians are the fiercest, both in Palestine and everywhere else. In the Holy City and Land there are of professing Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Roman Catholics, in great numbers, but none of these have any sympathy with the poor Jews: less far than the Mohammedans themselves, whether Turks or Bedouin Arabs. The hatred of these Christians is deep-rooted and severe, and they act towards Israel as their bitterest enemies. On this account the Jews have no confidence in these Christians, and no respect for their religion; since, as they say, it manifests only the malignity, deceit, and desperate wickedness of the heart. In time of danger a Jew would betake himself to the house of a Turk for refuge in preference to that of a Christian. And so far do these Christians carry the enmity on their part, that the Jews dare not at this day pass by the door of the holy sepulchre. Here, however, it is gratifying to have it in my power to state that the British Christians in Palestine have acted a kindlier part towards Israel. The fact of a British consul having been stationed at Jerusalem on their account has greatly con-

tributed to this effect. He was sent to the Holy Land with special instructions to interest himself in behalf of the Jews. Accordingly all the British consuls, and none more successfully than the present, have been actuated by a deep and enlightened affection for the cause of God's ancient people. They act towards the Jews the part of a protector, a friend, and an adviser; and to their poor they are liberal on every hand, especially when the Jews are in sickness or affliction.

Dr. Olin, in his Travels, divides the Jews at Jerusalem into two classes: those who are natives, the descendants of the Jews banished from western Europe by Charles V. These are generally in comfortable circumstances. The others are a crowd of Polish and German exiles who are drawn to the spot by the desire of laying their bones among those of their fathers. These are mainly without resources, excepting the contributions gathered for them through Europe and Turkey. They are said to be more fervent in their devotion to the Holy City than their native brethren. They pass much of their time in the synagogues, and their Rabbins are possessed of a larger portion of the peculiar learning of their sect than those born on the spot. That this body of Jews might be profitably employed, a plan was set on foot by wealthy Jews in England for the purchase and cultivation of land near Jerusalem, Zafed, and Tiberias, where numbers resort under the same painful circumstances. This admirable enterprise may work out results of great moment. But the country is unsettled. Taxes on cultivators are ruinous, and the pillage of robbers excessive. Were this scheme to be successful, its establishment would be a new era for Palestine, and the first step to the return of the Jews. Thus her hills and vales

might be occupied by an industrious population, each man sitting under his own vine and fig tree, none being to make him afraid. Could funds be raised, this would prove to be the most successful method of conversion ever contrived.

In regard to the success which up to this date has attended the efforts made for their conversion, and also in regard to the nature and extent of these endeavours, I am warranted to state that the political position of the Jews has improved greatly of late, owing to the interest taken in their behalf by various Christian societies, and the personal influence of distinguished English Jews. A very general impression obtains among them that the period of their dispersion is drawing to a close, and thousands, it is said, have solemnly declared their intention of returning to the land of their fathers, there to await the coming of the Messiah. Meanwhile ancient prejudices are giving way,—the Jews are becoming less averse to converse with Christian missionaries on matters of faith,—the converted Jews are not now exposed to persecutions so bitter from their brethren as they were a few years since,—feelings kindlier and more confidential are arising everywhere,—there is greater freedom of intercourse, and more reciprocal inquiries are already established between Jew and Gentile. The following modes of operation have been employed of late. First, the Bishop of Jerusalem lends his whole energies to the work of propagating the gospel, and converting the Jews. In season and out of season, by night and by day, by prayer and preaching, by word and sacrament, by distributing the scriptures, by personal visitation from house to house, by alms-giving, and every deed of charity and love, in which he is aided and often surpassed by his lady, and by every method of operation

which any man can employ, his head, his hand, and his heart, are at the work.

Next a mission in connection with the Church of England has been established at Jerusalem by the London Society for Propagating Christianity among the Jews in the Holy Land. Jerusalem is the head-quarters or principal station of this mission. Missionaries are also planted by this society at Jaffa and Zafed; the one at Beyrout has gone to his rest. Hebron is visited by missionaries from Jerusalem and Tyre; Sidon and Damascus were visited by the missionary at Beyrout; and Tiberias has been visited by the missionary at Zafed. An evangelical church has been built at considerable expense in connection with the bishopric, and it is sustained at the joint cost of the English and Prussian governments. Here every mode of operation is in full vigour. An Hospital, with a dispensary attached, has also been established for the reception of sick Jews, who are either brought within its walls or are attended in their own houses according to circumstances. This establishment is superintended by an English medical gentleman of adequate education and experience, and altogether it has been exceedingly useful, directly in promoting the cure of the bodily ailments of the Jews, and indirectly in healing their soul by their being furnished also with the balm that is from Gilead, and by the physician that is there. A house of industry has also been formed, into which the converted Jews are taken and taught a trade, so as to make them independent in their worldly circumstances, and to remove them from the temptations by which in poverty they might be drawn back to their former religious persuasions. Thus by exemplifying practical Christianity, the London

Jewish Society are working at the right end of the lever of conversion, and they are rendering their work secure. Both in the Hospital and in the House of Industry plenty of New Testaments in the Hebrew tongue are laid on the tables. But while every facility is given to the reading of the Gospels, there is nothing like compulsion, or any indications that the conversion of the inmates is the sole but disguised object of these institutions. On the contrary, everything is done, so far as the funds will admit of it, for the benefit of the whole body of the Jews in Palestine. In connection with all these noble institutions, the London Jewish Missionary Society are well convinced how extremely difficult it is to convert a single old Jew out of a million of them, and therefore they have directed their main endeavours towards the young Jews in Palestine. Knowing, moreover, that kindness shown to the children is the readiest and surest way to soften the heart of the parents, they have erected schools where Christian children, boys and girls, are taught, and where the sons and daughters of the Jews learn to speak, read, and write the English language with ease and accuracy. This department of the missionary scheme has been essentially useful, and seems to be very popular in Jerusalem, as the rising Jewish generation are thereby fitted, at no expense on the part of the parents, for becoming mercantile men in every quarter of the world, and the young hearts of Jews and Gentiles are thus united by the tie of companions and school-fellows, which no distance in time, or space, or difference in religion can ever sever.

As might have been expected, all these undertakings on the part of the Jewish Society were violently opposed on the part of the Jews. But in spite of all manner of opposition

the Mission has kept its ground. Nay, their efforts have not been without result. Some Jews have been brought to the knowledge of the saving truths of the gospel. They have been baptized, and confessed their faith in a crucified Messiah. Some of these have already become missionaries to their unbelieving brethren. Some have even been received into the ministry. And many are preparing for the work of missions and the ministry, and will ere long become able hands in both. So early as September 1838, the first native Jew, Rabbi Joseph, was awakened at Jerusalem. In 1839, three Rabbis, native Jews, had become inquirers after the faith as it is in Jesus. And these seem to have been all the known fruits up to the period of the narrative of the Mission of Enquiry to the Jews from the Church of Scotland in 1839. But the good work has made decided progress during the twelve years which have intervened. "Progress," I was told by the English Consul, "has been made every year, and great progress has been made within the last three years." I saw it, and was assured of its truth both by the Bishop and British Consul, "that Jerusalem is now in a transition state, and on the eve of some great change." The pernicious and persevering power of the Rabbis over their flocks is already much diminished, and is fast going down. The hard and stubborn heart of the old Jew is failing him. His confident calculations and expositions of prophecy have all disappointed him. Many superstitious traditions of the elders, and usages older than Job, are breaking down, as if by an influence unseen but irresistible. The Protestant schools, and missions, and churches already opened, are spreading the light of the gospel everywhere. The New Testament is becoming every day better known, especially

to the young Jews. Every exertion on all hands from different quarters seems to be blessed, and therefore it is successful. Nay, the very opposing efforts of Rabbis and others have not only become more effete, but they are often turned, nobody can tell how, into helping causes. Not that they are so meant by the Rabbis, but rather that they are so guided by the hand of God. As a proof of all this, it may be stated that some time since, on the occasion of an attack upon the physician of the English mission, by some fanatic Turkish soldiers, many of the Jews who were present interfered bravely to protect him. This, says Bartlett, points out the true way to gain the best feelings, and consequently to undermine the prejudices of this interesting people, where a wild, ill-directed zeal can only serve to inflame and confirm them. But still the Jews as a body fervently expect their Messiah to come, according to their own interpretations, as a temporal Prince, to redeem Israel and trample the Gentile nations under foot. There was a conviction, I was told by the English Consul, amounting almost to a certainty, that He was to appear last year according to the Scriptures. And great was the mortification of Israel when the year 1850 ran out, month after month, and still no signs appeared, no stir in Palestine, and no movement among the nations, or any of the isles afar off. It was noticed by one who stated this fact to me, that last year, on the morning of new year's day, the salutation of the Jews to each other when they first met, was, the Messiah *shall* come this year, and the land shall now be ours. But their salutation this year, it was noticed, was, *may* the Messiah come this year, and the land be ours.* As the coming of their Messiah is under-

* Dr. Wilson, in his able work, *The Lands of the Bible*, says, "The result:

stood and admitted to break all contracts,—in every house let in Palestine from one Jew to another, a saving clause to this purport is inserted in every lease. Nobody seemed to be able to explain from law or tradition or how this notion first began to obtain, but through use and wont it has now become universal. It probably originated in the shrewd conception for which this strange people are remarkable above all others, that on the return of the Jews to their promised land, heritable property will rise greatly in value. And of this there can be no manner of doubt.

One main method of converting the Jews in Palestine, is to lessen the undue influence of their Rabbis. And this can only be accomplished by enlightening their minds and softening their hearts, as has been already hinted. But the Jews here are slaves to their Rabbis, as they distribute the cash intrusted to their charge, according to their own will and pleasure, and without any responsibility. It is said to be uniformly so, that this supply is withheld from every family, however necessitous they may be, when a suspicion even arises that any one member is holding intercourse with the Christian mission. In these circumstances it were desirable that the mission were possessed of funds to enable them in any case where such allowances were withheld, to make up the loss he might sustain in a worldly way. Again, the House of Industry cannot be too much encouraged and supported. For furthering the plan of the society, in establish-

of all our inquiries among the Jews throughout the world, in the present state of their unbelief and prophetic mis-interpretations, utterly disclaims the idea of colonising the land of their fathers, and restricts the grounds of their present limited settlements to religious considerations," and he begs the particular attention of philanthropists and the friends of Jewish missions to this statement.

ing some suitable trades in Jerusalem in connection with this House of Industry, more money should be devoted to it than at present, in order that every convert may know that he will be enabled to support himself and his family as well, or perhaps a little better, after his conversion to Christianity than before it. The Jews are naturally a mercantile, avaricious people, and while it would be wrong to bribe them into Christianity, it were not right that they should lose money on account of any conscientious change of their religious opinions.

Further, as another desirable method of having access to the Jews in Palestine, it was suggested to me when sailing up the Mediterranean in the Ripon, that a lodging-house should be opened for stranger Jews coming to Jerusalem, where they might be able to get at once very cheap accommodation. I mentioned this when in Jerusalem to all the friends of the good cause. Without exception, one and all of them approved of having thus a Jewish kitchen and a lodging-house, not only to accommodate unconverted Jews, but also for that of converts who are single men. In this way these converts would soon become the confidants of their fellow-lodgers. The New Testament would be laid upon the tables as at the Hospital and House of Industry. And the missionaries would have access to every Jew whenever he arrived, and before he fell into the hands of the Rabbis. In this way I was told that **A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD MIGHT BE DONE.**

It is argued by some that, humanly speaking, Jerusalem is the last place where we may expect to meet with converted Jews. There, it is said, every object tends to keep alive the stubborn spirit of their religion,—the sacred hills—

the tombs of their kings and fathers—the ruins of their once proud city and temple. Even, it is said, their degradation contributes to fix their mind on the prophecies which foretell their future glory, when the measure of their sufferings shall be fulfilled. On the contrary, Dr. Wilson conceives it to be our imperative duty to give the Jews in the Holy Land our particular attention in a missionary point of view, and in this opinion I cordially concur. The Jews there are the actual and recognised representatives of all the Jews throughout the world. Of the four holy cities in particular, Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias and Safed, it may emphatically be said, that as far as the Jewish community are concerned, they are cities set upon a hill which cannot be hid. Whatever transpires in the midst of them, becomes known throughout the world. If they surrender the bulwarks of the citadel, others may retire from the out-posts. If their Rabbis and devotees are not able to withstand the Christian argument, Judaism may abandon the contest with Christianity.

Moreover, I state it as my own deliberate opinion, that there are too few missionaries in the field of operation in Palestine. In my opinion all the missionaries that are in Jerusalem should remain there, and have no other charge. As ministers in the Church of Scotland must reside within the bounds of their parish, and have only one charge with the cure of souls, so ought the missionaries in the Holy Land. Let then the interesting old city of Hebron, where David reigned for some years, and the field of Machpelah, where lie the mortal remains of Abraham and Sarah his wife, of Jacob and his wife, and also the ashes of Joseph, which are said to have been carried thither by the children of Israel, have a missionary. Hebron, situated on the slope of a

mountain, has a strong castle, and can boast of fertility and plenty of provision. It contains nearly two thousand inhabitants, and one fourth of these are Jews. In a word, it is an excellent site for a mission of its own; being too distant from Jerusalem to be united with it in this way. In the same manner, a missionary residing at Beyrout can be of no use at Tyre, or Sidon, Acre and Damascus, comprehending a circuit of a hundred and fifty miles. Such an arrangement can only be nominal.

More labourers must be sent to Palestine, for the harvest is plenty, and the fields are whitening fast. But where are the funds to be got, and who are to send the Missionary forth? I give a very decided answer to both questions. The funds are to be raised in Scotland, and the Presbyterian church of Scotland, or rather the Presbyterian churches in Scotland, are to collect the cash, and to send out the mission. In the whole countries of Africa, Asia, and Southern Europe, which I visited along the Mediterranean from Gibraltar up to the mouth of the Orontes, or from the Red Sea across to the Black, there was nothing seen which seemed to me more wonderful, than the simple fact that the Presbyterian church of Scotland, or generally, the Presbyterian churches in Scotland, have not sent one missionary to the Holy Land. At home large sums are being collected every year, and missionaries have gone forth almost everywhere to convert the Jews, but not one has been sent to the centre of the system, the heart of the whole man. With candid pleasure I state that there is one exception to this bold fact. A missionary has been sent by the Free Church in Scotland, to a corner of Palestine, to Damascus, a very important station indeed, and probably this is doing as much in that

quarter as their funds and arrangements elsewhere permit. But I repeat, with this explanation, my broad statement, that, while Copts and Catholics, Armenian and Evangelical churches, Greeks and Latins, have sent their missionaries, the Presbyterians have sent—no, not one to Palestine.

The influence of the superstitious forms of Papal Christianity existing at Jerusalem fortifies the contempt of Mussulmans and Jews; and were the pure and simple form of Presbytery presented to them, it might remove one prejudice which is too well founded. Were benevolence thus to take the place of angry denunciation and of oppression, it might do a world of good. “You wish to convert us to Christianity,” said a Jew to Mr. Wolff, “look to Mount Calvary, where Jesus of Nazareth was crucified, of whom you say that he came to establish peace on earth.” What a reproach this on the wrangling of religious sects! What can be the reason given for this fact, that the Presbyterian churches in Scotland have no missionaries in Palestine, a fact so wonderful that we defy any man in Scotland to vindicate it? It arises not from any want of zeal in the good cause, on the part of these churches. Nay, the fact becomes more remarkable still, from the circumstance that both the established and dissenting churches in Scotland have concurred in withholding their missions from Palestine. Probably these churches have acted on the natural principle that it were more productive of good to send their missionaries to the places where the greatest number of Jews are located. In Hamburg, for instance, such vast hordes of Jews have clustered, that it may be called the modern Jerusalem. But after much reading, meditation, and conversation with Jews in many districts of the world, I would venture to lay down one opinion as an axiom;

namely, that the number of Jews in any locality is not the criterion to judge by, in sending forth missionaries. Their character and condition alone are to be taken into account, their attainments in the religion of their sect, their knowledge, their sincerity, and zeal. Humanly speaking, Saul of Tarsus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the new-born Christians, with his hands reeking in the blood of Stephen, was the most unlikely Jew to be converted even by a miracle. But the wisdom from above has ways not as our ways, and thoughts not as our thoughts, and the result proved how heavenly the wisdom was in this case. The former qualifications of Saul, when properly directed, fitted him above all men for the work to which he became destined. The education, talent, zeal, and indomitable energy of Saul, were the very elements which rendered Paul so active and successful in his new Master's work, and so in a less extent will these prove in every converted Jew.

Apply our axiom * then, to the Jews in the ancient and to those in the modern Jerusalem, and let us suppose that there are, if you will, fifty thousand Jews in Hamburg, and only ten thousand in Jerusalem; and were the question to be asked, which of the cities were to have the first missionary the Church of Scotland could afford to send out, I would answer, Jerusalem, most undoubtedly. Jerusalem is the place where the great work of conversion is to be begun, as it was of old. The Jews of Germany are a mean mercantile people.

* I lay it down as another obvious axiom, that no missionary need be sent any where unless the British consul at the spot be favourable to the mission in hand. Again, every missionary, before he goes forth from England, should be provided with a letter of introduction to the British ambassador of the bounds from head-quarters at home, which the acting committee should procure.

Gold is their sole god. These men care for the Messiah in as far as the temporalities are concerned. The recovery of Palestine, the conquest of territory, and the plunder of cities, is their great object for taking any interest in the matter at all. In Germany, when a Jew is converted he loses his caste, he forfeits the protection and intercourse his community was wont to give him. His motives are misrepresented, and the influence religion may have had in the work is laughed to scorn. Just because they never feel it themselves, they cannot appreciate it in others, or believe it ever to exist excepting as an effort at humbug. Again in Hamburg there is no *genii loci*. There are dirty canals, damp cellars, huge warehouses, the exchange, and the shipping in the docks, to occupy their minds entirely through the week; and their synagogue now and then of a Saturday till the sunset, when, in less than a moment after, I have heard them roaring out clothes, razors, and spectacles, in the streets and even synagogues. With the Jews in Palestine it is different in every respect. Although belonging to the same nation, they are another class of people entirely. They come altogether from a different part of the world, from Smyrna, Constantinople, the northern shores of Africa, Spain, Russia, Wallachia, and Poland, and few or none from Germany. The character, too, of the Jews in Jerusalem, and of those in other parts of the Holy Land, is of a quite different description from that of those in Germany, or even of those scattered in other parts of the world. They have given up business, and torn themselves away from the cares and contentions of life, and they come to Palestine to end their days of weary pilgrimage in one of the four holy cities, viz., Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Hebron, or Nazareth, and if possible

to be buried in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Their heart is full of the religion of Moses and the Prophets; they adore the traditions of the elders, and consume their life in the study of the Talmud, and other Jewish books in religion. Every street, and every stone around them, inspires them with reverence to God; every place reminds them of a miracle; every glen says, here the sword of the Lord and of Gideon was drawn for our forefathers, and prevailed. Here father Abraham tended his flocks; there Jacob watered his herds; up in that hill country lived Samuel and Jeremiah; and there was Solomon anointed; and yonder David wandered bareheaded and barefooted, weeping as he went.

In a word, religion is the duty and delight of their life. But the German and French Jews are infidel and avaricious, and there is no hope of doing them a service. On the other hand, Polish, Russian, and Eastern Jews have still a great respect for the pure word of God, and are still untainted by the stains of infidelity.

In Germany, therefore, a few Jews may be converted in a religious way, here and there, now and then, and possibly in some instances from mercenary purposes. But these are stationary, and they will have less influence in converting their brethren, and they are also more likely to relapse, when hard-pressed by their kindred. Whereas at Jerusalem there is no bait to gild the hook with; the piety and principle of the whole affair is purer; and above all, their toleration is more refined. In a word, I was assured of the fact on the spot, and by those who from their knowledge and integrity are best fitted to judge, that more converts have been made in Jerusalem from a Jewish population of ten thousand than in Hamburg, but perhaps this is overstated. And if so,

there cannot be a doubt but that they are converts of a better class, more above suspicion, and more able and likely, from their piety and pilgrimages, to become instrumental in converting others.

We have been sending forth Bibles and Missionaries to the remotest hemispheres of the earth, and aiming in the amplitude of our benevolence at the conversion of every nation under heaven, while that nation which gave us the Bible, which produced the germ of missionary operations, and sent forth the first apostles and heroes of the cross, has been almost forgotten. And even when efforts were made to convert the Jews, it has been by distant and detached endeavours on the outposts, and the citadel has been lost sight of entirely. Let Scottish Christians rise to their duty then, with reference to the remnant according to the election of grace. Let it be our desire and prayer to God for the Israel at Jerusalem, that they may be saved. There is a set time resolved upon in the unchangeable counsels of Jehovah, when He will repent himself concerning Israel, when He "shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth." Palestine is yet destined to become the theatre of great events, and the Jewish nation will ere long occupy a prominent position in the history of our world. Our duty is plain and imperative. "Prepare ye the way of the people." "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold thy salvation cometh." May these pages be instrumental under the divine blessing in awakening a deep and holy interest in behalf of this people and land, and especially in stimulating the Church of Scotland to make more vigorous efforts for the conversion of the seed of Abraham in the land of Canaan.

Even politically speaking, without reference to prophecy, it is apparent that by a revolution, the elements of which are daily gathering strength, Palestine will soon recover its independent position. Political throes and heavings are the shadows which coming events cast before them. The Turks have distributed the Holy Land into the two pachaliks of Acre and Damascus. And although both pachas continue to be dutiful subjects to the Grand Seignior in appearance, and annually transmit considerable sums to Constantinople to insure the yearly renewal of their office, they are to be considered as tributaries rather than subjects of the Porte; and it is supposed to be the religious supremacy of the sultan, as caliph and vicar of Mahomet, more than the apprehension of his power, which prevents them from declaring themselves independent. Indeed it is this mystic bond which alone has kept Egypt and Bagdad, and the whole of this vast, feeble, and dislocated empire, from falling into pieces.

While therefore the Church of Scotland sends their missionaries to operate on the extremities, they should strike also at the heart, by sending at least one or more missionaries to the Holy Land. Let him be another Dr. Duff, to open up schools on a grand scale, like those at Calcutta, to teach the children of Jews and those of the Bedouin Arabs the ordinary elements of an English education, to learn them habits of industry, to fit them for trades and other useful occupations in active European life, whether mercantile, manufacturing, or agricultural. Nay more, if it be possible, as much as in the teacher lies, let him with cautious discretion introduce the New Testament as one of the books read stately every day at the Educational Institution. Let some of the most promising youths of decided piety and talent be

thoroughly trained for the whole work of the ministry, and sent forth from time to time as missionaries. In all this, and much more, let there be no rivalry with the London Jewish Society, or their ministers and missionaries in the Holy Land, or with the influence and operation of the Bishop. Anything of this sort would be sinful, and sure to fail in everything, but that of bringing disgrace upon us all. Those already on the field from the Church of England, from the Free Church of Scotland, and from the London Society, seem all to be men of God, rightly dividing the word of truth, and as soldiers under our Captain of Salvation they are all fighting in one united band the good fight of faith, and using every Christian means to gain, if it were but one convert. So much importance did I attach to the mutual co-operation of the whole band, that I stated my views very fully to the Bishop, and to the minister and missionaries of Christ's Church, to the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, and to our friend Mr. Mayer's relation there. These cordially entered into my views, and concurred in pointing out Tiberias and Zafed, as being probably the most appropriate field for the efforts of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland; provided our Church of Scotland could come to an understanding with the London Committee of the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. These suggested also that if it were found desirable afterward to enlarge, this had better be done in the direction of Damascus, where there is a large Jewish population and a Mission already commenced.

On the part of the Church of Scotland, I learnt that at Tiberias there may be two thousand Jews, and probably three thousand at Zafed, and as the one station is cool and the other hot, the Missionary might so alternate between them

as to be resident in the high and cool region in summer, and to come down to the warm locality in winter. I was also told that the Jews at Damascus differ from those of Zafed and Tiberias, in that they are not dependent on contributions from Europe, as those of Zafed and Tiberias are. Those of Damascus depend on their own resources. Drs. Keith, Black, and Messrs. Bonar and M'Cheyne, seemed on their first survey of the country, to suggest the choice of Zafed as a station, and it was Dr. Wilson's letter from Constantinople, in August 1843, to Dr. Keith, Convener of the General Assembly's Committee of the Free Church, which settled the choice on Damascus as the head quarters of their Presbyterian Mission to the Jews in the Holy Land. These say that both Zafed and Tiberias are in a state of dilapidation, scarcely affording sufficient accommodation for a European family. Granted: but could not a remedy be found for this?—"One of them is decidedly unhealthy," says Dr. Wilson. Not so, I was told, if the missionary alternates properly between the two according to the season, as already stated. "They are remote from all medical aid." Granted again. But this could easily be remedied by sending a medical missionary or agent along with the missionary. Again the Dr. says, "these cities are not considered by their inhabitants as exempt from the depredations and exactions of the Arabs." Mr. Phin, the active and influential British Consul at Jerusalem, would attend effectively to this point, should this attention be needed. The Jews, it is said, "are limited there to about a thousand at Zafed, and eight hundred at Tiberias, and they are placed under a more than usual vigilant superintendence by their Rabbis." The numbers furnished me by Mr. Nicolson, senior missionary and minister at Christ's Church,

were, Zafed 2,500—Tiberias 1,500; other information gave me for Tiberias about 2,000 Jews, and for Zafed 3,000 Jews. In stating these numbers I mean not to contradict Dr. Wilson's statement, as the number of Jews in Palestine and at these places have greatly increased of late, are increasing, and will continue to increase, and this increase should be taken advantage of.

The Presbyterian Churches in Scotland are the purest, and most hard working of all the Reformed Churches. Presbytery is quite according to Scripture. And it had been better for the sister church of England, which has also been a pure and powerful Defender of the Faith, if she had adopted and acted on the two grand and fundamental maxims of the Church of Scotland, viz. that every minister who resides for more than six weeks out of his parish without leave from his Presbytery on cause shown, ceases *ipso facto* to be its incumbent. And again, that a minister of the Church of Scotland can be the incumbent of one living only with the cure of souls. But alas! no church is perfect on earth, and the main defect of Presbytery seems to be its republican tendency to internal divisions. The truth of this is manifest throughout the whole of Scotland, in Canada, and in Australia. Unless this cancer be cut out, it will eat our church to death. Schism is the great reproach our enemies bring against us, and it disables us for standing in a fair fight with Popery in days like these of real danger. When and wherever I met a Roman Catholic Priest, in this or in a foreign country, it was his constant boast that his church is a united church, unchanged and unchangeable as truth and Scripture themselves, and it was his constant reproach that the churches of the Protestant Reformation have

been so reformed, and re-reformed, once and again, that the whole rock is split into fragments like road-metal, or rather ground into dust to be blown about with every wind of doctrine. They admit and admire the virtue and activity of the Scottish clergy, but they reproach all Protestants, and especially the Presbyterians, with being so restless in ecclesiastical legislation, that they cannot let well remain so. They say our hundred and one different denominations of Christians in Scotland can agree on no one topic, and that it is impossible for us to co-operate in any one Christian purpose, however important this co-operation may be. Nay, they are aware of the odd fact, which none of us can gainsay, that the less actual distinction there may exist between any two of our religious denominations, the greater is the enmity between them. On this point all denominations of Protestant Christians seem to be equally guilty—none more and none less. Therefore all should unite heart and hand in trying to correct this evil. This granted in the abstract, and he would be both a bold and a bad Christian who would dare to deny it, let us see how it is to be amended in practice as well as in profession.

I have already hinted that I saw in the Holy City of Jerusalem plenty of Armenian converts, and monks not a few of every order, and friars of all the colours in the rainbow, and houses of Caiaphas and mosques of Omar, El Aksa and Mount Moriah, and sacred oratories, and holy sepulchres, and crosses huge and high, covering the tombs of patriarchs and prophets, Mahomedan, Jewish, and Christian, and marking a thousand holy spots of undying devotion in the three great religions of the world; even in that of Pagan superstitions. There are Latins, Greeks, Armenians,

Copts, Maronites, Abyssinians, native Christians, Arabs, and Syrian Christians, besides Druses and Metnailes. So that every height and hollow seems to be thronged with chapels and churches and mosques, whose domes and minarets, and Episcopalian simplicity and grandeur, and Popish gaudy gorgeousness, all glittering in the burning sun, represent every nation, and kingdom, and tongue, BUT Caledonia, our northern land of Gospel light and liberty—In and all around Jerusalem, and throughout all the Holy Land, excepting the station at Damascus, there is no representative of Presbytery, no trace of our work of missions, and no proof dead or alive that the Scotch take any interest at all in religion of any sort. Here again all are equally guilty, and therefore all should unite in trying to correct this neglect. It being conceded as to this and the fact stated in the last paragraph, and I repeat that none but bold and bad Christians would deny either, let us see how both are to be amended. I answer, BY SENDING A JOINT MISSIONARY TO PALESTINE.

I would advise all denominations of Presbyterian evangelical Christians in Scotland to unite their efforts on every field where they can do so without sacrificing principle. Let every class maintain and promote their individual opinions, with all manner of toleration from those who differ from them. Let us respect one another's public opinions and persons in private intercourse, and let every religious and honest method be adopted to lessen every deep gulf between us all. I know the people of Scotland so well as to say, they are lovers of peace, and they desire union among Christian congregations. If then rancour abide or abound any where, the fault lies mainly at the door of the clergy, if they foster it in the blindness of their zeal. These circum-

stances I have stated present a favourable opportunity for beginning our united labour of love. Let a Christian Missionary Society be formed in Scotland on the broadest base possible for the conversion of the Jews in the Holy Land. Let it collect, condense, and combine the prayers and purses of Scottish Presbyterians of every denomination. Let a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together be made. And let this our Scottish mission be the first stepping stone to that union of Christians in our land which will very soon be required, that our whole nation may present one unbroken and unbounded front of opposition to Popery, the cruel and common foe of Christ everywhere. I recommend these important considerations to the ministers and members of the Established Church of Scotland, of the Free Church, of the United Presbyterian Church, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, of the Church of United Original Seceders, of the Congregationalists Church, and to those of every church which stands by the Westminster Catechisms and Confession of Faith. And should the clergy hesitate, or sow tares among the wheat, I say let the people think and act for themselves.

But the success of the missionary work in Palestine will depend on the discretion of the missionaries in not interfering with the work and jurisdiction of one another. Such were the views of the founders of the Bishopric of the United Church of England and Ireland at Jerusalem, and such were its practical workings under the lamented Bishop Alexander. Such is the spirit of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury as expressed in his letter commendatory addressed to the Bishops of the Apostolic churches in Syria, in which his most reverend Lordship writes: "And in order to prevent any

misunderstanding in regard to this our purpose, we think it right to make it known unto you, that we have charged the said Bishop our brother, not to intermeddle in any way with the jurisdiction of the prelates or other ecclesiastical dignitaries bearing rule in the churches of the East, but to show them due reverence and honour, and to be ready on all occasions, and by all the means in his power, to promote a mutual interchange of respect, courtesy, and kindness." Such were also the pure and exalted motives and desires of the two sovereigns of England and Prussia, in founding the Bishopric. Mr. Nicolayson, on whom much of the superintendence of the missionary scheme in Jerusalem rests, has ever acted on the same Christian spirit. And so have the other intelligent, pious, and very successful agents of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews resident at Jerusalem. The present Bishop of Jerusalem is a man according to every Christian's heart in so far as that is according to God's. I had a most fraternal and hospitable reception from him. He is sincere and simple in his piety—most devoted to the missionary cause in the East, and able and bold to declare the truth as it is in Jesus. In his amiable family there is a picture of domestic happiness, peace, and purity. Their united kindness to me I can never forget; and I doubt not but that his lordship acts as a man of peace and as a man of God in this respect of non-interference.*

D'Israeli, in his *Political Biography of Lord George Bentinck*, says, "Had it not been for the Jews of Palestine the good

* The Jews in Jerusalem are variously said to be five, seven, and even thirteen thousand. But the most probable estimate of the present number of Jews in Palestine is as follows: Jerusalem, 8,000; Hebron, 500; Tiberias, 1,500; Zafed, 3,000; Jaffa, 200; Nablous, 200.—*Historical notices of the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews*, 1850, p. 11.

tidings of our Lord would have been unknown for ever to the northern and western races. No one has ever been permitted to write under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit but a Jew; for near a century no one believed the good tidings but Jews. And when the time was ripe to diffuse the truth among Ethnicks, a Jew of Tarsus was personally appointed for that office, who founded the seven churches of Asia. And that greater church, great even amidst its terrible corruptions, that has avenged the victory of Titus by subjugating the capital of the Cæsars, and has changed every one of the Olympian temples into altars of the God of Sinai and of Calvary, was founded by another Jew of Galilee."

He also says, most justly in my humble opinion, "Viewing the influence of the Jewish race upon the modern communities without any reference to the past history or future promises of Israel, dismissing from our minds and memories, if indeed that be possible, all that the Hebrews have done in the olden time for man, and all which it may be their destiny still to do, we hold that, instead of being an object of aversion, they should receive all that honour and favour from the northern and western races which in civilized and refined nations should be the lot of those who charm the public taste and elevate the public feeling."

Having said this much to the Christian, he turns to the Jews, and says, "It is wonderful that a great portion of the Jewish race should not believe in the most important portion of the Jewish religion. As, however, the converted races become more humane in their behaviour to the Jews, and the latter have opportunity fully to comprehend and deeply to ponder over Christianity, it is difficult to suppose that the result will not be very different. There is nothing repugnant

to the feelings of a Jew when he learns that the redemption of the human race has been effected by the mediatorial agency of a child of Israel, that a Jewess is the queen of heaven, or that the flower of the Jewish race are now sitting on the right hand of the God of Sabaoth."

"Perhaps too in this enlightened age, as his mind expands, the pupil of Moses may ask himself, whether all the princes of the house of David have done so much for the Jews as that Prince who was crucified on Calvary. Had it not been for him, the Jews would have been comparatively unknown. Has not He made their history the most famous in the world? Has not He hung up their laws in every temple? Has He not vindicated all their wrongs? Has not He avenged the victory of Titus, and conquered the Cæsars?"

"What success did they anticipate from their Messiah the wildest dreams of their Rabbis have been far exceeded. Has not Christ conquered Europe, and changed its name into Christendom? All countries that refuse the cross wither, while the whole of the new world is devoted to the Semetic principles and its most glorious offspring the Jewish faith; and the time will come, when the vast communities and countless myriads of America and Australia, looking upon Europe as Europe now looks upon Greece, and wondering how small a space could have achieved such great ends, will still find music in the song of Zion, and solace in the parables of Galilee."

"These may be dreams," he concludes, "but there is one fact which none can dispute. Christians may continue to persecute Jews, and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christians; but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the incarnate Son of the most high God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race?"

CHAPTER XV.

PHŒNICIA, CILICIA, PISIDIA, LYCIA, CARIA, LYDIA, THE ISLANDS IN
THE PAMPHYLIAN AND ÆGEAN SEAS, AND IN THE EASTERN
ARCHIPELAGO.

I SHALL ever remember with pleasure and pride the voyage I made in the "Levant" steamer, the company and the cabin, the captain, officers, and crew. It was one of the most delightful portions of my long trip of ten thousand miles. It afforded every comfort for the body,—food and rich fruit and rare wines; and every day it presented nourishment for the mind richer and rarer still. Enjoying one of the finest climates on earth and at the best season of the year, I sailed for a thousand miles by the bases of the Lebanon and Taurus mountain ranges along the coasts of Phœnicia, Cilicia, Pisidia, Lycia, Caria, and Lydia. I thus made a grand circuit up the eastern shores of the whole Levant, and over the broad sea of Pamphylia, through the crowded Ægean sea along a great part of the Archipelago, and up the gulf to Smyrna. In this course I steered north about five degrees, and then turned more to the westward by the islands of Rhodes, Cyprus, Patmos, and many others. During the whole voyage I enjoyed a distinct sight of the country, as we passed generally within a mile or two of the bold, beautiful beaches

of Asia Minor; tossed by volcanic eruptions and torn by earthquakes into an endless variety of precipitous headlands and deep ravines and unfathomable craters, from burning mountains whose fires, now extinguished, had long been in active operation. Day after day either Lebanon, or Taurus, or Olympus, or some such terrific mountain ten or twelve thousand feet in height, looked down upon us from their snow-covered tops. Thus our eyes were feasted by a countless number and variety of places on the mainland, and on islands in the ocean, all beautiful beyond description in themselves merely to look at, but interesting far more from the details of sacred and civil history. And as all of us knew more or less of our Bible and of the classics, every promontory we rounded and every island we reached reminded us of what was said of it in the Scriptures, or in Homer, Virgil, Xenophon, Horace, Livy, or Quintus Curtius. Especially for the last two or three days of this voyage, ten, twelve, or fourteen islands were often seen within the range of my naked eye at once. Thus, as one receded into the dim distant horizon over the stern of the ship, another was gradually rising from the waves before us, and another and another bay, strait, headland or hill, attracted our notice, and sent us to the chart every hour. Then some name was sounded from one to another familiar to us all from our school days. My only regret was that this voyage occupied so much of my time, which was becoming now rather scarce. But I was elevated with the notion that comparatively few European travellers take this course, and also that we were steering towards the north pole, and of course homeward. Already I felt the breeze becoming fresher every day, and that the mosquitoes of the warmest latitudes were not so terribly tor-

menting. But still I was as far even from Gibraltar as the Mediterranean waves could float me, and there was yet before me the horrors of several quarantines of three and of five days' duration. But this I could not help, and therefore thought it needless to regret. One word more. Let every traveller in the East take this same voyage, and if he can manage it, in this same steamer, "the Levant."

Tripoli is the general rendezvous of travellers on their way to Lebanon. It is celebrated for its silk manufactories and mulberry trees, which reach almost to the water's edge. But in fact the whole scene is one mass of gardens, and flower shrubs, and fountains, and rivulets, and water jets, and every variety of oriental luxury. The wines are excellent, and so very cheap that a gallon of the best, equal to claret, may be had for threepence or fourpence. I was charmed with the smell of the fruit and the beauty of the blossoms all around. But, and there is always a *but* everywhere, there were marshy plains, pools of stagnant water and heaps of filth on the streets which, by polluting the atmosphere, produce Syrian fever and all sorts of agues. The fort stands in an elevated position in the midst of the city, and the houses, shelving down from the castle, are scattered tastefully along.

Before reaching Latakia we passed the pretty little Syrian town of Gabili, celebrated for growing the finest tobacco in the world. The harbour of Latakia is really a fine little sight, and the landing is neatly constructed, and roofed in as a protection from the heat and the rain; but the port has been partly filled up by the fall of its ancient castle during the terrible earthquake of 1822. The consular agents of the European nations inhabit a range of handsome-looking

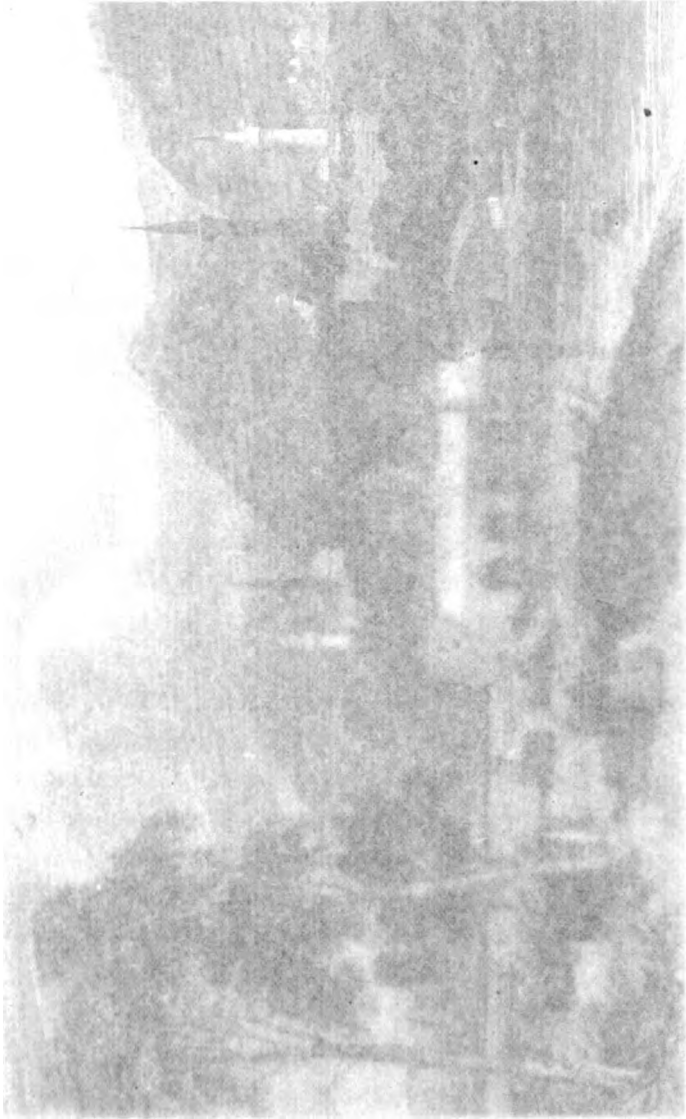
buildings. The environs seem to be extremely pretty, and abound with apricot and peach trees, mulberry, plantations, and vineyards. And now for another sentence as to the dark-leaved pomegranate, with its deep vermilion blossoms intertwining with its fairer neighbour the orange tree, and as to the stately poplar over which peeps the more stately minaret. The harbour called the port of Laodicea could once have contained six hundred vessels; but time, warfare, and earthquakes, by turning over the rocks and buildings, have filled it up so that not more than thirty vessels and a few feluccas can find protection there. The climate is naturally good, but the atmosphere is tainted from the filth of dead dogs and rotten fruit and vegetables unfit for market, so that Latakia has become the nucleus of pestilence. The road to Aleppo is mountainous. Neal states that Latakia, anciently Laodicea, was one of the seven churches; but this is a mistake.

In this vicinity is presented the highest elevation of the mountains of Lebanon clear as a bell to the top, covered with the silver snow, and seen seaward to the distance of a hundred miles. This huge rampart shut up from our view Mesopotamia to the east and Armenia to the north, and the desert which extends to the Persian gulf. To my eye it seemed higher than either the Alps or the Apennines, reminding me rather of the snowy range of the sublime Sierra Nevada in Spain. This range runs without interruption from Alexandria into Arabia. After opening a passage for the Orontes, it proceeds southward as far as the sources of the Jordan. Here it divides into two branches, and encloses, as it were in a capacious basin, the river and its three lakes. During its course it separates into branches, forms also enclosed

hollows, such as that of Damascus, and advancing towards the sea, it ends in a steep declivity as at Carmel. Another branch, called the Anti-Libanus, verges in the direction of the Desert and the Euphrates. The rock is calcareous, of a whitish colour, and so hard that it rings when smartly struck with a hammer. The same description may be given of the mountains around Jerusalem which go down to the river Jordan, and westward and north to the plains of Jaffa and Acre. The rocks above the Dead Sea are of granite and other primitive formations. The effects of volcanoes are traceable along the banks of the lower Jordan; the warm springs in that district undoubtedly proceed from a similar cause. Sidon, Tyre, Beyrout, and the whole coast of Asia Minor, are often shaken with earthquakes. Lyell says these earthquakes alternate periodically with those in southern Italy, both being never visited at the same time. Here, again, is a subject of interesting investigation for the savans of Europe, were they to devote, through the aids of the Governments of England and France, only four months to the investigation. What a mass of geological information they would acquire!

Antioch, at the mouth of the Orontes, is celebrated for having been the seat of some very calamitous earthquakes, famines, and pestilences. Gibbon says that in this capital of the East, "fashion was the only law, and pleasure the only pursuit; the arts of luxury were honoured, the serious and manly virtues were the subjects of ridicule; and the contempt for female modesty, and reverent age, announced its universal corruption." In modern times it may attain a more reputable distinction should a railway be constructed from the mouth of the Orontes over to the vale of the

Euphrates and down to the head of the Persian Gulf. Antioch now is a ruinous town, with houses built of mud and straw one story high. The Christian faith found its way into this city at a very early period. A great proportion of the original inhabitants was composed of Jews. Multitudes of these would probably be at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost when the Holy Spirit was poured out on the Apostles: and such of them as received the knowledge of salvation by means of Peter's sermon, would, on their return to Antioch, carry the glad tidings along with them, and communicate it also to others in that city. Again a great accession was made to the number of Christian converts in Antioch by the teaching of those that were driven from Jerusalem in consequence of the persecution which arose about Stephen. Of these it is said (Acts xi. 21.) "the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord." But it was the chief glory of Antioch that in this city the Apostle Paul first erected the gospel standard to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. "Here he continued a whole year," assisted by Barnabas, "and taught much people." And here the disciples of Jesus were first denominated Christians. The Gospel continued to flourish at Antioch for the first three centuries in spite of all persecution. Nay, under the reign of the Emperor Theodosius, when paganism was proscribed by law, Gibbon says there were one hundred thousand persons in Antioch who professed the Christian faith, though that was only one fifth of its whole population. Nowadays, amid fifteen mosques to fifteen thousand inhabitants, there is only one Christian church. The ruins of the primitive Christian church in



ADULTS IN THE CLASS

which Paul and Barnabas preached are not only pointed out, but grand mass is performed in it at stated seasons by the modern pastors of the Greek and Roman Catholic religions. There are several very fine old aqueducts, which anciently led the pure water from the seven fountains of Daphne into the very heart of the town; and more remarkable still, the principal gate built over the road leading towards Aleppo, a very ancient building, is called by the Syrians Bab Bulos, or the gate of St. Paul. The Christian inhabitants, numbering about a thousand, are said by Mr. Neal to be a humble, unoffending race, poor and hard-worked, yet good-tempered and willing to oblige. They make very faithful and excellent servants, and the height of their ambition is to serve Europeans. They never cease praying that the minarets of Antioch may fall on the heads of the Turks, and that the Christian Temple may arise and flourish again.

I was much gratified at the prospect of landing and spending a day at Scanderoon, one of the most interesting positions, in a commercial, historical, and medical point of view, on these remote shores of the Levant. Scanderoon is one of the main gates to the far east. It is the port of Aleppo, and stands at the mouth of the passes leading to Nineveh, Bagdad, and Babylon. The whole commerce of Northern Syria is brought to this port. The pilgrims from Constantinople pass yearly through Scanderoon on their way to Mecca; but when they return through it again they are sadly diminished in numbers by death. It is called *Is Scanderoon* by the Turks, *Scanderoon* by the Asiatics; but it is better known to Europeans by the name of *Alexandretto* or *Alexandria*, in commemoration of the Great

Macedonian. To the eye of a European traveller it presents a scene of Eastern activity; ships of different nations rocking on the wave; sailors raising and rowing their cargoes on to the shore, or from it; the Syrians, nearly naked, at work shipping or landing bales belonging to the different vessels; and Turkish Custom-officers, and Asiatic factors, Italian skippers, French masters, and English clerks and captains, all employed after their own fashion. Again beyond these there are multitudes of camels and caravans, and mules and muleteers, and every other variety of land carriers. Then the loading of all these is no easy matter, and providing food and water for the journey. It is said to be no remarkable event to see a thousand camels leave Scanderoon in one day for Aleppo, and bearing on their backs two thousand Manchester iron-bound bales of soft goods,—a proud sight for an Englishman.

But notwithstanding these and such like attractions, travellers try to steer clear of Scanderoon. Fleas and mosquitoes and sand-flies are remarkably numerous and annoying in this quarter, and there are whole legions of rats very hungry and active. There are daring banditti in the mountains, ready to take property or life any day; to plunder the caravans, or to abstract goods even from the warehouses. There are millions of frogs within a mile of the beach, and serpents large and long, not a few on the flats. All these might be borne with or avoided, were it not that Scanderoon is probably the most unhealthy place in the world,—the Sierra Leone of Asia, and even worse than that of Africa. It is surrounded far and near with pestilential marshes, so that, save it be on the sea beach, there is not a dry spot in the whole locality for a house to stand on in winter. The

hovels of rush-huts are built in mire, into which the water rises from underground, and flows in on every side, and drips in through the roof. In these the natives sit and sleep on boards elevated from the ground above the water. Men, women, and children are often required to bale the water out of their dwellings,—and on these terms they are barely enabled to exist. The nourishment of the inhabitants too is bad; and as they belong to the Greek church, the natives are compelled to submit to rigid fasts for six weeks at a time, during which they are all prohibited from the use of nourishing food. In addition to these substantial comforts, the place is dreadfully infested with ravenous wild beasts; and especially with jackalls, which scour the plain in hundreds, sweeping along in full cry with a voice not unlike that of human beings sounding *wha! wha! wha!* These, especially at night, are wont to stop in an instant, and to utter terrific howls to a more distant party. This second detachment instantly gives tongue loud and long as the first, and thus the sound is borne on to a third party in still more remote quarters.—Then the native dogs of the district, whether wild or domesticated, mingle their deep bayings, and for the space of five minutes at a time they renew their incessant yells. Meanwhile the poor European traveller stands trembling and utterly confounded; and as the pack seems to scour in a direction as if more towards himself, in an instant he runs back to the ship's boat, and very earnestly insists on being instantly put on board the steamer till he perceives himself to be laughed at by all around him.

But the fearful fits of fevers and agues, and diarrhœa, and dropsical diseases, and inflammatory distempers of this wretched locality are no laughing sport to residents. Well

may the people be short-lived, since every breath they inhale is charged with poisonous miasma, and all the vapours around are noxious with putrid vegetable and animal matter. The thermometer stood at 106° in the shade. The earth had a fiery red tinge, and where there was moisture all vegetation was rotten, and where there was no moisture everything was parched. The glare was insufferable, especially to my eyes, which were grievously afflicted with Egyptian ophthalmia. This glare was heightened by the refraction from the sea and sky, aided by that from the sandy beach, and sent back as if by a mirror from the face of the precipices bounding the plain. To protect my eyes I put on spectacles, but the metal became so heated that I was obliged to remove them. Metal buttons even became burning to the touch. When I closed my eyes, my eyelids were blistered with the hot *glaff*, which felt like a blast from the mouth of a furnace. The lofty range of the Taurus mountains presents no opening here to let the current of heated air pass as if through a funnel. The sea breeze is thus stopped in its advance to be roasted as if in an oven, and the heavy masses of vapour, hitherto driven before it, sink and settle down on the marshes in white mist, and impede the land breezes in the rear. Everything therefore, and everywhere, becomes feverishly hot, stagnant, putrid, loathsome, and pestilential.

About a hundred years ago the Levant English Company established a factory at Scanderoon; and it is said that more Englishmen died here during the continuance of their charter than have died in the whole of Syria for a century. Four months was reckoned a long period for a factor to survive. The churchyard is hard by the harbour, surrounded by a

high and substantial stone wall to defend the dead from the wild beasts. And within it there lies the mortal remains of many a poor Englishman, who landed in youthful vigour in the laudable expectation of returning home with a fortune. The inhabitants, natives as well as Europeans, have an unearthly yellow tinge. Their countenance is not only like that of a corpse, but it is like that of one which had been buried for a time. Their whole frame is dried and shrivelled. Their sunken and sullen look shows that death already sits on their eyelids, as it did with Job. The seeds of fever are sown on every feature. They have no appetite, their spirit is gone, and their vigour hath ceased. Intense anxiety broods over their mind. Stooping, and ever looking downward, they never seem to smile, and they seldom speak. And when they think at all, it is only of their agonies and agues. Should a traveller once happen to notice the Scanderoon expression of countenance, he will at once recognise it wherever he sees it again.

There joined us off Scanderoon, the night we left it, the Medical Superintendent of the quarantine there. He had only been resident for a few weeks, and he kept company with me up to Constantinople. But had he escaped half hanged from a gallows he could not have looked more horrid. He was seldom a minute entirely free from ague and anxiety. He had no appetite, and his bowels were dreadfully disordered. He served quarantine with me in the same apartment for five days at Smyrna; and we sailed for a thousand miles together in one steamer after another, and during that time his whole conversation was about infection, miasma, diarrhœa, and death. He was amiable and gentlemanly, and very well-informed; but to say the least of it, neither the

sight of him nor his sayings was encouraging, and I believe that I was actually infected with diarrhoea for a day or two by him when in quarantine. At any rate, I and my travelling friend both suffered severely, and, as we thought, from the Scanderoon Doctor.

The sun had set, and the Asiatics had risen from their evening devotions around. I was standing on the pier talking to our boat's crew which had brought me on shore, the steward was collecting and paying his cream, butter, and eggs, and captain Newbolt was up in the Factory adjusting his piastres and payment of freight, when there issued from under a shed one of these European spectres, walking like a carcase from the grave. He was an Englishman, shivering with ague and quivering with prickly heat. He had been two years at Scanderoon, and expressed intense anxiety to be removed even to Beyrout, telling me that if this were not effected death would very soon take him somewhere else. His hollow speech came *ab imo pectore*, and sounded as if from a barrel. When he talked of England, a flush gleamed along his pasteboard countenance, and he seemed to have a presentiment that his earthly struggle was nearly over. Altogether his face reminded me of the yolk of a rotten egg—and I repeated Campbell's words:

"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe sat heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, while at twilight repairing," &c.

Captain Newbolt's arrangements allowed me plenty of time to satisfy my curiosity with every thing around: and in the ardour of my combative bump I remained on shore till after sunset, when the last boat was going off. But I had been long enough there to convince me, both from what I saw

and experienced, of the deadliness of the climate. I felt a cold heavy dew creeping along my whole frame, pressing with a dull weight upon my spirits and collapsing my bowels as if I had been in a wet sheet; my teeth chattered after the sun set, and every limb seemed to shiver, probably because I had been much fatigued and overheated during the day. But I was thankful to find myself well enough next morning.

When sailing from Beyrout, Captain Newbolt promised to point out to us the spot on the shore where the great fish landed the prophet Jonah. I had nearly forgotten this very interesting tradition of the Syrians, when the captain showed me the spot marked by the Arabs where Jonah came forth from the mouth of the whale. Here whale jaws have been set up to give the place a local habitation and a name. Some one asked if these were the actual jawbones of the whale itself, and every body surveyed them very minutely with all the spyglasses the ship could muster. How it was I cannot tell, far less whether it were right or wrong, but we were all really as much interested at the sight as if we had seen the rim of an old Egyptian chariot wheel sticking up through the sand at the bottom of the Red Sea. Some travellers, however, seem to think that these pillars originally supported a gate to some place or other, as they say this is plainly shown by a close inspection. But all nautical men at least assume that the prophet was landed here by the whale; and the sailors who come for the first time to the harbour of Scanderoon make a religious point of visiting these jawbones, and they also take care to go on shore well-armed, as robberies are frequent on the coast. The pillars stand on the beach not far from Scanderoon, at the mouth of a pass which leads into Assyria; and consequently on the

direct road from Joppa to Nineveh, and within sixty miles of the Euphrates. Therefore in all the circumstances the whale could not have done Jonah more service than by disgorging him at this very spot. It would be a curious coincidence indeed if the proposed railway to Calcutta were to start from this point, taking this very pass which leads on to the Euphrates, which I am told is a better and shorter track than the one talked of from the mouth of the Orontes.

The traveller's next object of interest on this coast is the field where Alexander the Great and Darius king of Persia fought a pitched battle for that noble empire founded by Cyrus. I had prepared myself well for surveying the field, by making myself master beforehand of the minute details of the battle, the marching and countermarching preparatory to it; and I easily recognised the pass through the mountains by which Darius is said to have advanced. The battle-field lies on the banks of a small river, then called the Penares, in front of the mountains, and extending in rather a narrow stripe towards the sea-shore, which presents a scraggy aspect in sailing past it. In one part of it the plain is considerably broad, and the two armies encamped in it,—and that of Darius was vastly numerous. The river runs through the middle of the plain from the mountains to the sea, dividing it nearly into two equal parts. The Persians occupied the east bank, and the Macedonians a position on the west, fortified with ditches and palisades. No man can read the account of it given by Quintus Curtius, and survey the field, without seeing at a glance that Alexander manœuvred with consummate dexterity to entangle his opponents in the passes of the mountains. I noticed that the locality presented three passes. The first of these is immediately at the descent

from Mount Taurus on the way to Tarsus, through which Alexander marched from Cappadocia into Cilicia. The second is the pass leading from Cilicia into Syria. Alexander despatched one of his best generals to keep this pass secure for his march. The third is the pass of Amanus, so called from that mountain, and it leads from Assyria into Cilicia. As Darius was advancing from the plains of Assyria, Alexander left this pass open as a road for the Persians into the trap he had set for them on the plain of Issus. And to make assurance doubly sure, he directed Parmenio to occupy the little city of Issus with part of his forces, and at the same time he instructed Philotas to march the cavalry through the more extended plain of Aleius towards the river Penares, and to a position where the mountains form a hollow like a gulf, the extremity of which in a curve line bounds, and thus confines, part of the plain. Darius refused to keep his position in the open plain of Assyria, and he also refused to divide his army by keeping part of it as a reserve in case of defeat. Thus, as the ancient historian says, the gods blinded the eyes of that prince, that he might rush down the precipice prepared for him, and thereby secure the destruction of the Persian monarchy.

With joy Alexander saw Darius advance into a strait pass and narrow plain, from which he could not escape. Heading the ceremony with lighted tapers, and followed by the whole army, he went to the top of a mountain in the night-time, and sacrificed by torch-light, after the manner of his country, to the gods of the place. Meanwhile the soldiers were told to refresh themselves with food, and to be ready by the third watch. At a given signal he led his troops quietly and speedily to the several posts he had assigned to them. And

thus he had his hosts drawn up in battle array by the dawn of the morning. While the Persians were paying their devotion to the rising sun, which they worship, the peasants informed them that their enemy was quite at hand ready for the combat. Darius could not believe it, as he imagined that Alexander was flying to make his escape. The news threw his troops into confusion, and they ran to their arms with great precipitation. When the two monarchs came in sight of one another, Alexander was riding calmly along the ranks, telling his soldiers that by this single victory the Persian Empire and the spoil of the East would be the reward of their bravery. On the instant his little band, of thirty thousand men only, gave one tremendous cheer, and cried to be led on to battle. In a moment he plunged his right wing into the river, and charged the Persians by surprise, sword in hand. Both sides fought with bravery man to man, and a dreadful slaughter ensued. Alexander, acting alike as a soldier and commander, was wounded in the thigh, and he was ambitious of killing Darius with his own hand, who, being seated on a high chariot, was conspicuous to both armies. The horses of Darius's chariot were covered with wounds, and by their prancing they would have overturned him had he not leaped down. He mounted another chariot and fled for his life. When the Persians observed this, they threw down their arms and made the best of their way from the field. When the routed rabble fled to the passes, they were slaughtered by the troops which Alexander had planted there to await their arrival. Now Alexander, charging with his cavalry, drove the confused masses back into the narrow gorge they had come through; but it too was choked with baggage and the followers of the camp, so that the Persians

were as much destroyed by one another as they were by the enemy. Darius escaped on horseback, but his mother, his queen, his two daughters, and an infant son, were taken prisoners.

When Alexander was sitting in the camp at a feast after dark, he heard groaning intermixed with a great noise, and was told that it was the lamentation of the family of Darius who had just been informed that he was dead. With tears in his eyes he sent to say that Darius was living, and that they would be treated as queens. Next day Alexander went to the royal camp along with Hephæstion, his early friend. Hephæstion was taller, so that the queen took him for Alexander, and paid her respects to him accordingly. But a captive eunuch showed her the mistake, and Sisygambis fell before him and implored his pardon. Alexander, raising her from the ground, said, "Dear mother, you are not mistaken, for he also is an Alexander." When Alexander took the son of Darius in his arms, the infant fondly embraced the warrior. Alexander, being much affected with his confidence, turned to Hephæstion and said, "O that Darius had some portion of this tender disposition." Sisygambis was the most handsome and beautiful woman in the world, but Plutarch says Alexander kept her as a sacred temple, and a sanctuary was assigned for her sacred chastity. So that after this first visit of respectful kindness, Alexander, to avoid exposing himself to temptation, neither saw nor would see the wife of Darius more. And at this time Alexander was, says the ancient historian, like the first Scipio on a similar occasion, "*et juvenis et cælebs et victor.*"

My next halt was at the mouth of the river Cydnus, off the city of Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia and the birth-place

of the free-born apostle of the Gentiles. It stands at the mouth of the narrow pass of Cilicia from Cappadocia. I noticed the mountains hanging over the road, and verifying Alexander's remark, that four men completely armed could not walk abreast in it. We anchored at Mersine, the seaport of Tarsus—a small picturesque village. Tarsus stands in the centre of a plain, bounded by the sea on the one side and by the range of the Taurus mountains on the other. The town contains some fine buildings, but it is filthy within and without with the carcasses of camels, horses, cats, and dogs. I felt the heat to be intense, and the inhabitants are said to be subjected to virulent fevers more fatal even than those of Scanderoon. The modern city, called Tarsoos, is about a fourth part of the size of the ancient one. The Cydnus, which in the days of Cyrus, who once remained here for twenty days, flowed through the heart of the town, is now half-a-mile to the east of it. Of old Tarsus was said even to surpass Athens and Alexandria for learning and philosophy, and for the number and character of its schools. But all these are long since gone down. Not one inscription, or any monument of beauty or art, or trace of its former magnificence, now remains. The houses are of one story only, and terraced in the roof, and seem to be built of the hewn stone of the ancient edifices. But plenty has come down in the pages of civil and sacred history to attest its ancient reputation. Here Alexander nearly lost his life in a fever. Here Marc Antony had his first interview with Cleopatra. Julius Cæsar spent much of his time here, and was so fond of it that he named it Juliopolis, and he conferred the freedom of a Roman city on it, of which the apostle Paul twice took advantage when threatened to be scourged,

by declaring himself a free-born citizen of Rome. Augustus Cæsar also favoured this city much in his day. But its brightest gem is its having given birth to Saint Paul; and more than that, an education in all the literature, philosophy, and superstitions of the Gentiles. After his conversion Paul spent five years at Tarsus, preaching with much zeal and effect; and here Barnabas came to seek him. The town contains a small church, bearing marks certainly of high antiquity, and according to tradition it was founded by the apostle Paul. A tree in the burying-ground is said also to have been planted by his own hand.

The narrow river Cydnus is remarkable for its famed cascades and the caves of the Seven Sleepers, and for the beauty of its limpid waters. Anciently it was said to have been very cold, being shaded from the sun and bedded in deep rock. "It was now about the end of summer, which is excessively hot in Cilicia, and in the hottest part of the day, when Alexander, covered with sweat and dust, arriving on its banks, had a mind to bathe. The instant he plunged into the water, he was seized with a violent shivering, and he was carried to his tent in a faint. The news of this disaster threw the whole army into consternation and tears. When he gradually recovered his senses, he was afraid that Darius might come upon him while he was yet confined to his bed. Sending for his physicians, he told them that his speedy death would be more desirable than a slow cure; because, he added, 'I do not so much wish to live as to *fight*.' The physicians did not dare, however, to hazard violent remedies, because Darius had offered a thousand talents as a reward to the man who should kill Alexander. At last his favourite physician, Philip, offered to give him a dose,

but he required three days to prepare it. During this interval Parmenio warned Alexander in a letter to beware of Philip, for Darius had bribed him with a thousand talents (£145,000), and his sister in marriage. Alexander calmly folded up the letter and put it under his bolster, without acquainting any one with its contents. The day being come, Philip enters the royal tent with his dose. Alexander, taking the letter from under the bolster with the one hand, and taking the cup with the other, he gave the letter to Philip to read, and fixing his eyes on the physician, and reading symptoms of indignation in his face, but none of guilt, he swallowed the draught without the least hesitation. Philip said, 'Royal Sir, your recovery will soon clear me of this guilt, and the only favour I ask is, that you would be easy in your own mind, and suffer the draught to operate.'—Meanwhile the physic worked so violently that Alexander lost almost every symptom of life, and suspicion rose into certainty, while Philip had no protection but in the integrity of his intentions. At last the physician's art began to gain, and in three days after Alexander appeared at the head of his army, and everybody hailed the physician as a god."

Captain Newbolt kindly permitted the cabin passengers to visit the site of the city of Pompeiopolis—a city built by the Romans, and patronised by the great rival of Julius Cæsar. The captain, with a proper number of his officers and men to protect us from robbery, roamed on the shore with us for two or three hours amid the ruins. The first object which excited our admiration, was the harbour itself—much sanded up certainly, but still manifesting the extent of massive masonry which had been employed in construct-

ing it. It was formed with parallel sides and circular ends, and built of stones generally fifty feet in length and seven feet in thickness, all squared and closely jointed. Opposite to the entrance to this great basin, a portico rises from the surrounding quay, and opens to a double row of two hundred columns, which cross the town to the principal gate leading towards the country. Many of these have been tumbled to the ground by earthquakes. I accurately counted those still standing, but could only number forty-three in all,—one having fallen since Captain Beaufort was there, whose number was forty-four. These pillars are massy, well-proportioned, and finely wrought, and they present an imposing aspect, indicating the activity and taste of that enterprising people who had come from the banks of the Tiber to build such splendid edifices. We soon found out the theatre. Although much destroyed, I had no difficulty in tracing its outline. The city walls still partly remain, and detached ruins of temples, palaces, and tombs, are scattered everywhere. These splendid edifices seem to have been built of pure white marble, polished and finished in the first style as to taste and grandeur of conception. The extent of the ruins surprised me, and I could not cease to wonder at the completeness of the devastation all around. The picturesque site seemed to combine every variety of Eastern splendour. But O what a change in the aspect of the place! Once so full of life, gaiety, and grandeur, nothing now stirred, man, beast, or bird, but one pretty locust sitting on the rotten stump of a decayed tree. It moved itself not more than six inches, and then sat eyeing the Europeans with complacency while we all stood around admiring its symmetry and the brilliancy of its colours. In looking from a high heap of ruins around

the whole horizon, my eye caught no symptom of life, but a solitary Asiatic pacing quietly at the plough. Of all I saw, nothing was the same as before but the earth, the sea, the sky, and the very hot sun.

What changes two thousand years bring about in this world! Julius Cæsar had just introduced Britain to the knowledge of the Romans. Its inhabitants were then naked savages with painted skins, and London was a small collection of miserable mud huts, and the whole island was one continuation of swamps and forests. But now the English merchants and manufacturers, and lords of the manor, and statesmen, are the first men in Europe, and London is the capital of the world, and the most influential city that ever stood on this earth. But where are the vast number of cities which were all flourishing then in this district of the eastern world; and where has the tide of their enormous population ebbed to? On these shores stood the cities of Triles, Aphroditus, Laodicea, Miletus, Ephesus, Hieropolis, Magnesia ad Meandrum, Colosse, Sardis, Saitira, Pergamos, Ægina, Sagallassus, Pompeiopolis, &c., &c. The sites of these cities are known, and several of them are said to have contained half a million of inhabitants and half a million of slaves, besides the freeborn. Several of these are now as utterly destitute of a human being as Pompeiopolis. Others have still a few hundred inhabitants. Again there are other cities here mentioned in civil and sacred history which have ceased so completely to exist that even their very site cannot be found. Where, for instance, is the site of Antioch in Pisidia, Lystra, and Derby, cities of Lycaonia, and Perga of Pamphylia?—all mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. Every one of these in point of population was like the cities

of Liverpool, Manchester, or Glasgow; and in point of splendour they probably surpassed the buildings of Edinburgh itself. But where are these cities now? Nay, more,—where may London or Edinburgh be in two thousand years? Probably removed to the bush ranges of America or Australia. Then it may be impossible to find out the site of Manchester; and Liverpool may be noted by the adventurous traveller as another Tyre deserted by all but a few fishermen, with its docks and harbours filled up and become useless. *Sic transit, &c.*

We sailed past the rocky Cyprus, once the paradise of the Levant; but Turkish tyranny has now made it a wretched spot of contagion, poverty, indolence, and desolation, where agriculture is neglected, the inhabitants are oppressed, and the population destroyed. Cyprus was anciently part of the Persian Empire. There Venus was worshipped so zealously of old, that the goddess takes the name of Cypria from this island. The only object which interested me in passing it was mount Olympus, near the centre of the island, and making its highest elevation. This is the place mentioned by Homer in the *Odyssey*, whence Neptune beheld in his wrath Ulysses sailing to Phenicia. To the east of Olympus Captain Beaufort saw the flame of the celebrated Chimæra rising up. Barnabas was a native of this island; and when he and Paul were first sent from Antioch to convey the glad tidings among the Gentiles, they embarked at Seleucia, and landed in the island of Cyprus (*Acts* xiii. 4, 5.). Barnabas paid a second visit to this island accompanied by Mark (*Acts* xv. 39.). According to the tradition of the Fathers, he there took up his residence, and at last terminated his ministry by martyrdom. In

Cyprus also dwelt Sergius Paulus, and Elymas the Sorcerer, and the old disciple Mnason who showed hospitality to Paul in Jerusalem.

It was my fortune now to sail day and night in the track of the Apostle Paul, by Patras, and Lycia, and Myra. And in the dawn of the morning I arrived at the celebrated island of Rhodēs, named from the Greek word for a rose. Few places since the decline and fall of the Roman Empire excite the same interest as Rhodes: Its earliest origin is veiled in the obscurity of fable; but it soon became distinguished for its progress in maritime affairs, and in the school of rhetoric and philosophy. At a later period it was the barrier between the civilization of Europe and the barbarism of Turkey. The fertility of its soil and the salubrity of its climate, combining the warmth of tropical regions with the genial temperature of a more northern zone, were wont to be praised by the classics. I therefore hailed my arrival at this island of the blessed as one of the happiest enjoyments of this portion of my travels: and high as my hopes had been raised, they were not disappointed. In going to bed I requested the officer of the watch to rouse me from sleep whenever the island could be seen. In the grey light of the dawn I accordingly came on deck, and paced the boards along with the captain and Mr. Alexander, a circuit Judge from the East Indies, who was travelling for health and recreation, and who had evidently more law and common sense in his head than many barristers have in their library: moreover he had the writings of the classics on the tip of his tongue.

The island, harbour, and city of Rhodes showed me at once a striking picture. The coast is prettily indented with gulfs

and winding bays, presenting altogether a mass of boldness which rests upon the memory. The island presents a triangular form, rising gradually from the sea and attaining considerable elevation towards the centre, where it terminates in the lofty summit of Mount Ata Mira. The fertility of the soil was apparent at a glance, and my friend reminded me that Rhodes was one of Horace's beauties. I noticed the sloping acclivities of the mountain clothed with the vine, the olive, and the Volonia oak. The valleys seemed to produce luxuriant crops, and the plains of rich pasture were well watered. The climate is the most desirable in the Levant. Pindar calls Rhodes the daughter of Venus and spouse of Apollo, for its pleasantness and learned men. The summers are not severely hot, and blasts in winter are seldom felt. Although the atmosphere is clear and the sky cloudless, the piercing rays of the Asiatic sun are deprived of their fierceness by fresh breezes from the sea, and the heat at midnight is tempered by winds from the Caramanian mountains. The Greek poets tell us that Jupiter rained a shower of gold on Rhodes when Minerva was born, and so much was everything in this island admired by the Romans that its nobility and literati spent a part of every year in this place. The town, the harbour, and the fortifications in the form of a crescent, coming down to the sea, and in fact the scattered islands of the Archipelago and the fine coast of Pamphylia as now seen from the deck, elevated our spirits for the morning. In entering the harbour the air seemed as if perfumed with orange flowers and the sweet scent of other aromatic herbs. Within the town, and rising above the ramparts, appear the domes and spiral minarets of the mosques. But the streets seem to be ruinous, deserted, and gloomy, resembling

those of Malta, in presenting many lasting monuments of the taste and energy of the knights. The houses are built in the peculiar architecture of the feudal times, and they transport us to an age four hundred years back. I noticed a strange combination of the contrary qualities of the gay and the sombre, of the Grecian style and of the florid Gothic, with ornamented beadings and borders of flowers round the windows and along the walls, and arabesque traceries carved in white marble, representing arms and armour, such as drums and standards, cuirasses, gauntlets, greaves, quivers, bows, and helmets, all executed with the greatest delicacy. Among these may be noticed the royal arms of England—three lions passant quartered with those of France, three fleurs-de-lis. Every house has its garden, where the orange, the lemon, and the graceful palm trees, preserve the Oriental character of the whole.

Rhodes, once the emporium of the East, is now destitute of commerce. The harbour which formerly afforded shelter for ships of every size from all parts of the world, was this morning deserted by everything but "the Levant" and two Greek ships calling for water, fruit, and vegetables. I inquired anxiously about the prodigious statue of brass consecrated to the sun, and called his colossus, which was set up here, but could learn nothing of it. But when a boy at school I read with wonder among the proper names at the end of the Latin Dictionary, that this statue was one hundred and fifty feet high, and that it had every finger as big as an ordinary man. It stood astride over the mouth of the inner harbour on two rocks fifty feet asunder, so that the ships sailed out and in from port between its legs. It was another wonder of the world—certainly to my youth-

ful imagination. But after standing only about sixty years, like everything else of this sort in these regions it was brought down by an earthquake, and remained where it fell for nine hundred years till it was sold, A. D. 672, to a Jew, who required nearly a thousand camels to take away the old brass. Rhodes is remarkable as having been the last barrier opposed by Christian chivalry to the overwhelming force of the Ottoman power by the Knights of St. John. In 1522, when they were driven by the Turks from Rhodes, and when the banners of the cross ceased to float over her ramparts, it must have seemed as if Asia Minor were to be abandoned by the Almighty to her fate for ever. At any rate, endless servitude and dark superstition still brood over the face of this garden of the East. In my admiration of this fine island I could scarcely suppress an avaricious grudge because a place so healthy, fertile, and fortified, did not display from its citadel the meteor flag of Old England. I thought that, with Gibraltar at the entrance to the Mediterranean, Malta in the middle, and Rhodes at the head of it, that sea were all our own.

When sailing one afternoon in the *Ægean* sea, bearing towards Coos, among one cluster of islands after another, some of them bold, some beautiful, and some barren, I noticed between the island of Icaria and the promontory of Miletus one island in particular as having a pleasant and peaceful aspect. I suspected from its position that it was Patmos. Its coasts were lofty, and consisted of a collection of capes forming many excellent bays. It did not seem to be fertile; on the contrary, it is one continued tract, barren and mountainous, with little cultivation; but still it reminded me much of the Mount of Olives when I first saw it from

the hills of Judah. When I inquired, the master of the ship told me it was Patmos to a certainty. "You see," said he, "on the summit of that mountain a small town, with an edifice in the middle of it overtopping all the others,—that is the monastery of St. John." I took the glass, and applying it to my eye, noticed first on the shore a landing place, with about forty or fifty houses, and the ruins of an old castle on an adjacent summit. I saw arising abruptly from the sea a high rocky mountain, with a town of three or four hundred houses situated on the top of it, and in the middle of this town the monastery stood conspicuous. What a flood of solemn and serene thoughts gushed through my mind!—On the spot where that monastery stands, as the only noticeable object on the whole island, lived the disciple whom Jesus loved. From this dwelling he could survey much of the surrounding mainland of Asia, the field mainly of St. Paul's spiritual labours, and the sites of the then populous cities where the Seven Churches were planted, some of them by himself, viz. at Smyrna, Pergamos, and Laodicea. He lived much at Ephesus, and his history proves that though a Domitian, a Claudius, or a Nero could imprison the body of John on that barren rock for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ; even the united efforts of the twelve Cæsars could not circumscribe his mind or his moral influence. Where the history of Rome hath not been read, and in regions where its empire never reached, the Gospel, the Epistles, and the Revelations of this amiable disciple are known and adored.

On that barren hill John spent the evening of his day in the serenity of exile. Man, dressed in a little brief authority, would not permit him to become versant with the trifling

transactions of his period, even in these paltry places around; but in his converse with the Almighty, through the Holy Spirit, he was told of the rise and fall of all the empires which were to exist till the end of time. By chief priests, and scribes, and pharisees, he was hunted as a heretic, that the new-born faith might be strangled in the birth: and he knew well that the candle of the Lord was to be extinguished in the Seven Churches around, but the light and liberty of the gospel would extend far to the west, and spread from the little island of Albion back to the east, and to the north, and to the south, and westward to a new world then unknown. Although, shut out from this sinful earth in that prison, he could see no variety around but that of the burning sky above, and that of the blue waves below, yet in visions many he was privileged to look through the porches of heaven, which were opened to him; to gaze beyond the throne of the Omnipotent; to behold the elders there with their golden vials full of odours, and harps of sweetest sound; to witness the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne, leading and feeding the saints by living fountains of water; and to see God himself wiping away every tear from every eye of those who have come out of great tribulation. In this silent solitude he heard no earthly sounds but the restless surge rising on the rocks, or the screaming sea-fowls whirling in endless round over his dwelling, or the cry of wild beasts from the valley below. But often was his ear filled with the hosannas of the angels and with the song of Moses and of the Lamb. And ever and anon he heard from on high "as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent

reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." John was doomed never again to feast his eyes on the scenes of his Saviour's sufferings, so holy and hallowed to his heart, in the city of the great King already trodden down of the Gentiles. But there came unto him "one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with him, saying, Come thither, I will show you the bride, the Lamb's wife. And he carried him away in the Spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed him that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and the street of that city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass." John says, "I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

I feasted my eyes on this interesting island for hours. And when it was left far behind us, I stood fixed like a statue at the stern till I saw the gorgeous beams of the Oriental sun setting among the waves of the Ægean sea, casting its fierce rays over the whole mountains and then darting but for one minute its lambent light on the monastery above, which seemed like a monument of molten gold fallen from the new Jerusalem; then it became dim and darker still. And quickly now I turned myself round to catch the last rim of the sun, but it was set below the wave. This, I thought, was a fit representation of the close

of St. John's day of life. Till the hundredth year of his age his purity, peace, and love, shone brighter and brighter; and at last the light from the lamp of life rested on the temple above not made with hands, then the film of death closed his eyes in the darkness of night here below.

We swept with great rapidity between Samos, the birth-place of Pythagoras, and Scio, the Chios of Homer, both of them presenting a beautiful aspect of fertility in their plains, which extend down to the edge of the sea, and calling to my mind the shadowy dreams of classical and scriptural recollection. We steamed up the gulf towards Smyrna, where I saw the snowy crest of the Messian Olympus. The gulf was crowded with numerous sails of feluccas, both outward and inward bound. As we passed, the bay of Vouila opened on our right. On the left were ranges of green hills. The whole scene was one of surpassing loveliness, and the sea was one sheet of placid water. The setting sun empurpled the snow-capped mountains far and near, gilding here and shadowing there in one soft yet glorious hue, while every lofty peak glittered in the dying rays, all in a style beyond of the pencil of a Claude Lorraine. Onward there was a long low tract on a slope descending till it reached the water. This was the site of Smyrna; and now in the distance my fancy pictured that I was approaching something very grand. But by and bye again I found the result quite different. I was interested to see how much the scene and city resembled the bay and town of Rothesay, one of the Islands in North Britain. The hills and rocks had the same highland aspect. Neat and elegant villas are built along the shore right and left. Like Rothesay, Smyrna stands in the middle of these on a slight acclivity, with a

range of hills and bold rocks surmounting the town and bay. The entrance into the gulf is one of the fine things in the world. Every point looks pretty, clean, and healthy. But all this is mere mirage, for Smyrna itself is almost the permanent residence of the plague and yellow fever, and the moment a voyager looks from the deck along any one of the streets the delusion vanishes, and a narrow, filthy panorama of wretchedness is presented. Let him, however, lift his eyes from the details of the city altogether, and look to the harbour, the hills, and the surrounding plains, and he will see a scene of eastern beauty and grandeur, the effect of which is almost perfect. But even this is mirage again, inasmuch as the hoisting of the dirty quarantine flag on the main-fore-top, and the sight of a large range of yellow buildings standing apart from everything else, and holding out a suspicious mixture of comfort and the want of cleanliness, of ventilation and confinement, and of imprisonment along with some freedom, soon dispelled our fancies, and the arrival of the authorities from the Board of Health brought us at once into contact with these horrid realities of life in the Levant.

In two hours after this we were all in this painted prison under lock and key, and a guard of Turkish soldiers for another five days, and no mistake. And, better still in the way of novelty, that same afternoon we got our share of a smart but genteel earthquake. There was no furniture in my apartment, or pictures to rattle on the wall, or anything which could be upset; but in the city, distant less than a quarter of a mile, the chairs and tables were all tottering, and I was told that a timepiece was tossed from a mantle board and broken on the floor. But events of this sort are very

common in these regions. There are three or four earthquakes generally in the year at Smyrna, and some of these are alarming and even very awful. On the present occasion no damage was done, or great sensation produced, to make the inhabitants run out of the town in terror, or to spend the whole night in crowds of tens of thousands and in prayer. On the mainland, nearly opposite Rhodes, I saw the ruins of a town which had been destroyed in a minute by an earthquake about three years since. At a much earlier period, but still in the memory of many now living, the French consul at Smyrna had a formal dinner party. They had finished the dessert, and were about to take wine, when one roar and rumble of an earthquake sent them and a considerable portion of the city down to eternity, ~~(and the)~~
~~(and the)~~

The quarantine may be denominated the nightmare of horror to all travellers in the East. It is a novelty to an Englishman on his first trip morning-ward, worthy of a more minute description than it has yet attained. It would be invidious to describe exactly any one establishment at any one place. I shall therefore combine the features of the whole into a general portrait, applicable to all, and personal to none. When a traveller comes to a country liable to plague, before entering the harbour of destination a small yellow flag is hoisted, a dingy picture of disease and melancholy, a dirty rag of abomination and badge of unclean seclusion from the western world. Some of the officers are next sent off in a boat, who return with one of the quarantine lighters, which takes the passengers and their luggage on shore in front of the building. It is generally a large square barracks, well white-washed or shining with ochre.

The windows with their iron bars, and the deep heavy stone-wall surrounding the whole, give to the place the aspect of a madhouse. The officers, crew, and two passengers selected by the captain, are permitted to serve quarantine on board. There is generally a scramble at the landing to get forward to secure the best accommodation.

The first article that presents itself is a man having bare feet and bare brawny legs stuck into red morocco slippers shaped in front like a weaver's shuttle, but with the points well turned up. He has nothing on but a blue cotton blouse gathered in at the knees, the waist, and the neck. He has a dirty tarboosh and percule on his head, which is shaved excepting a round tuft of long hair on the crown. He is built all behind like the Dutch.—He stands firm and perpendicular on his shanks, holding up an oval-formed, fat, mahogany-like face. He has a flabby deep sunk eye, with a queer squint, both natural and roguish. But his compressed lip and the whole expression of his sinister countenance tell in plain English that he is one having authority in the place. He holds a large bunch of rusty keys in his left hand, and a long strong pole in his right. He occupies the narrow path up to the quarantine: and should the passengers attempt to pass him, he drives them back with as little ceremony as if they were a drove of highland stots at the tryst of Falkirk.

But in a short time there appears a personage more important, in his own estimation at least. He is like a day in winter, both short and dirty, and gurdy as a bass fiddle, all guts and gab, with a very long neck and a head like a hatchet. His nose was so red and pimpled that it really resembled a small bunch of rowans. He can produce

little or no forehead, and where his brains should have been there are two restless piercing ferret-like eyes. His mouth is remarkably large. He wears a single-breasted blue surtout, the body of it reaching pretty far down to make up for the want of a vest, and to meet if possible a pair of trousers which reach neither far enough up nor down. The surtout is threadbare; but it still maintains the dignity of exhibiting one metal button which is in requisition exactly under the chin. He orders the morocco-slipped official to marshal us in a row, and thus we stand rank and file, like an awkward squad of raw recruits till we are counted and compared with the captain's list and our passport. Then the word of command is given *a la militaire*, and in French, to show our tongues. As some of the passengers do not, and others will not, understand the language, the medical officer suits the action to the words, and protrudes a tongue like a piece of bend-leather. Then he walks along the rank and in front, looking carefully at all the tongues as he passes. He comes to a person who has some suspicious sort of eruption on his face, and he gives a jump, crying, "*Mon Dieu!*" and he utters some Arabic words to the guarduano with the keys. The guarduano steps back to a box, and takes from it a narrow slip of fine thin paper, which he dips in the sea. This is wrapped round the wrist of the person suspected. Then Monsieur le Docteur applies his digits to the pulse, and stands with a face and attitude worthy of being daguerrotyped. Then he says something more in Arabic, and a second slip of wetted silk paper is applied to the other arm, and the pulse felt as before. Then muttering the words, "*Tres bien, tres bien!*" he passes on to inspect the rest of the Bedouins, who, ridi-

culously enough, are standing all the while with their tongues hanging out of their mouths.

After this inspection the voyagers are admitted to quarantine. The man with the keys makes a curious motion for everybody to follow him, by waving his hand in the contrary way Europeans do, that is as if he meant them to go from him, for the Turks do everything in a manner contradictory to the Europeans. The passengers are next conducted through an arch, and past armed sentinels at the door, across a square field surrounded by a high wall, up a stair, and into a large square court, into which a number of small apartments open like so many stalls in a stable. Three individuals are generally led into one of these cells as their place of imprisonment. I confess that when I heard the sound of locks and bolts behind me, a cold cloud of anxiety came over my mind, mainly lest there might be at the time in the Lazaretto patients under the plague, yellow fever, or cholera morbus, who might infect me, hale and hardy as I was. This anxiety increased into terror when, passing through the field within the walls, I discovered it was a churchyard: and my eyes actually grew dim when I read on a plain gravestone an inscription in English over the body of a shipmaster who had departed this life in the thirty-third year of his age in this place, on October 13th, 1849. But on inquiry I learned that all infected persons are taken to separate apartments; and better still, that everybody in quarantine at the time enjoyed good health. I next walked up to the fountain in the middle of the square to taste the water, and I found it excellent. But I soon saw that I was strictly guarded by the guarduano, who walked by my side here, there, and everywhere, and fast or slow as I moved. Feeling

this to be provoking, I tried, but in vain, to scowl him away. Next I put a few piastres into his hand, and he became manageable enough. At Jaffa I bought provisions from the town, which Solomon cooked. In this way I had coffee at sunrise, tea, eggs, fish, butter, and bread for breakfast; fowl with rice soup for dinner, and plenty of fruit for dessert; and again tea and toast at sunset. I slept on my own mat covered by my rug, both of which I had bought at Grand Cairo. At Smyrna waiters from the principal hotel, who spoke English, furnished me with everything for a dollar and a half daily. Bargains are made some for two dollars a-day and some even for one. At Smyrna I had coffee served in the morning, a tea breakfast, a dressed dinner with wines and fruit, and a cup of coffee after. Notwithstanding locks and keys, barricades and burial grounds, iron stanchions and dungeons, vermin, filth, and so forth, whenever I saw the best and the worst of it I made up my mind to take it easy, as it was only to last for five days; and I called out to my friend, *Nunc est tempus scribendi*, and forthwith I set about making up my journal.

And moreover, my wardrobe had now a toil-worn and untidy appearance, being somewhat blackened by long wearing. Lynch tells us that in similar circumstances he did his own washing on the shores of the Dead Sea, and when all his garments required the process he employed some person to do it for him, and he lay in the water till some of his clothes were dried in the sun. He mentions the circumstance not as a matter of complaint but of boast. In like manner, when in the quarantine at Smyrna, I gave out my whole upper dress, which was of white linen, to be washed by an old hag of a Bedouin Arab,

who was sharing our captivity: and I must confess that from my having forgotten to give her my turban and a few handkerchiefs, I had no other alternative than to take a piece of soap, and lend my own hand at the dignified occupation of the washing fount, in a small and rather awkward way, in so far as the turban and handkerchiefs were concerned.

Nobody from without is permitted to come in contact with any person within, under the penalty of being put into quarantine along with them. But a benevolent arrangement obtains, by which relations and others are enabled to see and talk with those within the premises, and even to hand anything in, but on no account to take any thing out. Thirty years since a quantity of leather from Smyrna was put into quarantine at Malta. The guarduano and an old cobbler in Valetta contrived to steal it only a few days after it had arrived. The cobbler and his whole family were the first to die of the plague, and fourteen thousand Maltese died soon afterwards in consequence. The natives generally conceal the symptoms of the plague at first. For doing so, and as a warning to others, some of these infected Maltese, who were sure to die at any rate, were taken out and shot. Those who come to visit their friends in quarantine are kept at a distance of two or three yards by two wire fences, to each of which the talkers put their mouth when they converse. Letters may be sent out by the authorities, but they are first thoroughly fumigated, and there is no restriction as to their coming in. The establishment at Smyrna contains a large bazaar where all manner of eatables may be bought in abundance. One side of the shop is open to the eye at a proper distance, and through the two wire fences already mentioned. The purchaser names the article wanted, and

the seller states its price. A shovel with a long handle conveys the article and takes back the money, which is all dropped into water to be purified from infection. When the post office authority carries the mail bags on shore at a port where quarantine requires to be served, he is put into an iron cage kept on the quay for the purpose, and there he talks very complacently to his friends at a due distance, like a parrot speaking through the green wires, till the mail is sent back from the post office, when the door of the cage is opened, and the lieutenant walks out in naval uniform, carrying the letter-boxes on board the steamer.

The time of confinement in quarantine was wont to be twenty-two days; and as I was five times in different quarantines, I would have been imprisoned thus in all about four months in this one journey,—a very serious matter certainly. The term extends still even to forty days at each quarantine, should the plague exist for the time being in the place left. But by a very late regulation the period of detention extends in ordinary circumstances only to five days, and in some places only to three. The day a voyager enters counts as one of the number, should he manage to get within the gates before sunset. And again a voyager is permitted to leave on the fifth day at sunrise. So that should he be ~~shifty~~, three entire days are only required out of the five. I rejoice to say that I was very well used personally in every one of the establishments, and all the authorities were as courteous as their rules would permit. In some places the clothes are all dipped into the sea. Mine were only ordered to be exposed to the sun and air. In some cases, as at Gaza, not only the clothes but the travellers themselves are fumigated. They are regularly crammed into a confined apartment used

for the purpose, and, like bees in a hive, they are actually smoked with brimstone and stinking perfumes, and that for several times till they are *reisted*, or dried, somewhat after the fashion of red herrings. One of my travelling friends (a son of the Marquis of Bath) and his tutor would have thus been suffocated at Gaza, had his Lordship not sent his elbow through a pane of glass purposely to enable him to put his mouth to the fresh air the moment this comfortable operation began. But more obliging still are the Russian quarantine authorities on the Black Sea. At Odessa the poor voyagers, both male and female, were wont to be stripped naked every day, and bucketsful of cold salt water were poured over their bodies; and instead of being dried comfortably with towels, they were compelled to run stark naked, and promiscuously, in the open air till the sun, the wind, or the frost, served the purpose. For many years this barbarity was inflicted on both men and women till the wives of the masters of some English ships stood out and remonstrated with the Emperor, who commanded the regulation to be abolished. One way with another, with talking and walking and writing, time passed rapidly with everybody, and especially with the Arabs, who sat and sang, if singing it could be called, in scores till long after midnight.

I know nothing of the quarantine controversies lately carried on in the medical department, but the practice must have originated in necessity, and seems to have been well understood in the time of Moses. The regulations of that great lawgiver, as laid down in the book of Leviticus, are the groundwork of the whole practice till this day. Certainly were it not for these quarantines ten travellers for one would traverse the Levant. There is no quarantine coming from

Europe at Alexandria or in Egypt, but there is quarantine in passing from Egypt to Syria, and again in passing from Palestine to Smyrna or Constantinople. The better way therefore, is for travellers in the Levant to visit Smyrna and Constantinople before going into Egypt, and thus a quarantine of five days is escaped.

The moment the sun rose on the morning of the fifth day, I tripped down stairs and out at the gate with a merry heart. Never shall I forget the serenity and beauty of that morning on which, about five o'clock, I was set at liberty at Smyrna. The sea, the shore, and the whole scene, was a pretty picture of paradise, calm and cool. Far down the gulf as the eye could reach there were islands, and capes, and creeks; there were skiffs passing in vast numbers to and from this the busiest emporium of trade in the Turkish dominions. I crossed the bay in a boat, every stroke of the oar speaking gayly of liberty to the captive. I passed the Levant steamer at the time when the officer on the watch was lowering the yellow flag. I hoisted a red handkerchief on the end of an idle oar, and hailed him most lustily. He and the whole crew on deck honoured me with a cordial hurrah in good English style. I had breakfast in Miln's Hotel, and so there was an end for the time of the hardships of quarantine. But my noble fellow-traveller of Bath cut the initials of his name, his tutors, and mine, on the thick bark of a fig-tree within the quarantine walls at Smyrna, as a memento of our imprisonment there.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES IN ASIA.

ASIA MINOR, where the seven first Christian churches were planted by St. John and St. Paul, presents claims of interest, from the beauties of nature and the superiority of climate, surpassing any Levantine scenes a traveller can see elsewhere. These lands are also interesting from the classical recollections which they furnish. Here the light of civilization shone bright when the rest of the world was involved in barbarism : and here is the birth-place of many distinguished men who have been rarely equalled, and perhaps never surpassed, for efforts of genius, for refinements of art, and for deeds of heroism. But to Christians this country has a most sacred interest, in the scriptural recollections which it recalls. These rivet our attention, and allure the traveller from the most distant regions. Here an apostle was born, there he taught, and yonder he suffered. On the face of that hill a martyr died, and amid these groves of cyprus trees of pensive beauty his body was interred. And surely spots so sacred as these will excite feelings of solemn delight : and when visiting such, the true believer will form new resolutions of devotedness to his Saviour, and consecrate himself to firmer fidelity in following those who through faith and patience have now inherited the promises.

When the seven churches which are in Asia are spoken of, it is not surely to be expected that a description is to be given of each church, as a tangible, visible, and distinct edifice, the ruins of which may still exist to this day. As well may it be said that the Church of Scotland means a temple built with men's hands, such as St. Giles' in the heart of Mid-Lothian. A church denotes merely a number of people organized as a body, in opposition to a casual meeting, and in this acceptation the term appears to be uniformly applied in the New Testament. In like manner the seven churches in Asia were merely so many religious assemblies of good people selected and called out of the world by St. Paul and St. John, according to the doctrines of the gospel, to worship the true God in Christ by the aids of the Holy Spirit. It is not said anywhere in the New Testament that stone buildings existed in any one of these localities. On the contrary, it is believed, the early followers of a crucified Master had not where to lay their heads, much less magnificent temples to worship in. And whether such was the case or no, must ever remain a matter of doubt. And had these edifices ever existed, the lapse of time, and the ravages of so many earthquakes, must have levelled them long ago. The situations, however, are well known, and they seem all to have been located as if within the form of a circle, in a district of Asia Minor, most densely populated generally at the time, and studded every few miles with cities of great splendour, wealth, and inhabitants. But the whole country is now greatly depopulated, and the cities are almost all in utter ruins. But they teach us a lesson which the churches of modern Europe would do well to learn in time, and to the purpose, lest their candle also be removed, and their cities

be laid waste. Much as these ancient churches have been destroyed by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, the doings of the Almighty which the inhabitants could neither have foreseen nor prevented, ours have been still more torn asunder by schisms, corruptions, traditions, persecutions, and heresies, and all manner of rancorous divisions, most ungodly indeed, and the result of man's ambition and wickedness: and if such a total annihilation has overtaken the seven churches in Asia, what are the Christians in the west to expect, or what do they deserve in their corporate capacities? It is only because the great head of the church is compassionate still, and long-suffering, and slow to anger, and waiting to be gracious, that the churches of modern Europe are not swept away by the besom of destruction. But because sentence against an evil work is not speedily executed, let not the heart of man be set in him to do evil, and that continually. Let every church learn that God is no respecter of persons, and that he will by no means clear the guilty. "He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

It is a curious fact that for every pilgrimage which is made to the seven churches in Asia, one thousand at least are undertaken to the Holy Land: and while hundreds of travels are published, descriptive of Palestine, very few indeed, and these very cursory, are written as to the churches of the Apocalypse. There are comparatively few accounts of their present state contrasted with their former splendour, and it seems as if the western Christians either did not care or did not dare to visit these untrodden and dangerous paths. But thank God a pious zeal and a commendable curiosity on my part, induced me to make a voyage thither, to see the

remainder of that magnificence for which these cities were so renowned in the histories of ancient times. The respect I have to antiquity, and the love I bear to the memory of places once so famous, made me strong to endure fatigue and bold to despise danger. Besides, on all such occasions I feel that I am visiting these regions once for all in my life-time, so that if anything important be omitted, the error is irreparable. Instead, however, of furnishing a journal of my tour in this portion of Asia Minor, and detailing general objects of geographical research, all of which in every respect are very much the same as those already recorded as to Syria and Egypt, it shall be my aim rather to remind the reader of the condition of these churches when in their vigorous activity, to narrate the awful messages respectively addressed to each in the Book of Revelation, and to point out exactly how the predictions of St. John have been fulfilled in every minute particular. Instead therefore of repeating commonplace observations on subjects already made sufficiently known by the simple itineraries of Chandler, Dalaway, and Leake, let it be my object in detailing the desolations of these ancient churches, to convince the reader that here he has no continuing city, and that therefore he must look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Were a perpetual recurrence to be made to a dry water-course on this hand, or to an insignificant hill on that hand, to the hour, the start, and the arrival, and to every apparently trifling incident, the detail would undoubtedly become dull even to the general reader; whereas the story of desolation, given in connection with the recorded prediction, is interesting to everybody, and to all it is profitable to be reminded again and again, that our citizenship is in heaven,

from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

What a glorious vision John had of the Blessed Redeemer when he came to deliver his revelation to him! "I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia; unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea. And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death. Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be here-

after; the mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand, and the seven golden candlesticks. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches." Here John is directed to write to every one of these churches according to their present state and circumstances, and to inscribe every letter to the angel or minister of that church, commending, rebuking, advising, forewarning of future trials, and predicting their punishment and fall.

In turning to the record itself in the Book of Revelation, the reader will notice that the three churches of Ephesus, Sardis, and Laodicea, are more severely threatened than the other four—which are partly commended, and in part more mildly menaced. The remaining four, viz., Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, and Philadelphia, are accordingly still partly preserved. They are populous cities, and continue to contain communities of nominal Christians; whereas the others are empty and waste. The Arabian may still pitch his tent at Laodicea, the shepherd may make his fold at Ephesus, and the wild beasts may dwell from generation to generation in Sardis, but they are not, and have not been, occupied by Christians for many ages: and there the owl, perched on the top of a broken pillar, or hopping around the desolate ruins, sends forth its frightening sounds as if to chant the dirge of the forsaken watchtowers, whereas

SMYRNA

is one of the finest cities of the Levant, the queen of Anatolia, and the lovely crown of Ionia, and instead of decaying in modern times, this bright ornament of Asia has risen from her ruins with new splendour. Pausanias ascribes

its origin to Alexander the Great, who was admonished in a dream to found a city in this spot for the Smyrnians who came from Ephesus. Whoever founded it was fortunate in choosing the site on the acclivity of mount Pagus, as its extended arms embracing the locality help to defend and adorn it, and also to supply its buildings with a profusion of the purest white marble. But what distinguishes Smyrna from all other cities in the East is its having given birth to Homer, and after all, of this there can be no doubt, as Homer himself says that he was born on the banks of the Meles, which flows in a northerly direction along the eastern limits of the city. When I traced its course in June it was scarcely a running brook, but I was told that in winter it is a foaming torrent. On the banks of this sacred stream, and far up towards its source, a cave was shown me, said to be the solitary retreat in which the sublime poet was accustomed to compose his verses. I was told that no other memorial of Homer now remains. But I was conducted to the town and tomb of Tantalus, and also to Diana's bath, whence Actæon's hounds pursued and tore the hand that caressed them.

On the Castlehill are the only remains of ancient Smyrna. Portions of the old Hellenic walls are still visible in the ruins of the castle, which occupies the site of the Acropolis on the summit of mount Pagus. Within the circuit there are some relics of the temple of Jupiter. The stadium is formed on one side by an excavation in the hill. The seats and ornaments have been removed, but the form may still be traced. Polycarp, the first Christian bishop of Smyrna, is said to have suffered martyrdom on this spot, by being torn in pieces, and burnt, and his tomb was till lately apparent. It has already been stated that the streets of this city are nar-

row and dark, and crowded with a motley population, where the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews seem to prevail. It is needless now to repeat, that long strings of camels, huge, meek-looking beasts, with long necks and projecting heads, tramp along under enormous loads with their great pulpy Indian rubber splay-feet bearing down everybody in their onward march. And there are dirty, ragged, staggering porters, with very heavy loads, whose touch might ten to one communicate the plague, and to a certainty convey whole battalions of vermin. The houses, excepting those on the water front, rarely exceed one story in height, and they are all otherwise dingy and mean. But the Smyrniotes are decidedly the most lovely and handsome women I ever saw, and almost universally so. Greeks, Kurds, Armenians, Syrians, and Jews are not to be compared to them. They are finer and fairer than the women of the Morea.

Smyrna will ever be to the Christian a most interesting spot. A conflict of no common description was here maintained by the martyr Polycarp, on which depended, under Divine Providence, the transmission of the truth to the latest ages. Had he yielded to the fury of his foes, and denied the Lord who bought him, we in the North and West of Europe might still have been immersed in the ignorance of our forefathers. The religion now predominant was unknown in those days when Polycarp was martyred: and unlike the Paganism of Rome which disappeared and fell before Christianity, it still maintains its seat, and lords it over those countries where the Redeemer suffered, and where the gospel was first proclaimed. It is a remarkable fact that Rome is the only place of importance mentioned in the Scriptures, which has not been for centu-

ries under the Mahomedan yoke. But notwithstanding of this, it is under a darker and more dangerous corruption than the city of Mecca itself. And so the church of Smyrna, which of old had to contend with most severe sufferings, poverty, slander, and persecution, is now overwhelmed in apostacy, idolatry, superstition, and infidelity. In Smyrna, I attended during the forenoon of Sabbath the English service at the residence of the British Consul, and in the evening I listened to one of the best plain gospel sermons I ever heard, preached by the American missionary, who is one of the most intelligent, benevolent, and pious men I have met on the whole shores of the Levant. He showed me from the roof of his hospitable house the scene of Polycarp's martyrdom, and the very few antiquities for which Smyrna is distinguished.

In concluding these remarks, I advise the Christian reader to peruse with care the representation given of the church of Smyrna (Rev. ii. 8—11), and at once he will see the joint clearness of the prophecies themselves, and the profusion of precise facts which show their literal fulfilment. Smyrna was approved of by St. John as rich, and no judgment was denounced against it. They were warned of a tribulation of ten days, the ten years' persecution of Dioclesian; and they were enjoined to be faithful unto death and they would receive a crown of life. Accordingly Smyrna is still a large city, having several Greek churches, and an English and other Christian ministers have resided there. The light has indeed become dim, but the candlestick has not been wholly removed out of its place; because prophecy has not so predicted. On the contrary, in spite of constant and awful calamities from plague and earthquake, the city continues rather to increase

than to diminish. Great portions of the inhabitants have been sunk several times in a moment; and dreadful fires innumerable have destroyed whole streets at a time. The sea, driven in by internal convulsions, has swallowed up thousands in a minute; and the plague till of late visited the town, at least once every year. These would have destroyed any other city in the world ten times over. But Smyrna has been preserved, just because God has in his own wisdom and might willed it so. John saw it, and said it of old from Patmos. On this subject travellers tell us that the spacious and secure harbour of Smyrna, the luxuriant fertility of the soil, producing spontaneously every species of fruit of the finest quality, and the salubrity of its climate, have operated for two thousand years to collect and to keep together a vast mass of inhabitants from every quarter of the world to the number of a hundred thousand souls. But mark me, these same causes abound everywhere all around, and at Ephesus for instance, and still they produce no such effect. —Here, then, prophecy is remarkably fulfilled by Smyrna having been preserved entire; and now we shall see its integrity and minuteness in the ruins of

EPHESUS.

In reproof and warning to this church, John says:—
 “Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write; These things saith he that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks; I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil: and thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars: and hast borne, and hast pa-

tience, and for my name's sake hast laboured, and hast not fainted. Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent. But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes, which I also hate. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

When these predictions were uttered, Ephesus was the metropolis of Ionia, and the great emporium of Asia Minor. It was a splendid and opulent city of enormous extent and population. It was chiefly famous for the temple of Diana "whom all Asia worshipped," which was adorned with one hundred and twenty-seven pillars of pure Parian marble, each of a single shaft and sixty feet high, forming another of the wonders of the world. Its magnificent theatre contained comfortable accommodation for twenty or thirty thousand people. The neighbouring mountains of Corissus and Prion re-echoed the shouts of ten thousand tongues, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." St. John himself once resided at Ephesus. And tradition asserts that after the death of our Saviour, he and the Holy Virgin retired to this city, and that the beloved disciple undertook the care of the infant church after St. Timothy, the first bishop, had suffered martyrdom in the reign of Domitian. And here, it is said, his mortal remains sleep in the dust, in the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection. A watchtower on the hill is said to be St. Paul's prison. Tradition also

says, that Timothy was burned at Ephesus, and to this place superstition assigns the story of the seven sleepers. A grotto sunk in Mount Prion is called the cave of the seven sleepers. Ephesus disputes with Jerusalem the honour of possessing the tomb of the Virgin Mary. Once it was the head of the apostolic churches of Asia;—once it had a bishop, the angel of the church, Timothy, the beloved disciple of St. John;—once it had Christian temples, almost rivalling the pagan in splendour, wherein the image that fell from Jupiter lay prostrate before the cross, and as many tongues moved by the Holy Ghost, made public avowal that great is the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is with feelings of no common interest that the eye of the Christian traveller catches the first sight of the castle and ruins of Ephesus. As he advances, the large mosque, supposed by some to be the church of St. John, begins to attract the attention; but all around it is a sea of ruins and desolation. Imagination can scarcely picture the change which two thousand years have made on this place. Some centuries passed on, and the temples of Messiah were thrown down to make way for the mosques of Mahomet,—the keble is substituted for the altar,—the cross is removed from the dome, and the crescent glitters in its stead. A few years more, and all is silent ruins. A few unintelligible heaps of stones with some empty mud cottages, are all the remains of the great city of the Ephesians. The busy hum of its noisy population is still as the grave. “Thy riches, and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy calkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war are fallen.” The epistle to the Ephesians is read throughout the world, but there is not one Christian residing

at Ephesus to read it now. The Ephesians are now a few Greek peasants living in extreme wretchedness, dependence, and insensibility,—the representatives of an illustrious people, and inhabiting the wreck of their greatness; some, the substructions of the glorious edifices which they raised; some beneath the vaults of the stadium, once the crowded scene of their diversions; and some by the abrupt precipice in the sepulchres which received their ashes. In January 1824 the desolation was complete. A Turk, his Arab servant, and a single Greek, composed the entire population. So hath the secret providence of God disposed affairs, too deep and mysterious for man to search into, that the decay of the three great religions of this world is here presented at one view to the eye of the traveller as lying buried in the same tomb. Not a vestige remains of the heathen worship, or of the silver statue made by Demetrius, which was said to have fallen down from heaven. The cross of Christ, and him crucified, which was preached here by the apostle of the Gentiles, and heard by the elders who fell on the neck of Paul, and sorrowed most of all that they were to see his face no more, is proclaimed now no longer. And low as either of the other two religions, the worship of Mahomet in this place has almost ceased to exist, and the minaret of the Mussulman, the emblem of another triumphant service, is seen to totter and sink into the surrounding chaos. Nothing remains save the enduring hills around, and the mazy Caystrus, the waters of which run under the bridge changeless still, and the same as before. Once the seat of enterprise and active commerce, the very harbour is now deserted, by the sea having fled from its solitary ruins. Its streets, formerly crowded, are now ploughed over by the Ottoman serfs. Its squares, once

so gay, are now browsed upon by the sheep of the hospitable Turk. Its houses, once so elegant, are now the haunts of serpents and the dens of wild beasts. Not a vestige can be seen of the famous temple of Diana, which was burned the very day Alexander the Great was born. Erostratus fired the temple on purpose, and being put to the torture, in order to force him to bring out his motive for committing so infamous an action, he confessed that it was with the view of making himself known to posterity, and to immortalize his name by destroying so noble a structure. The very site of this stupendous edifice is yet undetermined. Its very ruins seem to be buried under the soil, or swallowed by an earthquake. A Sibylline oracle foretold that the earth would tremble and open, and that this glorious building would fall headlong into the abyss: and really present appearances might justify the belief, that some such overwhelming catastrophe had exactly fulfilled the prediction. The extensive ruins at the head of it are supposed by some travellers to have marked the site, but like the rest of the mouldings, arches, fallen walls, broken porticoes, and prostrate pillars, they merely show how insignificant the remains of earthly glory come to be in a few years. Excepting from the associations of the scene, all the recompense the pilgrim gets for his travel of fifty miles from Smyrna, is the sight of an extensive marsh, some fishing weirs, and a bar of sand where the river enters the ocean. Further up the stream there are stone embankments, which seem to have been erected for the purpose of confining the river at several places, still visible. The whole beach looks to the eye a foul unwholesome fen, and the only lively sight is the water still winding clearly and rapidly without any impediment through the seven arches of the bridge.

The main bulk of the extensive ruins seem to be below the bridge, on the southern bank of the stream, and about two miles from the sea. The sides of the mountains are here and there broken into very stupendous precipices, and others are scooped into hollows in which a few stately trees seem to grow. All is silence but the scream of the eagle and the howl of the jackall. There too is heard a strange sound like the rattle of a policeman;—it is the noise of the stork, and plenty of them are to be seen seated on many a ruin, hovering over many a column, and setting their nest high up on the buildings. These jackalls, foxes, and serpents, are now the only tenants of the scene, unless when some enthusiastic stray traveller like myself, traverses its ruined fragments, or a poverty-struck shepherd drives his flock of goats to browse on the scanty herbage. Upon the whole, it is a solemn and forlorn sight, awakening nothing but the deepest sensations of melancholy, and reminding us how the Ephesians left their first love, and returned not to their first works. Therefore their candlestick has been removed out of its place, and the great city of Ephesus is no more.

Oh what a lesson these ruins teach! With what a voice the silence speaks to the Christian traveller! Every pillar and pedestal has a language louder far than the ten thousand people headed by Demetrius, calling out for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Every fallen temple and ruined amphitheatre talks with the experience of two thousand years. Well may a voyager, standing on the bridge of seven arches at Ephesus, repeat the words—Here we have no continuing city, for we are pilgrims and sojourners as all our fathers were, and there is none abiding. Let us therefore look for a city which hath

foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Let our citizenship be in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

LAODICEA.

The ruins of Laodicea are most conveniently visited after those of Ephesus; and on the way to them the traveller should inspect the remains of Hieropolis, placed in a situation superb beyond description, and on the slope of Mount Messogis which rises behind to a considerable elevation, with the vast plain of Meander in front, and stupendous mountains beyond, covered half way down their sides with glittering snow. Here there are four or five cataracts, displaying the whiteness of the purest drift, which have been petrified in their course. These snow-white waterfalls exhibit a phenomenon the most surprising in the world—that of roaring cascades having been metamorphosed in an instant into Parian marble. These waters, it is said, changed so suddenly of old into stone that, being conducted about the vineyards and gardens, the channels became long fences, each a single stone. Were it not that the heat in this region is excessive, the masses would remind the traveller of large flat tables of transparent ice. To the Christian this Hieropolis is interesting from the mention St. Paul makes of it in his Epistle to the Colossians (iv. 13,) where he bears record that he had great zeal for them in Hieropolis. The waters for which this city was famous still retain their quality. They are said to be medicinal, having the taste of the Pyrmont waters; but not so strong, and being saturated with sulphur. At Hieropolis they are hot, and were known of old as being a life-giving stream. Hence the metaphor, “whosoever will,

may come and take of the water of life freely." But alas! the spiritual spring here has failed, and the fountains of life have dried up; and the perishing soul which would seek for healing waters in the doctrines of the Mohammedan impostor, would be more mistaken than the thirsty traveller, who, when he hastened to those supposed streams to enjoy the refreshing draught, found his expectations mocked with stone instead of water. The only water to be found at Laodicea is this same tepid stream, which flows warm and steaming down a few miles from Hieropolis; and although it cools a little by the way, what with the sulphur and heat, its taste is altogether so disgusting, that the instant the warm and weary traveller takes it into his mouth he puts it out again as altogether insufferable. Hence the metaphor, and here the illustration of what St. John says unto the Angel of the church of Laodicea, "Thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. Thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing."—I know of no portion of sacred scriptures which is more calculated to alarm the careless than these words. John warns the careless, the profane, and the licentious. He does not lay heinous crimes to their charge, their state is more common and more dangerous. They are not addressed to presumptuous sinners, infidels, adulterers, unjust, and extortioners; but to those whose sins are secret and silent, who consider themselves possessed of many good qualities extremely valuable in the sight of God, while they condemn those who beat their breast and say, Lord, be merciful to me a sinner. Awful as the guilt of the former certainly is, there is another state also more



Engraved by W. F. Wood

Engraved by W. Woodcut from a sketch by the Rev. J. A. A.

J. A. A. D. I. C. A.

odious in the sight of the Almighty, against whom our Lord expresses his indignation in language the most alarming, "I will spew thee out of my mouth."

The present condition of Laodicea is in striking conformity with this rebuke and threatening of God. The city was situated on a hill of moderate height, but of considerable extent. Its ruins attest that it was large, populous, and splendid. There are still to be seen three theatres and a circus,—buildings which served only to inflame the passions and to corrupt the heart by immoral and savage exhibitions of the followers of a crucified Redeemer being exposed to the fury of wild beasts. The site is now utterly desolated, without any inhabitants excepting jackalls, wolves, and foxes. Not a single Christian resides at Laodicea. No Turk has even fixed a residence on this forsaken spot. Infidelity itself must confess that the menaces have been awfully executed. It can boast of no human inhabitant, except occasionally when wandering Turkomans pitch their tents in its spacious amphitheatre. The soil is light and friable, and full of salts generating inflammable matter, and seems to have been undermined by fire and water. Hence it abounds in hot springs, which, after passing under ground from the reservoirs, are found bubbling up everywhere. The nitreous vapour compressed in the cavities, and sublimed by heat or fermentation, often bursts its prison with loud explosions, agitating the atmosphere, and shaking the earth and waters with a violence as extensive as destructive. Hence the district is subject to frequent and fearful earthquakes. Hence, moreover, the pestilential grottoes, which had subterraneous communications with each other, derived their noisome effluvia, and serving as smaller vents to these furnaces, were, it is said

by Dr. Chandler, regarded as apertures to hell, and as passages for deadly fumes rising up from the fires of Pluto. One or more of these mountains evidently has burnt, and it is apparent that Laodicea has been formed from its bowels. To a country such as this is altogether, how awfully appropriate is the message,—“I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot! So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.” It was loved, and rebuked, and chastened in vain; and now its tragedy may be told in one short sentence. It has been blotted from the world. Its site has not a single resident inhabitant, neither church nor temple, mosque nor minaret. “He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches.”

This church was weighed in the balance of the sanctuary by the Son of man walking in the midst of it. Each individual member was approved of according to his character by Him who beheld who were his and who were not his. If then this church fell, or if any Christian within it fell, it was from its own, or his resisting and quenching the Spirit, from choosing other lords than Jesus to have dominion over them,—from lukewarmness, deadness, and denial of the faith, and from the wilful rejection of freely offered and dearly purchased grace. But if such were this church and its members then, what are the churches and what are Christians now? Reader, what is your repentance towards God, and what the work of your faith, charity, patience, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance? What is your labour of love, or wherein do you labour at all for his name's sake by whose name ye are called? Is Christ in you the hope of glory, and is your heart purified through

that blessed hope? What trials does your faith patiently endure? What temptations does it triumphantly overcome? O reader! seek that kingdom then which is righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, who gave himself for the church that he might sanctify and cleanse it. Whatever dangers therefore may encompass you around, fear not,—only believe—all things are possible to him that believeth. But if hitherto ye have been lukewarm and destitute of Christian faith, hear what the Spirit saith, and harden not your heart against heavenly counsel. “I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich: and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent. Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.”

PHILADELPHIA.

“To the angel of the church in Philadelphia write; These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth; I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Behold, I will make them of the

synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie; behold, I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee. Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

Accordingly, Philadelphia, being one of the three churches slightly menaced, is still a very considerable town, and the residence of a Greek Bishop. There is still a numerous Christian population, occupying three hundred houses. Divine service is performed every Sunday in five churches, and there are twenty of a smaller description in which once a-year the liturgy is read. The present Bishop accounts the Bible the only foundation of all religious belief, and he admits that abuses have entered the church which former ages might endure, but the present must put them down. The town is situated on a rising ground beneath the snowy mount Tmolus, the houses are embosomed in trees which give a beautiful effect to the scene. The streets are ill-paved and dirty. Gibbon tells us that Philadelphia alone has been saved by prophecy or courage. At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the Emperors, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her valiant citizens defended her religion and free-

dom above fourscore years, and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans. "Among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia," he adds, "Philadelphia is still erect, a column in a scene of ruins." It is indeed an interesting circumstance to find Christianity more flourishing here than in many other parts of the Turkish Empire.

Thus the promises of the Lord are as sure as his threatenings. From the prevailing iniquities of men, many a sign has been given how terrible are the judgments of God. "But," says Keith, "from the fidelity of the church of Philadelphia of old in keeping his word, a name and memorial of his faithfulness has been left on earth, while the higher glories promised to those that overcome shall be ratified in heaven, and towards them, but not them only, shall the glorified Redeemer confirm the truth of his blessed word, 'him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God:' even as assuredly as Philadelphia, when all else fell around, stood erect, our enemies themselves being judges, a column in a scene of ruins. But though the candlestick remains, its light is obscured. The lamp still exists, but where is its oil? Unhappily the character of Christians in these countries will scarcely bear a comparison with that of Mahommedans themselves." Philadelphia is called by the natives, Allah Shehr, 'the city of God.' This circumstance, when viewed in connection with the promises made to that church, and especially with that of writing the name of the city of God upon its faithful members, is, to say the least of it, a singular concurrence. Others call it, Ellah Shehr, 'the beautiful city.'

SARDIS.

“And unto the angel of the church in Sardis write; These things saith he that hath the seven Spirits of God, and the seven stars; I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die: for I have not found thy works perfect before God. Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent. If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee. Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy. He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.”

How were these warnings taken, and how have these threatenings been accomplished? The state of Sardis now is a token that the warning was given in vain, and shows that the threatenings of the Lord, when disregarded, become certain judgments. Sardis was once the capital of Lydia, and of great antiquity, but posterior to Troy. It was the residence of the famous Croesus, where his wealth was accumulated and became proverbial. It was the resort of the Persian monarchs,—identified with the names of Cyrus and Alexander, and one of the most ancient and magnificent cities of the world. Now, how fallen! The ruins are, with one exception, more entirely gone than those of the most ancient cities of

the East. No Christian resides on the spot. Two Greeks only work in a mill here, the wheels of which are turned by the classical river Pactolus, and a few wretched Turkish huts are scattered among the ruins. The churches of St. John, and of the Virgin, the theatre, the palace of Croesus, and the temple of Cybele, are silent but impressive witnesses of the power and splendour of Asiatic antiquity. As the seat of a Christian church, it has lost all it had to lose, the name—a name to live while dead. Her foundations are fallen, her walls are thrown down. She sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the lady of kingdoms. How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! The appearance of the mount of the Acropolis from the opposite banks of the Hermus is that of a triangular hill, close at the back of which rise ridge after ridge of mountains, the most elevated covered with snow. On approaching close to it, the hill, as well as most of the mountains at the back, are perceived to be of a reddish sandstone, and those at the west especially, as well as the Acropolis itself, are of the most extraordinary and fantastic outline. The crumbling nature of the sandstone will in part account for this, but a more satisfactory solution will be found in the terrible earthquakes which have so often changed the face of Asia Minor, raising, according to Tacitus, valleys into mountains, and depressing mountains into valleys. Certainly no inferior agency can account for the jagged and distorted forms of the peaks of Mount Tmolus, and for a considerable district from Sardis to Smyrna.

THYATIRA.

The general character of the church of Thyatira as it then existed is thus described: "And unto the angel of the church

in Thyatira write; These things saith the Son of God, who hath his eyes like unto a flame of fire, and his feet are like fine brass; I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works; and the last to be more than the first. Notwithstanding I have a few things against thee, because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed unto idols. And I gave her space to repent of her fornication; and she repented not. Behold, I will cast her into a bed, and them that commit adultery with her into great tribulation, except they repent of their deeds. And I will kill her children with death; and all the churches shall know that I am he which searcheth the reins and hearts: and I will give unto every one of you according to your works. But unto you I say, and unto the rest in Thyatira, as many as have not this doctrine, and which have not known the depths of Satan, as they speak; I will put upon you none other burden: but that which ye have already hold fast till I come. And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of my Father. And I will give him the morning star. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

The language thus addressed to Thyatira is rather different from that of the other epistles. The commendations are scarcely surpassed even in the epistle to Philadelphia. So while the conduct of some was impious and profligate, this church seems to have exhibited a contrast of the most

exalted piety, with the very depth of Satan, therefore this address is at once alarming and inviting. The Lord gave them space to repent, and they repented not. Great tribulation was denounced, and to every one of them was to be given according to their works. These thus warned while on earth in vain, have long since passed whither all are daily hastening, to the place where no repentance can be found, and no work be done. There were also those in Thyatira who could save a city. Therefore it still exists, while greater cities have fallen. On approaching Thyatira, there is a very long line of cypresses, poplars, and other trees, amid which the minarets of several mosques and the roofs of a few houses appear on the right. On the left there is a view of distant hills, the line of which continues over the town, and at the right, adjoining the town, there stands a low mound with two ruined windmills. Thyatira is a large place, abounding with shops of every description. It has many conveniences of water, which streams in every street, flowing from a neighbouring hill. It is populous, and inhabited mostly by Turks, who have eight mosques here, few Christians residing among them. They are maintained chiefly by the trade of cotton and wool, which they send to Smyrna. It is this trade, the crystalline waters, cool and sweet to the taste, and light on the stomach, the wholesome air, the delightful country and climate which cause, humanly speaking, this city to flourish. Very few of the ancient buildings remain here, and there are none of the churches.

The sacred writers in the Acts of the Apostles inform us, that Lydia was a seller of purple in the city of Thyatira; and the discovery of an inscription here, which makes mention of "the Dyers," has been considered important in connec-

tion with this passage. Even at present Thyatira is famous for dyeing. The cloths which are dyed scarlet here, are considered superior to any other furnished in Asia Minor, and large quantities are sent weekly to Smyrna for the purpose of commerce. There is beautiful vegetation at Thyatira. All around has a most fertile appearance. A white species of rose is extremely abundant, and fills the air with a most delightful odour.

PERGAMOS.

To the angel in the church at Pergamos, St. John was commanded to write; "These things saith he which hath the sharp sword with two edges; I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth. But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balac to cast a stumblingblock before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication. So hast thou also them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes, which thing I hate. Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

Here this church is commended for holding fast the name of the Lord, and not denying his faith, during a time of

persecution, and in the midst of a wicked city. But there were some in it who held doctrines and did deeds which the Lord hated. Against them he was to fight with the sword of his mouth: and all were called to repent. But it is not said, as of Ephesus, that their candlestick would be removed out of its place. Accordingly, in fulfilment of prophecy the city still exists to the north of Smyrna, at a distance of about sixty-four miles, and is situated in a grand plain, and contains a very majestic Acropolis. It was formerly the metropolis of Hellespontic Mysia. The whole country, and before entering the town, although bare, rocky, and unpromising, improves much from the abundance of cypresses, poplars, and other trees. The town lies in part on the slope of the hill, but principally on the plain. The state of the Christians here is very sad and deplorable—there being not above fifteen families of them. Their chief employment is gardening, by which they make a shift to get a little money to pay their harache, and satisfy the demands of their cruel and greedy oppressors, and maintain a sad miserable life. The present population may be about fifteen thousand, of which fifteen hundred are Greeks, two hundred Armenians, who have a church, and about a hundred Jews with a synagogue.

“HE THAT HATH AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH UNTO THE CHURCHES.”

COLOSSE,

to the inhabitants of which one of the New Testament epistles is addressed, flourished in remote antiquity. It was visited by Xerxes when on his march to Greece, and afterwards by Xenophon, during the famous expedition of the ten thousand Greeks, who describes it as a large, rich,

and well inhabited city. The question has been asked, where is the ancient Colosse? Are there any remains of the church of Epaphras? Are any individuals still to be found in this country, who have been made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, having been delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son? The answer is a melancholy one. The very spot on which Colosse stood is now uncertain, —and more affecting still, the condition of Christianity in this region has undergone a change as total as the overthrow of the city itself. Earthquakes have destroyed the one, and sin and Mahommedanism have usurped the other. Travellers have searched for Colosse, but they have found nothing to reward their inquiries. Long since have disappeared not only the pious labours of Epaphras and his successors, but the very buildings amid which they resided. No remains are visible calculated either to excite curiosity or to gratify taste. It is said that Mr. Hamilton found Colosse in 1836, at the junction of the three streams, affluents of the Meander. The foundations of the buildings, fragments of columns, architraves, and cornices, marbles, blocks, broken pottery, the pits of a theatre with seats still *in situ* mark the spot: the whole being nearly overgrown with grassy sward.

ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA,

so called to distinguish it from other cities of the same name, and particularly from the Syrian capital on the Orontes, is remarkable in the apostolic history, as the scene where Paul publicly opened his mission to the Gentiles, and where he first encountered public violence for preaching the gospel of Christ. Being expelled by the populace, the mes-

sengers of truth shook off the dust of their feet against them, as a token of the certain ruin consequent on rejecting the counsel of the most High. Nothing now remains of the city but the ruins of a Pagan temple, a Christian church, and inscriptions commemorating the idolatry of the old inhabitants, found by Mr. Arundel on an elevated plateau to the south of the Meander—the sole surviving traces of the Pisidian capital.

PATARA.

In the Acts of the Apostles, it is incidentally mentioned that Paul, proceeding from Ephesus by sea to Judea, came to Patara, and found a ship there bound for the place of his destination, in which he embarked. The scene of his re-embarkation is sufficiently identified by a number of Greek sepulchral inscriptions, found by Sir C. Fellows during his researches in Lydia. Patara, once a busy maritime spot, and described by Strabo as a large city, now presents nothing but tombs and ruins, in which some monuments of the Christian age are discernible. These are partially buried under the gradually accumulated sands, which in the course of ages have cut off the place from the sea, and covered the splendid bay in which the waters rolled in the time of Paul, into a plain upon which vegetation has seized and planted clusters of palm-trees.

One other general observation may well be made respecting the ruins of the Asiatic churches and cities. These have disappeared, some of them not having left a visible vestige on the face of the earth. But the Epistles of St. Paul, his "parchments," a far more perishable material, and

less likely, humanly speaking, to be preserved, have been transmitted to us entire, down through the dark ages, from one barbarous country to another, over pathless tracts thousands of miles in extent, and through one language after another, and not one chapter or verse, jot or tittle, has perished; notwithstanding that the writings of Greece and Rome, countries more civilized and nearer home, have been much mutilated or altogether lost. And why? Because God willed it so.

Let the following notice of the old age of St. John conclude this chapter. After the death of Domitian, John returned to Ephesus, where he lived for several years, and governed three of the Asiatic churches. Jerome tells us that he was preserved to the age of almost a hundred years for the benefit of the church of Christ and as an inestimable pattern of charity and goodness. The following anecdote, which we have on the same authority, is characteristic of "the disciple that Jesus loved." When John was very old and feeble, he was carried into the church at Ephesus, and being unable to say much, his constantly repeated sermon was, "*Children, love one another.*" Being asked why he told them only one thing, he answered, "*Nothing else was needed.*"—Let the reader of this humbly seek the aids of the Holy Spirit that he may fear God, trust in the Redeemer's death, and love the brethren. And then may the Judge of all be merciful to our souls!

CHAPTER XVII.

TROY, THE HELLESPONT, CONSTANTINOPLE, THE SEA OF
MARMORA, THE BOSPORUS AND THE BLACK SEA.

As the seven churches of Asia are situated around Smyrna like a crescent, and as I felt desirous to visit them and to acquire every possible information regarding them, I was induced to prolong my stay at that city beyond what suited the convenience of my travelling companions. One of them, who had accompanied me for seven weeks, and all the way from Cairo, took his passage homeward by Trieste, and the others branched off in various directions. The only one who stuck close by me as my shadow was the walking corpse from Scanderoon, with a whole budget of infectious diseases hanging about his constitution. It is distressing at all times to be separated from those in whose intimate fellowship we have long delighted, and I felt this the more severely as I was far from home in a land of strangers. But my feelings soon rose above the freezing point as the notion bore me up that I was about to enter the Hellespont, the porch which divides the Eastern from the Western world, and where I would be in a position to shake hands at the same moment with the ghosts of Japhet and Shem, should they appear on the borders of their respective territories betwixt the jaws of

Europe and Asia, and where great men and events have involved the destinies of all the civilization of this earth. The voyage now before me up as far as the Black Sea, teemed probably with more classical associations than any other in the world. It was the chosen scene of the most wondrous epic poem ever produced,—every point of it contains a history,—and across its narrow sea two Persian monarchs, Alexander the Great, the crusading armies of Europe, and the Mahomedan conquerors of Constantinople, have all in succession carried their warlike hosts.

I halted at the island of Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos, standing at the mouth of the Adramyttic gulf, and deriving its name from one of its kings who reigned before the Deucalion flood. The apostle Paul passed through Mitylene in his way from Corinth to Jerusalem. It is the birthplace of Sappho, and was considered by the ancients the seventh in the *Ægean* sea first governed by a democracy. It has been subject to the Persians, the Athenians, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Venetians, and the Turks. Here, and for fifty miles around, I found the coast and crops had been so entirely eaten up by locusts that famine would be the consequence. I found the inhabitants in a state of great alarm, and altogether helpless in the circumstances. Commend my friends the farmers, I said, to our northern latitude, as being the best climate, with all its faults, in the world. A drenching wet harvest or a frosty morning, or even the potato blight, are never once to be compared to a visitation of locusts. The British Consul at Mitylene told me that they fell on the country like a cloud, and ate up every green thing they met with. Their number was so great as to obscure the light of the sun; and when they were

seen in the air, everybody was seized with consternation and terror; and the ravages they committed were rapid and dreadful. In their van the land was like a blooming paradise, but in their rear they left a desolate wilderness. No fruit, flower, leaf of a tree, or pile of grass, or grain of any sort, escaped their devastation. They flew with such a noise on their wings that they were heard at a distance of six or seven miles; and the sound of their teeth when eating resembled that of a torrent of wind when driving flames before it. They flew in such order that every one kept his place like the squares in a pavement. They seemed like the bees, to have a government and a king: and they sent forth scouts before them to select the best places for committing ravages. When they alight, they sometimes form a solid bed six or seven inches deep, and thus the ground is covered with them for the space of several leagues. When one host has departed, the ground is occupied by a second, a third, and a fourth. Nothing can stop their advance. While most other animals flee away at the sight of man, the locusts, of their own accord, attack him. Accordingly, when they came to the coast of Mitylene, as there was no prospect or possibility of repelling them, everybody retired into their houses that they might not be exposed to their rage. But they enter houses, adhere to clothes, and mingle with food;—they consume every plant, not even sparing the root;—they eat not only the leaves, but the bark and body of the tree; so that no place is secure from their bold invasion or can hinder their access.

A friend told me that in less than half-an-hour's time he saw them destroy every vestige of verdure upon a hundred acres of crop. He also saw them at another time near Smyrna,

when he was walking outward, sit down upon a large field of wheat just in the act of being cut by the sickle. The people fled; and on his return from visiting a sick person, where he was detained not more than half-an-hour, he found the crop utterly destroyed. Their strength is very great, and their activity beyond conception. They are much larger than I had the least notion of. Those I saw at Mitylene and elsewhere were plump green creatures with a fine slender neck and head, and pretty keen eyes, with a straight tapering tail. They were five or six inches long, and their body was as thick as a man's finger. Their legs are formed like those of a frog for leaping; and it is *said* they can jump two hundred times the length of their own body. They have a large open mouth, and their jaws are armed with four incisive teeth, which traverse each other like scissors, and cut everything they catch. In fact, their teeth are so sharp and strong that the Prophet Joel compares them to the teeth of a great lion. How insects apparently so ill-qualified for flight are enabled to cross the sea is one of the many things in this world which nobody can explain. Judging from external appearances I would almost as soon expect a million of frogs to take wing. But they are often seen in the middle of the ocean; and while crossing over wide seas they endure hunger for several days together, in the prospect of obtaining the provision of foreign countries: when they reach the shore they run through immense tracts of rich land, burning up everything by their touch, their biting and eating. They are followed too in their tracks by flocks of birds, which devour them in vast quantities. When they breed, they make a hole in the ground with their tail, lay three hundred eggs or so, cover them up with their feet,

and then die. The heat of spring hatches the eggs, and the young locusts issue from the earth about the middle of April; and should the winter be mild the calamity is certain. At Mitylene the people had neglected to destroy their eggs for two years. When left to die a natural death, which seldom happens, they do not survive more than six months, being the usual term of their existence. But often when they have sat down upon a district in such immense quantities, a strong whirlwind arises, tosses them for a while in the air, and at last plunges them into the sea. And now the scourge becomes more deadly than ever. The waves throw up heaps of their corrupted carcasses on the coast many feet thick, and these produce poisonous stench and pestilence so dreadful that the cattle, and even the wild beasts of the field and the birds of the air, perish in such fearful numbers as to increase the general corruption, and ultimately occasion the death of hundreds of thousands of the natives. Again, they are sold for food in the public market in many places of Arabia. The Mukin, or red species, being the fattest, is preserved. When fried and sprinkled with salt, they are considered wholesome and nutritious food. The Prophet Joel gives a sublime description of their ravages in the land of Judea. "A nation is come up upon my land, strong, and without number, whose teeth are the teeth of a lion. He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig-tree; he hath made it clean bare, and cast it away; the branches thereof are made white. The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen, so shall they run. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire

that devoureth the stubble. They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war: and they shall march every one in his ways, and they shall not break their ranks; neither shall one thrust another. The earth shall quake before them; the heavens shall tremble: the sun and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining."—"Lament like a virgin girded with sackcloth for the husband of her youth. The meat-offering and the drink-offering is cut off from the house of the Lord. The field is wasted, the land mourneth because the harvest of the field is perished, and because joy is withered from the sons of men."

The Island of Tenedos—where the Greeks concealed their fleet when they pretended to abandon the siege of Troy—and the Island of Lemnos, were also full in my sight, as also those of Imbros and Samothrace. How correct Virgil's description,

*"Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
Insula, Dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant;
Nunc tantum sinus, et statio male fida carinis."*

In the east I saw Mount Ida, capped with snow, and its tributary range embracing the valleys of the Thymbrek and the Mendire, the Simois and the Scamander of the Iliad. Tenedos seemed low and barren towards the sea; but it is reckoned the key of the Dardanelles, of the Gulf of Enos, and of the mouth of the river Hebrus, by which the rice from the most fertile portions of European Turkey is sent to Constantinople.

On board the French steamer, the Hellespont, I was talking with Mr. Ford, the intelligent and very obliging agent at Constantinople of the Peninsular and Oriental

Steam-ship Company, when he said with emotion, "O here now are the plains of Troy, and there are the burial-places of Agamemnon, Ajax, and Achilles. Here too is the bay in which the Greek fleet was moored during the siege; and that is the promontory so often mentioned of old. In that bay the Greek ships rode at anchor for ten years;"—reminding me again of Virgil's well-known lines;

———"Juvat ire, et Dorica castra
 Desertosque videre locos, litusque relictum.
 Hic Dolopum manus, hic sævus tendebat Achilles
 Classibus hic locus: hic acie certare solebant."

"Look," he said, "yonder is a beautiful mountain merging out from behind that ugly hulk of a hill,—that is the classical Ida; and to the left of it, and more distant, and if possible still more pretty and picturesque, is Mount Olympus, from which the king of gods and men viewed the Greek fleet. But have patience till we proceed farther down, and every point worth knowing shall be shown you so far as it is known. Every spot here is involved in doubt and disputes, which are endless, and really useless. In a little time we shall enter into the Hellespont, and pass the Dardanelles, and the mouths of all the rivers mentioned by Homer. Then along the banks of Scamander you shall see the plains of Troy distinctly enough; for immediately beyond the town and fort the waters of the Simois and Scamander flow into the sea, and the mouth of the river affords the best near point of observation."

Most cordially did I agree in opinion with Mr. Ford in reprobating the pedantry of passing travellers trying to contradict by a few smart remarks, traditions of three thousand years' standing. For me, it was sufficient to know that

Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar visited these plains on purpose, in the belief that they were walking over the site of the ruins of Troy. I was determined to cling most fondly to the popular probability that these were the tombs of the heroes of Homer, and as such, that Alexander ran round them. Resolved to indulge every local emotion, no bribe would have induced me to disappoint my heart of my due share of enthusiasm. Undisturbed with doubt therefore, I greedily surveyed the swift flowing Hellespont, the station of Agamemnon and his heroes, and the plain impressed with the footsteps of these ancient immortals. I felt a thousand lively sensations, and at every glance of the imposing prospect, whether in the remote solitudes of the plain promontory, or in the deep recesses of the distant forests, or on the summits of the highest hills, I experienced an increase of my satisfaction. Of this I was certain, that I did not require to enter into disputes or details as to exact local identities. But I knew that the classic and poetical region of Ida was now before me in the slump. And without puzzling myself to ascertain the exact position of the Troy of Homer, the Troad of Strabo, the Ilium of Lysimachus, or the Troy of M. le Chevalier, I felt that the venerable spot was crowded with the remnants of ancient superstitions. I thought that since the remains of Troy could not be found in the time of Julius Cæsar, who it is said searched minutely but in vain for the vestiges of the Trojan walls, it was needless for me to waste a moment's time or thought on so fruitless an investigation. Wherever, therefore, I turned my eyes, whether to the Dardanelles and up the Hellespont towards Sestos and Abydos, or backwards towards Tenedos and Lemnos, or inward on the flat peninsula of Troy, I felt glad and grateful

that my eyes had beheld such a sight, and I wept over my schoolboy recollections. There before me was the many-headed Olympus, in cloudless atmosphere and encircled with pure splendour,—Olympus, which was never shaken by the wind, nor hidden by the tempest, nor approached by the snow. There the king of gods and men sat and surveyed the ships of the Greeks and the city of Troy, having poured a cloud around his horses and chariots to render them invisible. In some of these woods, then called Samothrace, Neptune saw the whole of Ida, the city of Priam, and the fleet of the Greeks. On some one of these eminences on that plain the gods held a council to favour the Trojans, and from one of those summits Jupiter launched his lightning against the Greeks. On that limb of Ida, stretching down to the sea, Juno and Somnos, on their passage from Lemnos, first left the waves, and these woods of Lectum trembled under the feet of the deities as they ascended.

The fable of the poets, although founded on facts, was full of fiction. It is said that even Virgil never visited Phrygia, and therefore could have no personal knowledge of the scenes of his action. It is also said that Homer was but indifferently acquainted with the actual identities of the plains of Troy, and therefore he probably never meant to fix accurately on distinct spots for the scene of his poem. No poet of Homer's genius would suffer his imagination to be encumbered with all the mechanical adjustments of the actual localities. And notwithstanding his simple and consistent descriptions, and the inimitable air of truth with which he artfully invests the whole, it is ten to one, were he now brought to the spot, if he would not be as much at a loss as any one of us in pointing out the places he has named.

After all, the plains of Troy present nothing interesting to the eye of the voyager ; but

—————“old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.”

As an ordinary mountain merely, it has a bold air of majesty, which impresses the mind independent of either scriptural or classical associations. Troy itself is a wide plain extending to the shore, backed by high mountains—the Idian range—and watered by two streams, the Simois and Scamander. From the flat point Bourno, the coast is for four or five miles a sandy and shrubby plain, spreading from some inland eminences to the ocean, and divided by a small rivulet. About a mile from the succeeding promontory, called in the maps the cape of Troy, another stream flows through a narrow deep channel to the sea. About a mile from its mouth it is joined by a small rivulet flowing from the south. From this point the shore becomes less level ; and the cape of Troy is a sandy promontory terminated by a mass of shapeless rocks. The land is bleak and barren near the shore ; but in the slopes under the hill there are extensive gardens and jutting promontories at the foot of the Hellespont. On this the Sigean promontory, there are seen more or less distant from one another large mounds of earth which are said to contain the ashes of the heroes who fell in the war ; and these are seen prominently whether sailing down from Smyrna, northward past Lemnos and Tenedos, or inward and up the broad, boundless, and rushing Hellespont. Some travellers insist that these mounds have no reference to the Trojan war, and some call them the tombs of Antilochus, of Peneleus, and Patroclus, and of I don't know what.

Be this as it may, we steamed into the mouth of the straits, and passed the ancient harbour of Eleus, a little circular port scooped out from the foot of the hill. A hundred and eighty sail of the Athenian fleet entered this haven a few days before the battle of *Ægeos*. The shore is abrupt on the Asiatic side, and it is interspersed with retreating bays of sandy flats, frequently swelling forward into the strait, and forming large circular projections. The sight of Europe after so long an absence, and of Thrace, with its succession of hanging woods and hedge-row fields cultivated to the water's edge, was welcome, and seemed almost familiar to the eye. Onward, passing the grave of Hector, I reached the Dardanean promontory, where Scylla and Mithridates concluded a treaty of old, and where Great Britain and the Grand Signior signed by their plenipotentiaries a late treaty of peace. I came to the two castles of Notolia and Roumelia, "the lock of the sea." Here, on a flat point, there are plenty of batteries, redoubts of earth, and fascines erected by French engineers, with cannon of most enormous bore, and shell and stone shot as large as a cooking cauldron, and weighing nearly two hundred weight, and taking five minutes in loading. These told me plainly enough that this was the Dardanelles, and the only spot in the world from which a British fleet was thankful to escape. Here the strait is little more than a mile broad.

My friend did not fail to show me the site of the Troas of St. Paul, where in a vision he saw a man of Macedonia, who said, "Come over to Macedonia, and help us." It was here also that, "on the first day of the week, the disciples came together to break bread, and Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow, continuing his speech until

midnight." Here he restored to life the fallen Eutychus. Thus was I borne onward over those waves, on which the apostle of the Gentiles bore his bark, making his missionary way. With every spot around me there was connected some Christian, some classical recollection,—often both; and all tending to keep the mind in a contemplative stretch of imaginative reflection.

To a strip of stony shore, projecting from two high cliffs on the Thracian side of the strait, Xerxes fixed the European end of his bridge of boats crossing over to Sestos. When the work was completed, and as soon as the first dawn of the day began to appear, he spread sweet odours on the way, and strewed it with myrtle. He also poured out libations on the waves, and turning his face towards the rising sun, implored the assistance of this Persian god in the entire conquest of Europe. Then he threw the vessel he had used in making his libations, and a golden cup and Persian scimitar, into the sea. Amid the three millions of men Xerxes is said to have led across the bridge of boats, there was not one that could vie with himself, either for the comeliness of his face or the tallness of his person. But when he surveyed his army from a height his joy was turned into grief, and he wept and said, in a hundred years' time there would not be one of them living. Everybody knows that in six months after he returned to this same place almost a solitary fugitive, and found the bridge swept away by the current, when he was glad to be carried over the Strait of the Hellespont back to Asia in one of the native boats: and probably by this time few or none of his immense army were in life.

Alexander the Great took his army across the Hellespont

at this place in the opposite direction, and with a very different result. He sailed from the port of the Achaians, himself steering his own galley; and having got to the middle of the Hellespont, he sacrificed a bull to Neptune and the Nereids, and made effusions in the sea from a golden cup. After having thrown a javelin at the land, as thereby to take military possession of it, he was the first man to land in Asia. He leapt from the galley completely armed, and the first thing he did was to erect altars on the shore to Jupiter, Minerva, and Hercules. Having left his army near Sestos, he, accompanied by a few favourite generals, visited the plains of Troy and the manes of the warriors who fell in the Trojan war. Plutarch says, that when he arrived at Ilium he paid great honours to the tomb of Achilles. He envied the double felicity of that renowned Grecian, in having found during his lifetime a faithful friend in Patroclus, and after his death a herald in Homer. Cicero says in reference to this fine idea, "*Cum in Sigæo ad Achillis tumulum constitisset: O fortunate inquit adolescens qui tuæ virtutis Homerum præconem inveneris. Et vere. Nam nisi Ilias illa extitisset idem tumulus qui corpus ejus contexerat, etiam nomen obruisset.*" (Ora. pro Arch.) Arrian adds, that he carried away from the place some arms which were said to have been used in the Trojan war, and ordered them to be borne before him in his battles. In the Pharsalia it is said that Julius Cæsar, in traversing the plains of Troy, inadvertently walked over a heap of stones which no longer retained the shape of a tomb, when his Phrygian guide cried out, "Stop, Cæsar, you are treading on the ashes of Hector."

“ ————— securus in alto
Gramine ponebat gressus, Phryx incola manes
Hectoreos calcare vetat.”

Pharsal. IX. v. 975.

In modern times these tombs have been honoured by the visits of no warriors so renowned, but yet their requiem is still sung by the surging waves which break against the shores on both sides of the Sigean promontory, and by the whole gushing water of the Hellespont ebbing down from the Black Sea in a strong torrent.

This place is also well-known for the famous enterprise of Leander, the ardent lover of old, who swam at least four miles every night to meet his sweetheart, and swam back the same distance in the same night. Lord Byron swam it also, and he seems to have been prouder of having become the rival for fame of Leander than of all his poetry. Everywhere, in prose and verse, verbally and by letter, he boasts of having swam the Hellespont, after having been an hour and ten minutes in the water, his companion, Mr. Ekenhead, having done it in five minutes less time. Byron says, that they found the current very strong, and the water cold, that some large fish passed them in the middle of the channel, and that they were not fatigued, although a little chilled. They performed the feat with little difficulty.

The town of Dardanelles or Abydos, situated on the Asiatic side, has nothing attractive in its appearance, but it is a mart of commerce;—a few consular flags waved along the water front behind heavy water batteries. A number of vessels for Constantinople were windbound, or waiting for their permit to proceed. Our steamer turned and returned twice through the Dardanelles to take two fruit vessels in tow up the straits to Constantinople. I passed

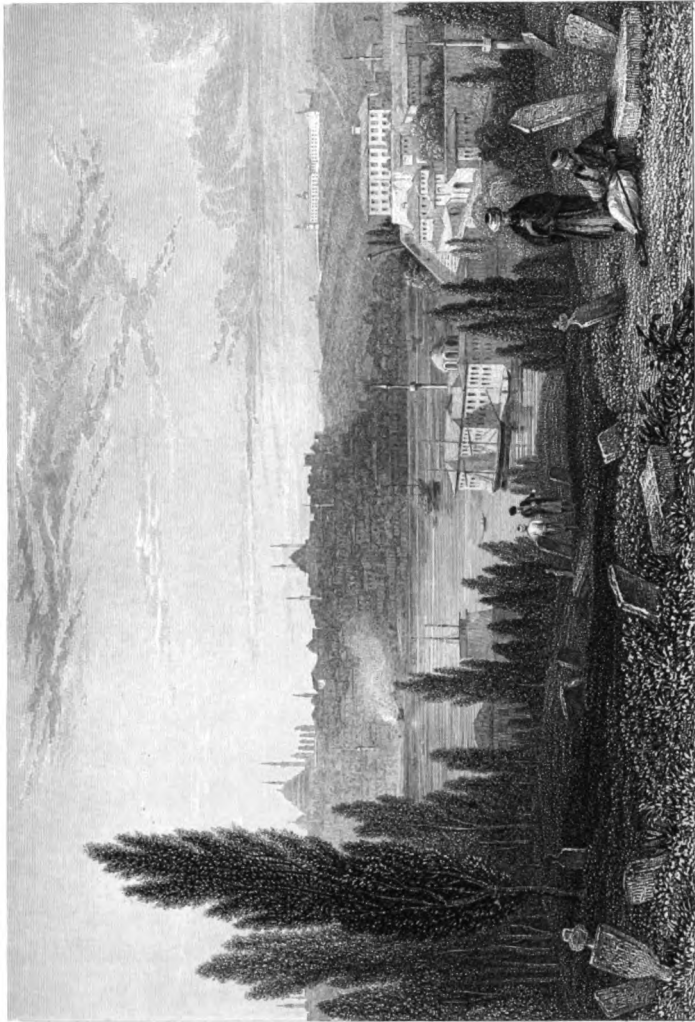
headlands and bays on both shores, each of them rendered memorable by the poets or the historians of antiquity. The name of many of them alone is a history. Everywhere the territory is rich in vineyards of a superior quality, enclosed in hedges of pomegranate trees. On both sides there are mountains clothed with wood, headlands in Europe, and receding shores in Asia, with nothing wanting to complete the beauty of the scene. By and by the expanse of the sea of Marmora opened to the view, presenting, says Mr. Hobhouse, now Lord Broughton, "another succession of prospects more interesting by their natural and associated attractions, than are perhaps to be met with in any other part of the world." The general appearance of Marmora is barren, with a few spots verdant with vines and corn-lands, and affording scanty pasturage to goats. The mountains of Asia were every now and then apparent in the farthest distance. I was told that the dawn of the morning might probably bring Constantinople into view. Accordingly I rose from bed with the first light of the dawn, to catch a sight of the Turkish Stamboli or Alempena, the refuge of the world.

The mist of the morning, mixed with darkness, prevented me for a while from ascertaining whether any portion of Constantinople was in view or not. A white hue, rising from the waves, mixed with the grey light of the horizon; but soon the dawn became more decided, and one array of surprising and splendid objects, dreamy and changing like a night vision of the fancy, came into sight. As the rays continued to struggle through the gloom, the glittering expanse of architectural magnificence seemed to rise from the ocean's depth as if by enchantment. The sun acquired greater brightness, but it was still obscured by the haze of the

horizon, which seemed to make the objects before me more definite, massive, and lofty. Mr. Ford, in his zeal for the splendour of Constantinople, regretted the unfavourable state of the weather. At length, but not till we were far advanced to the harbour, the sun broke forth in full splendour, and the overpowering magnificence of the scene started up before me at once, and the whole city was seen in one circular glance; and I gave expression to the idea that surely this was the noblest position in the world for a great capital. The beauty of the situation surpassed all my anticipations, much as I had read of it, and high as these were. It would be difficult for the finest imagination and taste to conceive a site of more pleasing and varied grandeur. What a scene of Oriental and Turkish manners in the city, and of a character so gorgeous and gay! What a panorama of domes covered with bronze and glittering in the sun! How many light and graceful minarets have sprung up like cypresses all around, pointing to the sky from dense groves of dark foliage, intimating the reverent solemnity of the Mahomedan worship of God! What a genial mixture of cypress trees, houses, gardens, and mosques, combined with the varieties of rock and woodland, hill and dale, all hemmed in by the distant deep blue peaky mountain! Then on the water, what a swarm of light caiques, and of every variety of little craft, with white sails glistening on the blue waves!

Once and again I lifted my eyes back to the city, occupying the slope and heights of the hill, shining white in the rising sun with its domes, mesgidis, hans, bezestiens, and baths, crowned with cupolas protected with costly glittering covers. But now I noticed that the magnificence was blended with a mixture of ruins, and that the most luxuriant palaces, with





Engraved by E. Fisher.

CONSTANTINOPLE.
(From the Sea)

A. Fullerton & Co. Lithographers & Engravers.

all their foliage and verdure, stood in the midst of deserted hovels overgrown with brambles and surrounded by assemblages of dirty natives. Again, therefore, I turned my eye back to the water, and to the Golden Horn just before me filled with ships of every class, rig, and nation. How noiseless and graceful these boats flee and flit to and fro across the smooth waves! Above the two bridges were the Turkish men of war, the heaviest hulks I ever saw. Opposite these were Perah, Tephana, and Galata. Eastward across the sea of Marmora where it joins the Bosphorus, was Scutari, where the fourth general council of the church was held. Near Scutari there was a spacious grove of cypresses, which I was told shaded millions of the dead, and on the waters around, their souls, transmigrated into birds, were flying in myriads. A high mountain behind overlooked the cities, the harbours, the Marmora, and the Bosphorus,—the lovely and meandering Bosphorus ever at the ebb, but rarely turbulent. It flows between an uninterrupted range of palaces and gardens, mosques and kiosks, which begin at the Seraglio and extend upwards for about twenty miles—the continued grandeur and beauty of all which it were vain to describe. No wonder, I thought, that Byzantium was the rival of Rome, and that the Russian bear would prefer it to the frozen regions of Siberia.

But the anchor is cast, the steamer has swung round by the tide to her moorings; and the caique has brought me to the stairs at Galata. And now all the charm is gone, quick as the eastern twilight dispels the gorgeous grandeur of the setting sun. At once I was in the midst of poverty and filth, wretchedness and rags. The streets are rough and rugged, narrow, steep, and most miserably paved, full

of holes, filled with mud, and crowded with snarling dogs, tearing at the carcase of a dead donkey, or at that of a dromedary half rotten. And there are the natives stepping over it, and walking around it, waiting patiently till the dogs and the sun entirely destroy it. Now the Oriental confusion which I noticed even from the deck is worse confounded in a mixture of splendour and dirt. But here is a London-built carriage and pair advancing down the street at funeral pace, and bounding from stone to stone like a spent cannon-ball. Everything seems to be as disgusting as possible; the streets are narrow, dark, dirty, and wet; the houses are low and shapeless like garden tool-houses, and every window is shut up to prevent the passing infidel from obtaining a glimpse within. The style of architecture is fantastic and extravagant. The houses are mostly of wood, painted red on the roof, and everywhere there is a vast variety of glaring colours and great profusion of gilding. A gay and gaudy air spreads itself over every object. But wherever the view opens, there an Asiatic sight is before the eye more superb and lovely than any in Europe. I walked through Perah, a miserable-looking portion of the town, composed of mean houses and narrow dirty streets, and inhabited mainly by Franks, Greeks, and Armenians. I went over the bridge to Constantinople, properly so called, but everything there was equally dirty and disgusting; most parts of it worse than Wapping or any of the purlieus on the edge of the Thames. I had seen this so often in all the eastern cities I had hitherto visited, that I thought it better to withdraw at once, and seek something more pleasing to the senses of seeing and smelling.

At five o'clock, as I noticed one evening, a steamer was

advertised to sail to the head of the Bosphorus and to return to the Golden Horn early next morning; and accordingly I took a passage, determined to see the celebrated scenery of that locality from end to end. The families of most of the merchants and wealthy inhabitants were living up the Bosphorus along its shores for summer quarters and sea-bathing. The steamer was accordingly much crowded with the husbands and other relatives on their way to spend the evening in the bosom of their family circle, and to return to their usual occupations in the morning. I was the only Englishman on board, and it was gratifying to see the marked kind attention shown to me by everybody on every occasion. I was asked once and again to go to this marine villa and to that, to spend the evening with this gentleman and the other: but as my object was to sail as far up as the vessel would take me, I continued to decline all such civilities. My white turban and white linen dress were soiled and worn by the travelling, and my broad-brimmed straw-hat was faded by the sun; and probably the Turks were under the impression that my money means had become scanty, and that a small supply to one who had been so long from home, and who had several thousand miles to travel before he could reach it, would be a seasonable and acceptable gratuity. Be that as it may, one of them mustered a large linen purse, and going round the deck, everybody put more or less into it with great heart and good will. When this benevolent task had been accomplished, the high-minded Turks began to be puzzled how they were to act towards me, that I might be induced to accept of it in any way the least offensive to my feelings. Up at last two of them came to me with the bag in their hand, and begged me in broken English to accept

of it. For a moment my feelings overpowered me so that I could not even speak; but at last in the kindest manner I could, and being very grateful indeed for their benevolent considerations, I assured them that I had plenty of money to take me home in the enjoyment of every comfort, and that when at home I had as much as I could make a good use of. And to convince them of the fact I pulled out my own bag of new coined sovereigns which I had got in the Bank of England the day before I sailed, which still made a respectable display notwithstanding that their numbers were somewhat diminished. The Turks then told me that some years ago, when the Russians threatened to bring down a squadron from the Black Sea, the English war fleet came up from Malta and cruised off the mouth of the Hellespont, and were thus the means under God of preserving their capital from destruction, and that therefore no respectable Englishman would ever be permitted to be in want while in Constantinople. Somebody afterwards told me, in reference to the same occasion, that the Grand Sultan concentrated three hundred thousand troops in an incredibly short time at Constantinople for its defence.

The swelling hills on each side of this narrow sea alternately approach and recede, forming promontories and corresponding inlets to each shore, all as if to produce a perfect picture of the sublime and beautiful. The place was pointed out where, across the narrowest of one of these straits, Darius led his army into Scythia. I passed Buyukdere, the beautiful residence of the Frank Ambassadors, and Belgrade, where Lady Mary Wortley-Montague resided. I passed the base of the giant mountains, the ancient Pharos, and the upper forts with their continuous lighthouses, and all

the villas and villages glittering in grandeur on both shores; and all that I would say in regard to them is, that I have admired the beauties of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Neckar, and the Danube, the Seine, the Arno, the Tiber and the Tay; almost every one of our Scotch and English lakes, and many of the gayest scenes in Asia and in Africa, on the Nile, the Jordan, the Orontes and the Cydnus—but in my estimation they must all yield in grandeur and beauty to the scenes and sights on the shores of the Bosphorus—its palaces and promontories,—its sombre and sunny vales,—its frowning forts and fearful seven towers built as a state prison, into which many brave men have been sent, but from which not one of them has ever escaped or been released. Every point and promontory we turned increased my admiration and wonder tenfold.

All the villages having been passed, and the sun sinking fast behind the mountains, I had made up my mind to halt at the uppermost inn on the shore; but finding that the steamer was engaged to tow a merchantman up into the Black Sea, and to return in the morning in time to pick up the passengers at the several stations so as to be in Constantinople by ten o'clock, and having been kindly invited by the Captain to remain all night on board if I chose, I embraced the only opportunity I would ever have in my life of getting a sail on the Euxine. In entering the Black Sea at the promontory of Fanaraki, the ancient Paneum, the land recedes more suddenly on the Thracian than on the Asiatic side. The entrance into the strait is abrupt, and has a fantastic appearance like the mouth of some mighty sea monster,—the white castles on the dark-coloured hills having the resemblance of teeth. The rugged

rocks on each side of this strait appear at this day as fresh from the eruption of the ocean, which tore a passage, and by creating new channels and beds, gave another surface to a vast portion of the western hemisphere. The waters of this sea are scarcely brackish, and their comparative sweetness was remarked by the ancients. I remained on deck till the light entirely failed me; but it served to let me see in the distance Symplegades, where Jason passed in search of the Golden Fleece. Far beyond, and northward, were the Balkan Mountains and the frozen regions of Russia and the mouths of the dark-rolling Danube, leading my mind homeward and upward even to the Black Forest. Eastward over the range of the Caucasus were the Caspian shores; and to the south lay Persia and India, Hindostan and the Ganges. Lest by any possibility I might miss some object even in the dark, I kept my eyes wide awake till long after midnight, when the vessel let go her charge, and putting about, steamed back to the Bosphorus.

In returning in the dark I saw a thousand twinkling lights gleam upon the shores of the sea, and the sloping hills both of Asia and Europe seemed to glow with the brilliancy of a vast illuminated atmosphere. I at last stretched myself along one of the stuffed seats in the cabin (for there were no beds for passengers in the ship), and enjoyed a very refreshing repose for three or four hours. Next morning, after passing the Sultan's splendid palace built along the Asiatic edge of the shore, I had again another sight from the sea of Constantinople, which confirmed my impression that altogether it was one of the most superb the eye of man ever rested on. The rolling Bosphorus, the magnificent ocean entrance, the Seraglio, that dark scene of treachery and blood,—palace after

palace, mosque after mosque, "with glittering domes, and lofty minarets," the cities of Scutari, Stamboul, and Perah, all carried up bold and rocky elevations, flanked by hills still loftier, and crowned and covered by groves of towering cypress, presented one of the prettiest panoramas on earth. It is said that the Bosphorus receives thirty rivers, and that its banks are adorned with more than fifty villages. Now and then there are views of large tracts of dark forest countries intersected by deep dells or green ravines, which have a fine effect when contrasted with the luxurious shores and the many painted villages shining in the sun.

The public sights at Constantinople have been so often described, that the attempt on my part would only be a waste of my own time, and that of my readers. I had seen so many such, and all so similar, both in Africa and Asia, that my appetite was satiated, and I felt little interest in toiling and broiling along the streets in a hot sun, from mosque to mosque, and palace to palace; and besides, time was up, and my anxiety to get home was increasing every hour. I therefore improved my opportunity of getting my passport adjusted, and in taking out my passage for the Piræus, determined to sail by the first boat. Still, however, I must admit, that, with all my spirit of adventure and activity, my heart sank within me when I left for the last time this queen of cities. The sinking sun was retiring like myself from the prospect. I gazed very wistfully on the rolling waters and bold headlands of the beautiful Bosphorus basking most luxuriously in the last hues of the evening. Palaces, temples and towers, domes and minarets, and all around, were tinged with the waning glow of the setting sun; but the Golden Horn, Perah, Scutari, and Stamboul,

one after another retired from the view, and even the gorgeous Seraglio itself began to look dim and very dreadful, as the darkness in the distance shut it out for ever from my eye. Even now, however, that I am once more snug in my own home, and distant thousands of miles from Constantinople, oftener than once, when sound asleep, have I dreamt that I was landing on the stairs at the bridge of the Golden Horn, or steaming gaily up the Bosphorus; and on these occasions, although everything was as bright before my eyes as on that shining morning when I first beheld them, yet when I awoke I was right glad to find myself in my own bed at the very comfortable manse of Dolphinton.

And now for a few remarks as to the manners of the Mahommedans, and other inhabitants of the East. When attending divine service in the English church at Jerusalem, I remarked that the converts to Christianity, whether Jews or Mahommedans, stood and sat down during the most solemn parts of the devotion, without having their heads uncovered. But I soon found out that among the many eastern customs which run counter to our own, to uncover the head in company is esteemed an indecent familiarity, and want of respect. So, in many things, the customs of the orientals is exactly contrary to those of our own country. Although they are the finest riders in the world, they mount on the right side of the horse, while Europeans mount on the left. Although they are hospitable, they serve themselves first at table, while Europeans serve themselves last. Although they are polite, they take the wall, and walk hastily in sign of respect, while Europeans give the wall, and walk slowly. They think strangling more genteel than beheading, while Europeans are partial to neither. They cut the hair from the head,

and let it grow on the chin. Their mourning habit is white; and they throw their hand backwards when they wave any person to follow them; and to draw the hand towards yourself, intimates that the person is not to approach you. Again, they turn in their toes. In these respects the Orientals not only differ from the Franks, but are exactly contrary.

Ingratitude is a vice unknown to the Turks; whose naked character, where it can be discovered through the incrustations of a defective system, displays a disposition which belongs only to those whom nature has formed of better clay, and cast in her happiest mould. Perhaps European civilization would not give a greater scope to the exertion of their intrinsic virtues, but it is clear that many of their vices are to be attributed to their faulty institutions. The doctrines of Mahomet are not unlike those of the Socinians. They don't inquire into men's faith so much as into the conduct it produces, and they think heaven will be large enough for persons of all religions. The words of the Koran are, "Verily those who believe, both Jews and Nazarenes (Christians), and Zabians (Ishmaelites), whatsoever of these believe in God, and the last day, and do good works, have their reward with their Lord, and no fear shall come upon them, neither shall they be affected with sorrow." They are simple and sincere in their devotions, and so much matter of fact in their honest intercourse, that they will not say at the end of a letter, I remain your humble servant. But conclude thus,—1852, *June* 10. ELIAS BEY.

Their great Islamic maxims in religion are, "Everything is from God, and without God we can do nothing,"—"God is all in all,"—"Submit to God." They consider Jesus

Christ to have been a great person, and call him Sidin Aisa, but they do not allow that he was God as well as man. The difference between a Turk and a Christian as to a particular providence is in their practice only. Both cast their cares on God; but the one, in stupid apathy, neglects the use of means, whereas the other, not knowing the will of God, uses every effort to gain his purpose, leaving the result to God, and desiring to be thankful and humble. It is an article of faith in the Mahommedan religion, not to drink wine. But it depends on the humour of the reigning Sultan whether the use of wine be permitted or not. Some Grand Sultans have staved all the wine casks, and hanged on a hook at their own shop door, those who sold the liquor. No Turk takes drink at all without being a drunkard. But a drunkard is scarcely to be found on all the shores of the Mediterranean. In Africa, Asia, or in Europe eastward of the Straits of Gibraltar, such a man I never saw. But the first object which attracted my notice on my return to Scotland, was a drunk porter staggering and vapouring, crying the mean while, "that his pension made him independent in this world, and that he was not such a d—— fool as to believe in the next." The sight and saying made me tremble. Drunkenness is the vice of northern climates. In Scotland this fatal sin has increased most enormously, and is increasing alarmingly every year. It must be put down by all means.

And if nothing else will do, the Sultan's summary process of staving the casks, and hanging the spirit-dealer at his own shop door, may be tried. Should a baker sell light bread in Constantinople he is hanged on the spot, or compelled to make up the weight out of his own flesh. But light bread

or light weights are shamefully neglected by the authorities in England, and the poor are thereby defrauded to an enormous amount. They deserve well of their country who have stood so prominently forward, and expended so much time, labour, and hard cash, in promoting the habit of temperance. Those in Scotland, who have distinguished themselves so much, from pure motives of benevolence, and Christian charity, deserve well of the Christian public. They are Howards of their country and generation.

Among the frequenters of the coffee-houses, may be seen some of the opium-eaters. They are easily recognised, as they are pale, emaciated, and rickety. The very first sight of them produces an impression never to be erased, as they seem to be sunk into a profound stupor, or agitated by all the grimaces of delirium. They will swallow in a glass of water three or four opium lozenges, amounting to one hundred grains. They are mixed with spices, and marked *Mush Allah*—the work of God. Yet these exploits are insignificant when compared with that of the takers of a drachm of corrosive sublimate every day, by a character who lived till he was nearly a hundred years old.

The decline of the Ottoman empire has by no means been so rapid nor its disgraces been so repeated as casual observers are apt to suppose. Often during their wars with Russia and Austria, has Europe expected that the partition of Turkey was inevitable and at hand. But still they have been rather triumphant than worsted. And it is a remarkable historical fact, that the flag of England never was in danger during the late wars but once. It was from this nation, from whom Britain little expected such a disgrace. With neither a fleet nor an army at all formidable, the

Turks retain the fairest islands, and the most favoured regions of southern Europe, to say nothing of their extensive, rich, and fertile territories in Africa and in Asia Minor. They founded their monarchy upon the four great Empires of antiquity, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman, and their dominion embraces much of the most inviting of the provinces of each; and were these to be dismembered, into how many independent nations might they not be divided?

Neither are the Turks so far sunk as a warlike nation, as is generally supposed in the west. This kingdom has lived the usual period of 1,200 years or so, and is evidently slowly dying of old age. Disease, depopulation, fire, and bad government, will ultimately bring it down. And so convinced are the Turks themselves, that they are ere long to be driven forth of Europe, that already they bury their dead as much as they can in Asia. But still Constantinople is guarded along its narrow approaches by the sea, with such a number of the stronger fortifications, and by the western great powers, out of jealousy towards Russia, and in the loyalty of the people, that there will be probably no crisis for a time. But the temptation is great on the part of Russia for Constantinople, England for Egypt as her transit to India, France for the coast of Africa from Algiers to Alexandria, and Prussia and Austria for the fertile provinces in their respective vicinities. Two or three years ago, when the Russian fleet in the Black Sea alarmed Turkey, and when a squadron from England cruised off the mouth of the Hellespont, the Grand Sultan succeeded in concentrating three hundred thousand men upon Constantinople. And even their fleet, through the midst of which I sailed, is by

no means contemptible, either in numbers or naval tactics. There I saw what was called the largest man-of-war in the world, carrying no less than 140 guns, commanded by an Englishman. But the Queen at Malta would destroy the Turk in less than an hour's time, and even an English frigate would compel him to lower his flag.

But the Turks are well aware how much they owe to England for protection from Russia; and individually they are grateful, not in words only, but by every kindness to our travellers, even to the extent of offering them money, as their merchants did their purse to myself. But in every thing they seem to be a noble people, brave, trustworthy, hospitable, and religious. They are high-minded, and by nature kindly disposed. In trade the Turks are just, and punctual, and honourable—they are credited without scruple—nay, rather them than some Christians. They have nothing of the low cunning and treachery of the Arabs, or the savage feelings of Ishmael. Of the nations in the Levant it has been said, that one Frank is equal to a Turk, but that it takes three Franks to overreach a Jew—three Jews to overreach an Armenian—three Armenians to overreach a Greek—and from my own experience, I would add that it takes three Greeks at the least, to equal in villany an Arab waterman. These are decidedly the worst characters I ever met—ungrateful, treacherous, and savage, and as untameable to honesty and kindness, as that most unruly member of all—the tongue of the slanderer.

The great defect of the Turkish national character, is their lassitude from opium, tobacco, and coffee; and from their extreme filth. Their streets are fearful, and their houses not less so. Should a donkey die in one of the most crowded

thoroughfares, there its carcase will lie, even in that warm climate, till the hungry dogs, who act as the only scavengers of the city, eat it up. But these are so numerous and ravenous, both in Grand Cairo and Constantinople, that even the entire carcase of a dromedary is devoured in a night. And should a human being die, or be assassinated in the dark, it is ten to one if a single scrap of his body be left by sunrise, to give evidence of the fact. Lord Byron actually saw a dog tearing at the scalp of a beheaded man, and trying to crunch his skull, and the sight is said not to be uncommon at Constantinople.

But besides these more obvious causes of decay, there are others slow and silent, which will of themselves bring about the inevitable result. Of these polygamy is one; and thus it works. In their almost promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, the females do not become pregnant in the usual proportions. When they happen to fall with child, they do every thing in their power to procure abortion; and should this fail, and the child be born, it is an ascertained fact that, when the infant is asleep, the mother spreads a thin silk handkerchief over her child's face, and on that she drops a well-known deadly vegetable powder, and the work is thus done in three minutes. Again it is said, that throughout his very extensive dominions, the Sultan has fifteen millions of soldiers, and by law of long practice, these must all be native born Turks, spread over these hot climates; and leading a freer life than ordinary peasants, they die sooner, and in greater numbers, and without offspring. And thus there is no proportion between the births and deaths of the Turks.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GREECE.

LORD BYRON and Sir Walter Scott were not more distinguished for their poetry than for their patriotism. There was a remarkable coincidence between them in this, that the genius of the one recalled Greece to the sympathies of statesmen by his descriptions in *Childe Harold*, so that she was emancipated from the tyranny of the Grand Turk, and established as an independent state. In the same way, by his Shakspearian delineation of a national character not surpassed in Europe for bravery, patriotism, and devotion to their chief; and by his descriptions of scenery equal to those of any writer of any age, Sir Walter Scott did more for the Highlands of Scotland than even Lord Byron did for Greece. Till the publication of the 'Lady of the Lake,' the 'Lord of the Isles,' and the 'Waverley Novels,' this country was not known at all to the inhabitants of England, and but very indifferently even to those of Edinburgh. But the battle of Waterloo did not produce a more prompt and permanent effect upon the politics of modern Europe, than did these writings upon the position of the Highlands. Everything grand in the gorges and glens of the Grampians, pretty in the Lakes of Perthshire, or wild in the

Hebrides of the west, was brought out to the amazement and delight even of Continental Europe. Forthwith travellers flocked to the north every summer, and it became at once a more fashionable tour than Switzerland itself. And now the whole court of England and many of her nobility reside for months every year in the Highlands. Estates are bought, shooting grounds with rivers, and lochs for fishing are leased, and lodges are built, and even railways are made, and probably one hundred thousand pounds sterling is spent in the district every autumn. Much of this may be attributed to the patriotism of Scott, and at least more of it than to any other cause. We may talk of the beneficial results which flowed from the two rebellions; of the abolition of the hereditary jurisdictions, and of the Act abolishing ward holding,—a species of military tenure by which the vassal was bound to follow his chieftain to battle under pain of forfeiture of his lands,—or of the making of the Caledonian Canal, and many excellent turnpike roads everywhere, as having done much for the Highlands, and nobody can doubt the fact. But Scott, by bringing the beauties of the country into notice, and the character of the people into favour, did more for that wild and savage district than all the other remote causes combined. Thus Byron kindled a flame in European opinion which compelled the five great powers to do what in itself was unlike most of their actions, and what was scarcely justifiable in the general law of nations: and everybody approved of it, because it was done for classical Greece, while the pretence assumed, that it had a regard to the balance of power, was esteemed merely as an apology. Might not the same five great nations, by treaty or otherwise, tear the Holy Land of the Messiah from the

spiritual dominion of the False Prophet, that God's ancient people, the Jews, may be permitted, encouraged, and even helped, to return to their promised land?

We sailed, in going towards Greece, once more down through the Dardanelles, and passed the Troas, where St. Paul in a vision was called to Macedonia, where he restored the dead to life, and where he left his cloak and his parchments, about the bringing of which he wrote particularly to Timothy. Desirous to get another peep at the classical scenes, I embraced the opportunity afforded me of landing on the island of Lemnos, and I ascended the heights above the harbour, where I obtained an excellent bird's-eye view of the Sigæan promontory, with all the ancient localities of Troy and of the Grecian camp, and of the bay where their fleet was moored, and of Tenedos where it was concealed for a night, and of all the gulfs and islands around. We sailed towards the Piræus by the islands of Dinos and Naxo, and Argolica and Delas, once so famous for the oracle of Delphos and temple of Apollo, but now without a single inhabitant. This island, like all the other islands of the Cyclades around, is destitute of trees and of verdure; but extremely brilliant and beautiful. Standing on the deck, a sailor came forward and said in plain English, on an afternoon lovely beyond description, "Do you see, Sir, yon solitary little cloud rising in the horizon?"—"Yes," said I, "I do." "Then," he continued, "exactly below it, and a little to the right, are the plains of Marathon, where a battle was fought long by. Many people take a boat and go to see it from Athens. I have twice gone with gentlemen who were from England like you." "Thank you," said I. "And what is the name of that river inter-

secting the flat in its whole length?" "They call it the Marathon, Sir," said the tar, for he had never heard of the Charadrus. "You see the whole field there, and you know better than I do who fought, and all about it, I daresay. But I believe you don't find it in the Bible." This last remark was made with sincere simplicity, and I felt much indebted to the sailor for doing his best in gruffly directing my attention to so interesting a locality. Near by was the station of the Persian fleet and the place where they landed; and more distant were the headlands of Eueoa and of Attica. Not far from the shore stood still conspicuous the tomb raised over the bodies of the Athenians who fell in this memorable battle. And further along the shore is the marsh where have been found the remains of trophies. Thus, as Byron says,

"Age shakes Athena's towers, but spares grey Marathon."

We arrived at the island of Syra about six o'clock in the morning, and did not depart from it till next day at sunset. The island is barren but picturesque. The harbour may be called the Liverpool of modern Greece. The town is not unlike Jaffa, being built on a conical hill which is covered to the summit with whitewashed houses and crowned by a monastery. Below this the town spreads out along the water's edge. Here the rising condition of the place is indicated by the crowds of busy traders, the number of boats loading and unloading, and the crowds of sailors and porters swarming on the wharf. The harbour is said to be one of the best in Greece. The streets of the town are narrow and confused—the houses are small and dirty; yet there is a very pleasing variety in the fruit shops, winepresses, numerous bazaars, and happy holiday faces. But alas! my description

does not now embrace the large domes and tapering minarets and tall cypresses, and such like expressions which have been used in describing Eastern towns.

I was fortunate at Constantinople in getting a sight of the Grand Sultan on a Friday—the Turkish Sabbath—when he was on his way publicly to attend Divine service as head of the church and representative of Mahomet. As this procession takes place once every week, it excites little commotion anywhere in Constantinople, excepting among the warships which fire a royal salute as he passes. According to established usages, the Sultan also uniformly attends all the great conflagrations of the city in person. But I was more fortunate still in Syra in Greece, where, the day after I arrived, the king and queen paid a visit to the island, and were received with all the solemnities usual upon such occasions. His barge arrived in the bay about nine o'clock in the morning with great splendour, reminding me of that of Cleopatra and Marc Antony. Every man-of-war was manned and flagged in holiday attire. Every battery and vessel, whether of steam or of merchandise, which could muster a pound of gunpowder, fired away in grand style as long as it lasted. The authorities of the place went on board to pay their respects to royalty; and a band of eunuchs and pretty Greek girls, all nicely dressed for the occasion, sung a serenade under the windows of the royal cabin. Their numerous and united voices, rising and rolling along the rippling wave, produced tones of music remarkably sweet, powerful, and piercing. How different, I thought, from the monotonous tuneless grunts and groans of the Bedouin Arabs with their dull nasal twang. I hired a boat and rowed into the heart of the hubbub, fortunately just about the time when their

majesties left for the shore. After having seen the king and queen within twenty yards of me, I was rowed smartly back to the pier, through the smoke and almost the flashes of the cannon on every side, and I took up a position where the royal cortege passed me at a distance of three or four feet. The poor were bending their knee before their majesties, and presenting written petitions, which were received in a kindly manner, folded and held in the hand. They are a handsome couple, aged about thirty-five years, and blooming with health, beauty, and benevolence. The king wore the elegant theatrical dress of the Greeks, and in nothing was it different from that of many around but in the plate of gold and a brilliant diamond which was set in a scull-cap closely fitted to the head. The queen wore a Leghorn straw bonnet and the elegant easy costume of an English lady of high rank, but without displaying a single brooch or bracelet; yet never, not even in Dido herself, could Virgil's expression be better applied: "*Incedit regina.*" I thought I noticed, however, a tinge of regret seated on the fine features of her face; and, stranger as I was, I felt vexed that there was no family to inherit the crown; and I was flattered when his majesty asked me in Italian, if I was an Englishman, and when answering in the affirmative, he said something to the queen, and both turned round and recognised me with a bow. But how the authorities of Syra marched their good-natured sovereigns up and down the dusty streets and under a burning sun, for hours, with bands of music and processions of priests, magistrates, and charity schools in long array! There was to be a presentation and a grand ball in the evening, at both of which I would have been made welcome, as I had been presented at Court in my own

country, but my long white beard, my well-worn broad-brimmed straw hat, and my white linen dress, which had been three times washed, and deserved to be washed again, as the steamer had been coaling that very morning, would not have suited. And how could I dance with shoes which were torn, as I had been compelled to deny myself the pleasure of buying new ones till I should reach Athens or Naples. But from the bottom of my heart I wished them all a merry night of it while we were steaming down the Morea.

The rising sun was spreading out the bright morning on the mountains around Salamis, as I stood on the opposite promontory feasting my eyes on the spacious bay where the fleet of Xerxes was defeated off the point of the craggy tongue of land. To the left, and almost under my elbow, as I stood, lay the ruins of the tomb of Themistocles, looking over that gulf which was the scene of his naval bravery and triumph. The monument itself is no great affair, being merely a sepulchral excavation like an altar in the rock. But the spot is ever hallowed as containing the mortal remains, as they were brought from Asia, of an eminent statesman and warrior, who was so shamefully rewarded by his country. I had seen at Abydos the place where Xerxes crossed the Hellespont from Asia into Europe, onward to Greece, at the head of half a million of fighting men; and I had seen the height from which he viewed his troops, and where, weeping like a child, he remarked that in thirty years not one of all his men would be alive. And now I looked on the place where, in less than six months after, his fleet was destroyed in this bay of Salamis, and he alone was left to point out the moral and adorn the tale. When at school I

had read all about it (as the sailor said) in Cornelius Nepos. Little did I at that time expect to visit these scenes, and much indeed was I edified and animated by my morning's walk. I breakfasted *con amore* on my return to the modern town of the Piræus. Of old this was a city of great eminence, abounding with temples, porticoes, and palaces, some of the antiquities of which have been excavated in good preservation. It was a triple port, and contained the Athenian fleet, which consisted of three or four hundred ships of three banks of oars. The triple port can scarcely be distinguished; and although the outer and inner harbours are more apparent, yet large merchantmen, far less sloops of war, cannot enter from the shallowness of the water. It was from these shores that the ships of Menestheus sailed for the promontory of Troy. In the bay of Phalerum to the eastward of Piræus, being the shore nearest to Athens, the beach is shelving, so that in the calmest day the tumbling of the waves upon the pebbles produces a loud murmur; and it has been naturally enough supposed that here Demosthenes may have practised his oratory when desirous to accustom himself to the clamour of a public assembly.

Standing on the quay I counted about thirty cabs waiting to convey people to Athens at all hours. I sprang into one of them beside two travelling companions, and we were driven along a broad level macadamised road crowded with conveyances going to and from the renowned city. About half-a-mile out of the Piræus I attained the summit of a ridge, with a long level plain lying before me, through fertile fields of vines and olive-trees. The scenery here was rich and simple in its outline, and towards the mountains all around there was a striking magnificence of form and extent, which

finely contrasted with the air of repose on the calm bay of Salamis, to which my eyes always reverted as their resting-place. The plain before me was terminated by abrupt hills standing like sugar-loaves, and by ridges of bare rocks resembling in their boldness Salisbury Crags near Edinburgh. And this was my impression when I first noticed them, and before I suspected that Athens lay in their bosom. The road followed the line of one of the long walls built by Themistocles, the remains of which are still visible. I had left my friends inside of the cab, and seated myself on the dickey. As my heart was full, I was desirous to be alone and to see about me. By and by, on the top of a rock not at all unlike the Calton hill, I observed a cluster of splendid ruins, the remaining pillars of the Parthenon, and so disposed as to show the ruined portion of the temple. An entire view was also obtained of the temple of Theseus, one of the richest gems of Greece. But it was not till these began to be better defined, my eye being already so much accustomed to the splendid ruins in Asia Minor, that the impression flashed into my mind that this must be the site of august Athena—"the abode of gods whose shrines no longer burn." I certainly felt somewhat enthusiastic at the sight, and stood up from my seat to look at the solitary grandeur of its marble ruins with a mixture of ardour, affection, pride, and melancholy. After passing still onward through the groves of sacred olives, a sudden turn in the road, and a broader break in the hills, brought the whole Acropolis before me, with the modern city at its base. It is a landscape in miniature, Mr. Hobhouse remarks, "The most lovely in the world." Near the walls everything was full of life, and this bustle had been continued for about three or four thousand years.

During that time this remarkable spot has fixed the attention of the whole civilized portion of mankind, and for more than half that period it continued through all the gradations of increasing prosperity, unrivalled glory, and splendid decay, to furnish materials for the historian, the poet, and the orator, of every succeeding age. Nay, after all its repeated revolutions, and miseries from war and earthquake, it contains to this day more remaining antiquities, and these more worthy of admiration, than can be displayed by an assemblage of all the noble monuments of ancient art to be found in any other part of the world. This, the smallest metropolis in Europe, when seen in its immediate vicinity has a simplicity and dignity of character about it beyond anything else I ever saw. On entering the main street of the modern part of the town, Athens appeared to me not unlike one of our English old royal boroughs. The streets are narrow, irregular, and but indifferently paved, having a raised causeway on both sides, so broad as to contract the middle of the street into a dirty gutter. The main street runs from the foot of the Acropolis very much in the same way as Princes Street runs from the Calton Hill. I took up my abode for five days in the Hotel d'Angleterre. I washed, and slept for two hours during the heat of the day, and then started, very desirous to see the lions.

There was not an inn at Athens when it was visited by Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse. For eighty miles before I reached Athens, I was dunned by guides to the antiquities, and by waiters sent to bring travellers to their hotels. "Hotel de la Grande Bretagne, a good hotel." "Hotel du Nouveau Parnasse très modéré." "I guide gentlemen to the Areopagus, cheap, one dollar a day. See all in four days,

four dollars only," holding out his hand as if I were to pay him the money: but I knew better. During the heat of the day I was enjoying a comfortable nap on a sofa, when one of these guides had the audacity to rouse me, presenting his card in a mixture of broken French and barbarous English. I raged at him for a moment, but the poor Greek looked so pitiful that, angry as I was, I could not help bursting out into laughter. I remembered how, in the far more intense midday heat at Grand Cairo, I was roughly awakened by a young sturdy Bedouin Arab begging for buckshish, on which occasion I was inclined to bestow more kicks than coppers. The advance towards these conveniences of European civilization has been very rapid in Greece since its emancipation from the Turks. And before it the idea of having a hotel at Athens was entertained by Mr. Hobhouse. He says, "so great has been the increase of visitors in Attica that, according to a scheme formed by a Greek once in our service, Athens will soon be provided with a tavern,—a novelty surely never before witnessed in that city." He continues, "a few more years may furnish the Piræus with all the accommodations of a fashionable watering-place." In little more than thirty years this prediction has been verified to the full in the city of Athens, where there are not less than half a dozen of first-rate hotels; but it yet requires to be fulfilled as to the Piræus, for a more miserable, dear, and beastly habitation is not to be found in the whole Levant.

In the Hotel d'Angleterre the guides annoyed me for hours after my arrival with a pertinacity as persevering as mosquitoes in the night-time. "I get you permit for the Acropolis,—cost one dollar. I go with you, cost one dollar more, and the keeper there one dollar. Three dollars. No

more." But the heat of the day had now abated, and I sallied forth alone along the main street to the Acropolis with all my dollars in my pocket, and without any public permission whatever. When I walked up the rock and round the beaten path, by the cave of Apollo and Pan, it vexed my heart to see the martins, the hawks, the daws, and the crows, hovering high above the ruins as their home: and still more so, it was distressing to notice that the finest portions of the finest marble pillars had been taken and inserted as the corner-stones of the walls around. I had seen the same thing, however, in approaching Constantinople, where the water walls of the city are founded by a vast number of the fragments of marble pillars, which are said to have been brought from the temple of Diana at Ephesus. At length I came to a barricade. When the door was opened, I was asked for my permit, but instead of it I showed the keeper a Greek silver piece (value something less than a shilling), eyeing him all the while to see whether he would shut the door in my face, and what might be the expression of his countenance. It was favourable, as I saw at a glance. But he asked three instead of one. I offered him two, and he admitted me.

Without exaggeration—for here it is impossible to exaggerate—the sight almost overpowered me. I was standing in the midst of a small temple. The Parthenon was before me, and on both sides there were splendid temples, but they were all in ruins and desolation, presenting a chaos of the sublime and beautiful in architecture, nothing the like of which is to be found on the face of the earth. Shafts of columns, enormous cornices, fragments of entablatures, detached pieces of carved stone, busts and fragments of statues, pedestals and capitals of pillars, fluted shafts, vast piles of

pentilic marble, smaller antiquities of every variety, and even the beams of the roof, were all scattered about, and impressed me with sentiments of astonishment and awe. First I surveyed and admired the number and grandeur of the standing pillars, and of the statues still in their original position, all executed, under the superintendence of Phidias, by Ictinus and Callicrates his scholars. Everything seemed to retain the polish and edge, the animation and freshness, and the virgin whiteness of the Parian marble, and the great strength and loveliness with which they came from the hands of the artist. Then I turned again to the heap of confusion among my feet, and here were marble corners, cornices, pillars, pedestals, and pavements, which had been chiselled with care and taste at an inconceivable labour and expense. With intense anxiety the architect and artist had seen them one after another raised on high and mathematically laid upon their bed, neatly cemented, by the help of the plummet, the line, and the square; and smoothed on their surfaces to such a degree of nicety as to render the junction of the blocks almost imperceptible. For ages the men of Athens had admired these temples; and men of genius, of ambition, and of taste, had come from afar, not to criticise, but to copy. But O what would be the feelings of these artists and architects, were they now to be placed where I am, and see what I now see, the heads of their statues mutilated in every feature, legs and arms all broken off and lying around among withered weeds and vermin, innumerable portions of pillars and ornaments and armoury, horses and hieroglyphics, all utterly destroyed!

I have no cruel intention of inflicting on the reader any lengthened description of these antiquities of Athens. But

I may reiterate the remark, that all these temples and marble palaces here and everywhere around Athens, contain not one single structure which might not justly be denominated a master-piece of art, and many of them are of inconceivable magnificence. The temple of Theseus is to this day the most perfect ancient edifice in the world;—its chaste beauty and grace, simplicity of design, elegance and accuracy of workmanship, and especially its enduring stability in all the fresh whiteness of the marble, and that since the battle of Marathon, four and twenty centuries past, and five hundred years before Christ, have been the admiration of every traveller, and the theme of praise in hundreds of volumes. The genius of the inventor and the inimitable skill of the artist become more and more apparent at every investigation; and hence I felt, that had I remained for six months instead of five or six days, the enjoyment would just have been so much the more intense. But in the Acropolis, as on the plains of Troy, my great object was to obtain a general impression of the whole realities rather than perplex my mind with critical details.

The view from the Acropolis of the ancient Athens is similar in some respects to that from the Calton Hill,—and it is really very fine. Around Athens are corn-fields, vineyards, and olive-grounds. Towards the Piræus the prospect is an extensive unbroken perspective, soft and blended, over the long line of coast and the smooth expanse of the Saronic Gulf, to the highlands of Salamis and Ægina and the faint outline of the Peloponnesian hills. To the north and north-west is a plain of an irregular oval shape, interspersed with small villages hidden in shady groves and containing innumerable gardens, the summer residences of the Athenians, and in which grow the fruits and vegetables of which the citizens



Engraved by J. H. Bunting from a sketch by R. C. Brown. Rep. in the Illustrated London News, 1841.

SOME A BAKER'S DOGS.
Albion.

A Pillar on the Eastern, & Eastern, & Eastern, &

are so fond. To the south is the fertile district watered by the Cephissus under Mount Pentilicus, containing the garden of Epicurus, chapels, statues, and the tombs of the illustrious dead, such as Plato and Pericles, Thrasylulus, Chabrias, and Phœnis. There is the sea rather more distant from Athens than the Firth of Forth is from Edinburgh, and over a plain very much the same. And the hill, which is about the same altitude and distance from Athens as the Calton Hill is from Edinburgh. And, as has been already stated, the main street, which runs from the Acropolis in a straight line through the city of Athens, is almost an exact representation of Princes street from the Calton Hill. Further the range of mountains beyond the bay of Salamis, and stretching up by Corinth, bears a striking resemblance to the Ochil hills, and the Hymettus and Pentilicus are not unlike the Arthur's Seat and the Pentland hills, both closing up the plain below. The hill of Mars, again, lies immediately under, but rather nearer to the Acropolis than the hill and castle of Edinburgh are to Arthur's Seat.

But the parallel between Edinburgh and Athens does not end with these geographical coincidences. Athens was one of the most celebrated seats of learning, philosophy, history, eloquence, and poetry in ancient times. And Edinburgh is no less famous for all these in modern days. Was there ever produced at Athens a work equal in variety and solidity of talent to the Edinburgh Review, or to Provost Black's Encyclopedia Britannica, or to Chambers' publications? In moral philosophy is there anything in the Greek language to equal the writings of Dugald Stewart or those of Dr. Brown? In natural philosophy is there anything to surpass the researches of Playfair, Black, and Hope? In

history Edinburgh can boast of Hume, and Robertson, and Gillies, and Ferguson, and Tytler, and Brodie. And in general literature Lord Jeffrey stands unrivalled, as not only the greatest British but European critic; Sir James Mackintosh and a host of others. Stair, Erskine, Blair, and many others, were qualified by their integrity, talent, and legal attainments, to have presided over the Areopagus in the zenith of its celebrity. In poetry, Scott and Wilson need only be named. In eloquence, Erskine, Melville, Brougham, Hope, and Boyle. In medicine, the Gregorys, the Bells, and the Hamiltons, have given a European fame to the University; and Liston, Syme, and Ferguson, in surgery. In the pulpit, Blair, Walker, Moncreiff, Thomson, Inglis, and Bennie; Muir, Gordon, and Brown, and though last, certainly not least, Chalmers. In benevolence, Dr. Baird, with his Highland schools; Dr. Guthrie and his ragged urchins; John Hope and his juvenile abstainers; and Dr. Alison untiring in his exertions for the poor. And in charities, Heriot, the Watsons, Donaldson. In engineering departments, Grainger, the Stevensons, and Miller.

Socrates was certainly the most benevolent and perfect man in Greece. To what a height did this Messiah of the pagan world carry the sublimity of his sentiments, in respect to moral virtue, temperance, patience in adversity, contempt of riches, and forgiveness of injuries. But in thus contrasting the ancient and modern Athens aright in this matter, let me refer the reader to the parallels of even more practical exertions than those ever made in Attica. The legacies of Heriot, Watson, and Donaldson, and Gillespie, are already recorded in history. I merely mention, therefore, a private individual belonging to Edinburgh,

who with no display spends a fortune, and devotes a severe and laborious life, mainly to the temporal and eternal benefit of his fellow-citizens of the working condition. There is known to be a vast extent of defective education, much popery, and no little infidelity abounding in the work-shops of Edinburgh. The amount of ardent spirits consumed even by the young apprentices is altogether incredible. This individual, therefore, has been induced to form what is called a British League of Juvenile Abstainers, with evening classes for instructing pupils of all ages and grades, male and female, belonging to the working communities, whose education has been neglected—for instructing them in reading, writing, counting, drawing, botany, and sewing—for instructing them in the evidences of Christianity, and in the popish controversy—for instructing them in all mental, moral, and religious training—and in sobriety, probity, and love.

The machinery is worked by sixteen schools, and by twenty-six schoolmasters. The scholars number about eight-hundred: and they are all abstainers from intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and opium. The fees are only sixpence per month for each pupil; and the other expenses, amounting to nearly two thousand pounds in the year ending 31st August 1851, are made up by about two hundred pounds of private contributions, and by nearly sixteen hundred and fifty pounds contributed by Mr. John Hope, 31 Moray Place. That everything has been done by this gentleman, which thought and money can effect, is manifest from the following letter of the late Dr. Carson.

“82 LAURISTON PLACE, 15th July 1850.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have for a long time observed with

the highest admiration your strenuous and persevering efforts in the cause of temperance and general morality among the young of this city; and deeply impressed with a sense of the importance and value of your labours, I have perused attentively, and with a hearty inclination to suggest improvements in the arrangement and detail of your system, the valuable little tracts which you have honoured me by subjecting to my review.

“Your plan, as it already exists, seems to me to be as complete and comprehensive as the circumstances of the case admit. It is evidently the matured result of the most careful consideration and judicious discernment on the part of its author; and appears to be already so perfect, that after the most deliberate examination of the various arrangements already made, I feel myself altogether incompetent to suggest anything that could possibly promote the greater efficiency of your benevolent scheme.

“With my most sincere wishes for your success in the humane and exalted object which has so entirely engaged your heart and affections, I remain, &c.

“A. R. CARSON.”

“JOHN HOPE, Esq.”

Pointing from the Acropolis to the hill below, I asked if that was the Areopagus. The answer was Areopāgus,—laying a long and strong emphasis on the *alpha*. I was prepared to argue that the letter was either long or short as the poet pleased to make it; and in proof of this I could have quoted a passage in Homer where he has assigned both quantities to the alpha in the same line. But I rather chose to look earnestly on the spot where the Apostle Paul preached,

where Demosthenes harangued, and where Socrates sat in silent submission when his enemies accused and his judges condemned him falsely. Leaving the Acropolis reluctantly, and without pilfering in any way, I crossed the Argos, and ascended the Areopagus by steps hewn out of the rock, the same by which the judges, orators, clients, criminals, philosophers, and citizens, were wont to go up to this the hill of Mars in days of old. Many memorable events in the history of Greece associated with this spot, which is said to be the centre of the ancient world, rose up in my recollection. But that one which interested me the most at this time, was the impression that here I stand undoubtedly on the same little rock where the Apostle Paul gave his magnificent address to the Athenians. I had traced this faithful servant of our Lord from his birth-place at Tarsus through almost all the places which he had visited, even by the place where he stood holding the clothes of them who were stoning Stephen. I had traversed a considerable part of the road towards Damascus where he was converted, and by Lydda to Cæsarea where he had been accused. I saw many of the places in Asia Minor which he had visited, planting, weeding, and watering the churches of the Lord. I had seen the place at Malta where he had been shipwrecked when on his way to Rome, and where I expected still to trace his steps. And now I was standing on the spot where he excelled the most as an orator, and where he knew himself to be surrounded by the most intellectual audience he ever had an opportunity of addressing. Familiar with the poetry of Greece, well qualified from his classical education in a town not less celebrated for literature and philosophy than Athens itself, fired by the *genius loci*, and amply inspired by the

Holy Spirit, his natural talents, of the first order, bore him onward on the full flood of his oratory. Here St. Paul preached with power on the throne of eloquence, and denounced idolatry in the midst of idols. Pointing to the Acropolis, crowded and crowned with temples, to the Parthenon, and to the temple of Theseus, the first and most splendid buildings ever raised by the hands of men, he spoke with a beauty which the orators and philosophers of Athens would appreciate, and with the fearless force, not of a babbler, but of an apostle of the Lord Jesus. "While Paul waited at Athens, his spirit was stirred within him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry. Therefore disputed he in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons, and in the market daily with them that met him. Then certain philosophers of the Epicureans, and of the Stoics, encountered him. And some said, What will this babbler say? other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods; because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection. And they took him, and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is? For thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would know therefore what these things mean. (For all the Athenians, and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing.) Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars-hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God, that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of

heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead. And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked: and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter. So Paul departed from among them. Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them."

There are three rocky eminences; but the one immediately below the Acropolis in the direction of Salamis is Mars-hill, so called from a temple having been built on it at a very early period, and dedicated to that deity. Next I visited the third rock, and the prison in which Socrates was confined, where he drank the poisoned cup, and where soon after he drew his last breath. (I had been to the village before

near Athens where Socrates was born.) It is a dungeon cut out of the solid rock, twelve feet square, with an entrance into another circular apartment of similar dimensions, reaching like a draw-well to the top of the rock, and admitting some light and air by an aperture just large enough to permit the body of a man to be let down into it; but the dungeon is so deep and smooth in the sides as to render escape impossible. It is very similar in every respect to the deep dungeon cut out of the solid rock in which Wishart was imprisoned in the castle of St. Andrews; but altogether different from that which was pointed out to me at Jerusalem as the prison of the meek and lowly Jesus. And now I stood in the dungeon of the man who came nearest to Christ's character in all the attributes of natural religion of any mere man who ever lived in this world. The death of Socrates was a most criminal act, and an indelible stain on the character of the Athenians. But they were an unjust and ungrateful people, as is proved from the barbarous manner in which they treated Themistocles, banished Aristides, and left Miltiades to die in chains. I visited also, on the lowest rocky eminence of the Areopagus, a small chapel dedicated to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, and the cave below it containing the fountain mentioned by Pausanias, and where tradition states that St. Paul often found shelter.

I was much gratified to hear the Gospel powerfully preached, on Ascension day, at Jerusalem, where it first began, and to which, after a long night of Mahommedan darkness, it has now once more returned. On the Sunday following I heard a sermon from the bishop himself, given with an earnestness and dignity worthy of the subject and the important position held by the preacher. Next Sabbath

I preached over the Union Jack, in "the Levant" steamer, immediately after she sailed from Sidon. Next Sabbath I listened to an excellent sermon, preached also on board "the Levant," by the Rev. Mr. Terry of the church of England, who was travelling in the East with George Henry Lord Thyne, son of the Marquis of Bath, and brother of the Duchess of Buccleuch. The Sabbath following I attended the English service at Smyrna: and now I heard the Word of Truth rightly divided at Athens. As at Jerusalem, so here, I felt deeply interested to think that this celebrated city which, when Paul preached to them Jesus and the resurrection, was wholly given to idolatry, and spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear something new, had now the glad sound of salvation ably and earnestly proclaimed by the stated minister there. I was invited to accompany the worthy man to his country residence for the summer, so far up the Hymettus as to make it cool in the extreme heat; but with reluctance I denied myself the pleasure.

When sitting at the dinner table in the English hotel, on the afternoon of my last day at Athens, I proposed to an English friend, sitting by my side, that in the cool of the sinking sun we should climb one of the hills in the vicinity. We started accordingly for the top of the Lycabetus. For a time the sun was hot, and we were heavy, but onward and upward we went with becoming perseverance, till we reached the top about half an hour before sunset. We sat on the highest pinnacle of the rock, looking over the city and down on the Areopagus, and I read from the Acts of the Apostles the account of Paul's labours at Athens, and the oration he made on the hill of Mars. We surveyed the whole

panorama below, with the stadium and all the antiquities of Athens in our view, and taken up by us in detail. The hum of the city, thronged with all its population, enjoying the cool of the evening in the streets and in the tea gardens around, and the sounds of music from the different bands varied at times by the martial notes of the bugle from the garrison gratified the ear, while Salamis, the Ægina, and the Morea, feasted the eyes. The Promontory of Corinth was distinctly seen to the north and west, and the sun set slowly unattended with a single cloud, behind the range of the Parnassus hills. It sank like a plate of gold, and the full moon rose like one of silver. We sat in the cool breeze as long as we durst for the darkness. We descended almost in a straight line, over crags and broken rocks, into the city, and back to the hotel, where coffee was served in the summer-house by the light of the moon. The bower was hung around with vines and clusters of grapes, and surrounded by every flower and shrub that could delight the eye or perfume the air. A native Greek joined our company. With flashing eyes and a flowing hand he recited portions of Homer and of Anacreon much to our edification. He told us that the French government had decided on making Athens a sort of normal school, to which they sent their young men who were afterwards to become professors of Greek in their universities, that they might learn the ancient language through the modern, and become familiar with the poetry, history, and philosophy of Greece, where they each had a local habitation and a name. We both highly approved of the plan, and could not help thinking that something of the kind should be adopted in our own country. Sure I am that if our Greek professors were to spend their

summer vacations for two years at Athens, and put themselves under an intelligent native Greek till they acquired a thorough knowledge of the modern language, they would learn many things useful to them in teaching the ancient language to others.

I had proposed an excursion to Corinth, and I endeavoured to hire a horse for a few days for the purpose; but the man to whom I applied asked the sum of forty dollars for his hire. I told him if I had meant to buy his horse I would not have given more than twelve. He said, as I was an Englishman he would give me the horse for twenty. Mr. James Spiers said very truly, that he would have asked four hundred dollars for the hire with as little remorse as he asked the forty, if he had only thought I was simple enough to give him the money. But I had twice seen the position of the place, and I knew that there were scarcely any remains of the ancient city at Corinth; so I hired a tolerable nag elsewhere at a dollar a-day, and rode to Parnassus, from which I wrote a letter to a co-presbyter, as being now one of the best and laziest poets of the day.

Undoubtedly the ancient Athenians had a taste and simplicity in architecture which has never been equalled; but in several other respects their character was defective, notwithstanding the eminence to which they rose in oratory, poetry, and history, and in the purity and power of their diction. The modern Greeks seemed to me to be a frivolous, foppish, and self-conceited set of beings. Their head is remarkably small, and their forehead low and everyway contracted. They have more cunning than capacity; and in many important respects they are deficient in the integrities and civilities of common life. St. Paul pronounced them to

be liars always; and they are so still, without exception, and on every occasion. For instance, should a stranger be making his way with difficulty to any particular locality in Athens, and should he inquire at the first well-dressed person he may happen to meet, it is ten to one but that he withholds the information, or that he gives a wrong direction. When he has done so he stands still, keeping his eye on the wanderer for a time that he may enjoy the sport of his perplexity. Nay, he will tell what he has done to another, and both will join in the laugh, and think that something very dexterous has been accomplished. I experienced this several times. How different in London, where the poorest and youngest never fail to give distinct information, or to tell you where to inquire. But the Greeks are sober and easily governed; jealous for their native literature, and anxious to restore their language to its native purity.

I had read that the philosophic Julian shed tears when he quitted his beloved Athens. And Hobhouse says that Lord Byron and he could not refrain from looking back as they passed rapidly to the shore, and they continued to direct their eyes towards the spot where they had caught the last glimpse of the Theseum and the ruins of the Parthenon through the vista in the woods, after the Acropolis and the city had been totally hidden from their view. Without yielding one hair's-breadth to any man in my unbounded admiration of the place, I may state that I felt rather in a different humour at the time when leaving Athens, because I was anxious to reach my home. On the day of my departure I rattled merrily down the main street before five o'clock in the morning. The atmosphere was cool, and everything around was dressed in the beaming brightness of the new-born light.

The ruins around were gilded in the gold of the morning, and every green thing seemed fresh from the repose and dews of the night. I was elevated at the notion that I had seen everything in Greece my plan and time had admitted; and also that this other voyage was to carry me to Malta and out of the Levant. After a sound sleep, and in the circumstances, there was a mechanical elasticity in all my faculties, mixed with a little dash of pride that I was not now to be accounted a mere barn-door traveller. In going down to the sea, even at a canter, I traced the track of the wall built by Themistocles still more accurately than I had done before, and as I came to the last height which was to shut out Athens from my view, never more to be seen, I admired, I had almost said adored, the antiquities of the place. I called a halt, and paused and pondered till I at length turned my eyes towards the bay of Salamis, and there I saw the steamer which would take me to Malta doubling the promontory and sending forth a vigorous column of black smoke trailing far behind it. And with a sneer I remarked to myself, that for the practical object which I had now in hand this steamer was really a very sublime and beautiful sight. But at the Piræus I was again put into quarantine as I had been at Syra, and so there was an end to all my romantic conceptions.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAND OF THE POPE.

I LEFT the port of Athens about ten o'clock in the evening. My feelings were of a painful and almost oppressive character, when I looked around for the last time on the beautiful but still and melancholy aspect of the once busy and glorious shores around. I thought of Byron's beautiful lines, so original and descriptive :

“ He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;

So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd!
 Such is the aspect of this shore;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
 Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee?"

Never did a brighter moon shine with more splendour in a clear cloudless sky of the purest blue. As there is not a more beautiful sight in the whole seas, morning-ward of Malta, than the setting sun, so there is not in the Mediterranean sea a finer sight than the rising moon, when in the full, as she happened to be on this occasion. Oh with what a might and majesty she calmly traversed the canopy of the sky, leaving only a few stars of the first magnitude to tell by their diminished light, that the north and the south could still be distinctly told! It was my delight to recognise the luminaries I had so often seen at home, and to take my bearings the best way I could so as to satisfy myself where my country lay from me. Far and wide, all around in the bay, with its white sand, and on barks with their white sails, did this beautiful picture of calm repose sleep in death, at the side of islands darker than the rippling wave, and mountains

sterner in their aspect than the glittering white foam which danced and gently dashed around them.

“Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock, of Salamis.”

Thus the present state of Greece compared to the ancient is the silent obscurity of the grave contrasted with the vivid lustre of active life.

Politically speaking, there are some curious works going on in the Levant in a small way. I saw at the Piræus the French Admiral's flag-ship, and some other insignificant French-Russian craft, presenting to the mind of the timid something like the ghost of a combined squadron. I however almost imagined that I saw the queen from Malta, as if vomiting forth the contents of her hundred and twenty sixty-eight pounders, with the liberality of British sailors on such occasions, and lowering every one of their flags in one hour's time. But I was told at table, that this said French Admiral's flag-ship had, in the course of the late war, taken two English seventy-four gun ships. Some plain but puzzling queries were put as to names, dates, and places, when a rattling English youth, aged only about twenty years, roared out, that he remembered the event most distinctly, and that it happened in the vicinity of Brussels on the 18th of June, 1815, and about seven o'clock in the evening. Monsieur bit his lip, and said that the Toulon fleet had been ordered to sea for the purpose of observing the movements of the English squadron in the Mediterranean; and he added, with a very bitter grimace, that in three years Malta would belong to the Russians, and that in twenty years more the French would acquire it from both of these nations of Eng-

land and Russia. Being on board of a French steamer I thought it more prudent to give the conversation a different turn, after saying something of Marengo and Jena and the battle of the three emperors.

But seriously, I noticed several times that there were Russian emissaries creeping about these quarters, who could speak five or six languages with fluency, and whose aim seemed to be to pick up every dirty rag of intelligence, and to sound all and sundry for this purpose. A very intelligent native of Malta, an English officer in a Maltese regiment, assured me that there was nothing more common than for these petty officials, who were swarming over the whole island, to insist on the ill usage inflicted by the British on the Maltese, and this merely to pump up filthy water, and to engender discontent. The sympathy towards Russia is very apparent among the Greeks, and their corresponding hostility to England is not less so, more especially since the serious annoyance which was given them by the British squadron in the Piræus. But quite different indeed are the sentiments of the Maltese. They are proud of their connection with England, and talk ever and anon of *our* queen and country; meaning thereby very properly Victoria and her dominions. They feel the utmost security under our flag; they look on their island as being the queen of the Mediterranean Sea, and they say that they are better treated, and enjoy more liberty and toleration under England than they did under the French, or even the Knights of St. John. They are very contented, and are altogether averse to reforms or revolutions of any kind. And well indeed may they be so, enjoying as they do all the necessaries and luxuries of life, a fairy land and a fine climate, with perfect quietude and ease in body and mind.

One word as to French steamers in the Levant and Mediterranean. They are one and all lazy dirty tubs to be avoided as much as the yellow fever by every English gentleman. The accommodation is far inferior to that of the Austrian steamers—the filth and vermin are worse than those of Egypt. The passengers are actually starved; English travellers are insulted by Frenchmen, and rendered as uncomfortable as possible by the authorities on board. They are cheated on every hand, and a different rate of charge brought against them. They are scarcely permitted to walk the deck, far less to take any position so as to obtain a view for a minute or two, and as to a Frenchman lending an English voyager a spy-glass, or telling him the name of an island, he would rather spit in his face. But I asked them minutely about Elba and its history when I passed it.

In leaving the Piræus for Malta, we sailed through the Sporadic group, saw Cape Colonna, the ancient promontory of Misenum, where Plato taught and where are the ruins of a temple of Minerva. We saw Paros, famous for its marble quarries; and Antiparos, celebrated for its grotto, deemed one of the wonders of the world; and Milo with its spacious harbour, and the group of the Cyclades, and Candia, ancient Crete; and Cerigo, the ancient Cytherea, the favourite resort of the goddess of love and beauty, and the birth-place of Helen, the frail heroine of the Trojan war. We crossed the bay of Navarino where Admiral Codrington's untoward event came off by way of a mistake, and leaving many scenes teaming with interest far behind in the blue Ægean sea, we struck out into the Levant, and altogether beyond the sight of any land for two days. At last our old and welcome friend, the low lying white waste of Malta, loomed in the

distance. As we approached it shone as beautiful as before in all the variety of its architecture, and in the frowning terrors of its fortifications, but the sight failed to cheer my mind as it had done before, when, in the Ripon, I was surrounded with so many near and dear friends, all laughing and speaking honest English and broad Scotch. There is a sort of excitement by feeling one's self once more at anchor in a new port and at the end of another long voyage by night and by day, and it was a gratifying sight again to behold the standard of old England proudly floating on the wind. But the hoisting of the dirty little stripe of a yellow flag, suddenly threw a wet blanket over the rising buoyancy of our spirits, and told us that we were still to be barred out for a time from European civilization and comfort. We dashed at once into the Marsamusetto or quarantine harbour, where we cast anchor. We saw on one side the high white walls of Valetta with a few dwelling-houses and English sign-boards, and the new Protestant church towering above all; while on the other was the island upon which fort Manoel and the Lazaretto are built. But in our circumstances they seemed dismal looking. It felt very hot, so much so that a passenger remarked that he never felt anything in Ceylon equal to the heat and suffocation experienced. But still we had our comforts in the refreshing sea-breeze, in the pretty and singular view, bastion surmounting bastion, the domes of several churches and small plantations of cypress mixed with sepulchral monuments marking the spots devoted to the English burial grounds. Far as the eye could reach, everywhere were garden terraces, composed of olive, orange, fig, and pomegranate trees, whose dark foliage and luxuriant growth contrasted strongly with the white and stony soil of

this island rock. Hundreds of pretty little boats were rowing about, painted green and red, with their prows and sterns curled gracefully round, or projecting up in some fanciful devices with snow-white awnings. But they all avoided us as something loathsome, excepting when one at a time with a red flag proclaiming the liberty of *pratique*, glided past us like a shuttle. Then there laboured by a dirty dingy looking craft, with a faded yellow flag, enough by its contrast with the others to give us the plague by imagination. Presently in the distance, cutting quick through the waters like a knife, would pass a man-of-war gig, the steady even tug of six or eight British seamen impelling its sharp course through the waves straight and swift as an arrow. Beyond these there were forests of masts rising from hundreds of ships of every nation in the world, lying at anchor performing quarantine.

And there too, amid this noiseless traffic is a string of small open boats just coming into sight round a point from fort Manoel, and in the third, which is towed by the two first, there is a plain black coffin. It is placed across the boat: no pall covers it; but there it stands, bare and neglected, evidently made up in haste and painted with little concern. Four guardians, appointed to bear it, sit on either side. Two others follow in the next boat, and after a short interval another boat comes in sight. This is occupied by a priest holding a crucifix in his hand, and looking as if he had endured a surfeit within the last half hour, and were to be struck with apoplexy in the course of the next. Everybody on board our steamer stands rivetted to the spot, silent and pale, looking to the slow, solemn, melancholy splash of the oars, and watching the mournful procession as it traverses the whole length of the harbour, until it is hid from view by the

sharp angle of the Lazaretto as it shaped its course to the quarantine burial ground, situated on the island, and although unseen, but a short distance from us. There the body is consigned to a small plot of ground belonging to the quarantine establishment,—a church-yard where no human footsteps, not even of relation near and dear, are permitted to visit the graves of the departed. No tears shall ever water the turf which covers his breast. No footfall even of the passing traveller may ever tread by his still and peaceful bed. No human voice will ever utter a sound near it—save that of yon muffled and *purfulled* priest, hurrying over the last service near the new-made grave of some other voyager who happens to die in quarantine, that is, without the pale of intercourse with their fellow-men.

In the midst of these mournful reflections I noticed a single flash of fire from one of the port-holes of a British man-of-war, and a cloudy smoke arose, and the bumming sound of the evening gun rolled along the waters and rattled in rebounding echoes among the rocks: and already the priest and the cortege repassed with rapidity. And the crews of some ships were bathing merrily all around and gambolling in the tepid waters of the sea; those of others were singing the national songs of their different countries in concert on the deck. I noticed one ship's crew in particular uttering their notes in a high shrill voice, which in a moment reminded me of the characteristic yoddlé of Tyrolean music which I so often heard and admired in the deep gorges of the Alps around Inspruck. The bugles were sounding in the barrack squares, the martial rattle of the drum was rolling among the cliffs, and the vesper-bells of Valetta were chiming their many-toned peals. Thousands of fish were sporting on the surface of the waves.

The streets on shore were crowded in gayety, and the tavèrns were boisterous with the roar of merry-hearted sailors, all as if time was a fancy scene and eternity a bugbear.

After all our confinement in quarantine we were not permitted to land at Malta, but were taken from on board of the one French steamer to that of the other *a la Trinacria Calabria e Napoli in Italia*. My shoes were very much worn, and my whole travelling dress was rather weather stained, and besides I had proposed to purchase a cameo and some other memorials of the Levant, but none of us were permitted to set a foot on shore, notwithstanding that the steamer lay within forty yards of the quay.

We left Malta northward about mid-day, and encountered whenever we left the harbour a very severe fresh wind and tossing sea, which made most of the passengers sea-sick. I was proud that it did not affect me in the least: my sturdy stomach remained quiet and hungry as a shark. Although the ship tumbled terribly, I found that I had acquired my sea-legs, as they are called on board, and well might three months' tossing on the waves of the Levant be deemed a pretty good apprenticeship. Like the rest of the sailors I had acquired a thorough contempt for the heavy broken waves which dashed in my face over the weather bow of the ship. It may wash a little, I thought, my once white linen coat, vest, and trousers, which the quarantines and coalings of so many different steamers have made rather dark of late.

In passing St. Paul's Bay, I was naturally led to consider again the probability of Josephus having sailed in the same ship with the Apostle of the Gentiles, and to compare the facts recorded with the localities once more presented to my observation, and I felt the impression, right or wrong, rise stronger

than ever, in my own mind at least, that such may have been the case most probably. Josephus' account of the voyage was written forty or fifty years after the event, and therefore it wants all those little particulars contained in the Acts of the Apostles. It is boastful as to himself, like his other writings, and from them it may be supposed he exaggerates in numbers, and is even careless in accuracy. The main difference between the two accounts seems to be that Josephus does not mention the stay of three months on the Island of Malta. He writes too as if the ship had been wrecked in the open sea, and as if he had been saved by being at once taken up into the second ship. I am inclined to set this very great disagreement in the two narratives to the account of Josephus' inaccuracy, provided the supposition formerly stated be rejected. The second ship he correctly calls a ship of Cyrene, and in doing so he does not contradict the fact stated by St. Luke, because the Alexandrian vessel in a favourable voyage may have touched at that port. What seems to decide the matter in my mind is mainly this, that no Jews born in Judea had the privilege of Roman citizenship: and the number of those who obtained that privilege by having been born in a free city of Rome elsewhere, must have been so small, that it is not to be supposed that two such appeals to Rome by Jews of this class from the province of Judea should have been allowed even in the whole reign of Nero. Again that two ships carrying such Hebrew appellants from Judea should have been wrecked in the Adriatic, from both of which the passengers should have been saved, and landed at Puteoli, and that within the space of three years, is scarcely conceivable. But it appears to me that the space of time is accurately confined to one year,

and if so, it may almost be pronounced to be impossible. But in this I speak only as to my own impressions, leaving the reader to judge for himself in the whole matter. And should he differ from me entirely, I am confident that he will not disapprove of my having directed his attention to the probabilities of the case.

The sea calmed into the serenity of a mill-pond when we came under the lea of Sicily off Syracuse. How lovely the fertile and mountainous shores of Sicily! They seem formed only to realize the poet's dream, and the painter's imagination. To the left there rose a low range of hills varying in the distance, and in the shadowy light of sunrise, from gray to blue. In front were numerous heights of various forms, some clothed in verdure, others rising grotesque, bare, and craggy. A single pillar was pointed out in the distance, adding not only to the beauty, but to the interest of the scene, in as much as it is said to have been erected by Marcellus after he had taken the city of Syracuse. Further on a cave, just distinguishable between the trees, was pointed out as the celebrated ear of Dionysius. It was constructed by the tyrant of that name as a state prison, in such a way as to convey faithfully every whisper breathed within its walls to a small chamber above, where the despot was wont to secret himself, and regulate his bloody schemes accordingly:—the exterior entrance, and the interior construction resembling exactly the formation of an ear as originated by nature, and completed by art under the direction of Archimedes. Many an Athenian was imprisoned here after their defeat under Nicias and Demosthenes. Sepulchral rocks and vine-clad slopes lured the eye onwards, until it was irrevocably arrested by gigantic Etna rising huge and

singly in all its majesty, and filling the mind with astonishment and awe. Its peaked tops were crowned with perpetual snow. Rich foliage and fertility clothed its side far up, presenting a prospect both fair and fruitful. The fierce and fiery volcano was sending forth a faint column of white smoke, gliding slowly away from the snowy summit, until lost in the surrounding atmosphere. To the right there rose modern Syracuse, all that remains of the city of the Tyrants, with its antique time-worn houses, and its strong and renovated fortifications forming with its two harbours almost an island in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, now calm as a mirror to reflect the beauties that clothe its shore.

There is nothing remarkable in the modern city. The streets are regular and narrow, dirty, and devoid of architectural pretensions; and in fact there are few cities of equal ancient celebrity with Syracuse, of which so little now remains to attest their former glory, and it is difficult to realize what is stated by various historians, that it was one of the greatest and most magnificent cities of Greece, having been twenty-two miles in circuit, and containing a population now of only fourteen thousand inhabitants. Old associations are the only attractions it possesses for the traveller. I visited the far-famed fountain of Arethusa, one of the Cyclades which is fabled to have been transformed into a fountain by Diana while flying from the pursuit of Alpheus, and of which every poet has sung, and historian written, as the protecting nymph of Syracuse. It still issues in a copious stream from an arch in the rock at the western side of Ortygia. Were Cicero, who refers to its glory (in *Verr. ii. 53.*), to see it now, he would say, how changed and fallen from its high estate! The sweet waters have become

brackish, Diana's grove has given place to mean hovels, the sacred fish have disappeared, the nymphs whose airy forms were once reflected in the crystal flood, are now represented by a herd of haggard bare-legged washer-wives, who cleanse the dirty linen of the citizens at this the only public washing pool of Syracuse. Lord Nelson added to the ancient renown of the spring by choosing it as the watering-place of his ships when searching for the French fleet, which he found at the mouth of the Nile. In a letter written from Syracuse he says, "We have victualled and watered, and surely watering at the fountain of Arethusa we must have victory."

Tradition points out the site of the residence of the celebrated Archimedes, the ingenious mechanic and mathematician. Marcellus had been sent into Sicily to oppose the Carthaginians, he having previously defeated Hannibal. He attacked Syracuse by sea and land, and the only effectual resistance he experienced was through the machines constructed by Archimedes. Being unable to overcome science by mere force, he changed the siege into a blockade, which was long persevered in. At last Marcellus became master of the city, and he gave strict orders that Archimedes should be saved from injury, but he fell a sacrifice to the ignorance and ferocity of a soldier, who broke into his study and put him to death (212 B. C.). Archimedes by his will directed that no other epitaph should be put on his tomb, but a cylinder circumscribed by a sphere, that is to say, a globe, and to set down at the bottom the relation these two solids, the thing containing and contained, have to each other. Hence he chose to do himself honour with posterity by the discovery he had made of the relation of a sphere to a cylinder of the same base and height, which is as two to

three. The Syracusans had been fond of science, but in a hundred and forty years they forgot the services of Archimedes, so far as to deny that he was buried at Syracuse. When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he searched for the tomb of the geometrician. At length, after several fruitless attempts, he found a pillar almost entirely covered with brambles, through which he could discern the figure of a sphere and a cylinder. With joy Cicero cried out, "I have found what I looked for." When the place was cleared they saw the inscription still legible, though part of the lines were obliterated by time.

I remained on deck till long after midnight to catch, if I could, one flash from the crater of Mount Etna; but in this I was not gratified. Therefore I resolved to be out of bed by four o'clock in the morning, that one gleam should not escape me, and at any rate that I might be enabled to say at home, that I had seen at least lots of smoke issuing *ab inferno*. Devoutly did I even desire that I might be gratified in the darkness of midnight, by an eruption well worth the speaking about all the rest of my days. This of course was out of the question, and even in the other two points I was almost disappointed. First when I was in the act of turning into bed, I met a fat monk, who was travelling to Rome, issuing from the door of his sleeping apartment, and declaring that the beds were infected with all manner of vermin. He went up the cabin stairs to pace the deck, and at once I stretched out my carcase on the cabin floor, with two books under my head by way of a pillow. In a minute I was sound asleep: and I awoke at day-break for the first time, and quite refreshed. I mounted up to the deck gaping with curiosity, as if I could have swallowed Etna at a bite,

but as my second more serious disappointment, I found the huge mountain entirely enveloped in his nightcap of mist. But as I had yet two or three hours' sailing along its base, there was still some chance that the sun would dispel the fog. Gradually did the whole sheet of vapour arise from one mountain after another all around, but as the top of Etna was higher, and as a north-east wind prevailed, the clouds on its cap were colder, and consequently longer in dispersing, but in plenty of time I was permitted to see not only the crater, but nine other eminences on our side of the mountain, all of which had evidently been active volcanoes in their day. And from the main orifice, still in action, there did continue to issue a most magnificent volume of smoke, sailing on the wings of the wind towards the Levant.

Fearful traces of lava became more and more frequent, till the whole plain seemed to be encrusted with it. Vegetation nevertheless did not appear at all impeded by it, excepting near the more recent layers. On the contrary, this land of fire seemed to be carpeted with the richest fertility, to charm the sight and to administer to the luxury of man. Wherever I looked, new beauties were to be seen combining all the elements of loveliness,—sea, wood, plains, and mountain scenery. Nay, as soon as Nature ceases to destroy, she imperceptibly seems to allure forgetfulness. She becomes so beautiful, so laughing, that she soon effaces all traces of her former rigour. Thus the aspect of these enchanting regions accounts for the carelessness of the inhabitants. They know the destiny that awaits them, and the voice of warning calls often from the centre of Etna, but they listen with a happy indifference, and allow the terrible sounds to be hushed in mirth. I noticed several times clusters of villas built on

small eminences surrounded by hollows, down which streams of burning lava had flowed, so as entirely to encircle their dwellings for a time with rivers of fire. The people torment themselves by no morbid anxieties as to their proximity to the abyss of an unquenchable furnace. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." What others preach they practice. Like true philosophers they neither fear the future nor lament the past. They are content to live on till they are burnt to death, or till they carry away their furniture to some other part of the *casa del diavolo*.

Leaving Syracuse far behind, and steaming very near the shore, we passed Aosta, a pretty little town and harbour, and came to Catania, formed in a great measure in 1669 by an immense stream of burning rock which ran in a line by the town far into the sea, boiling and hissing till it cast up a bank of jet black lava, curving round the right of the bay, and confining the view on that side by its fearful height and thickness. The appearance of the town is very striking. It seems almost buried in the lava that surrounds it, while towering behind it stands gigantic Etna in great beauty and magnificence,—the city crouching at the very feet of this fiery monarch which sometimes devours forty or fifty thousand of the inhabitants at one mouthful. The ocean too, on these occasions, occasionally produces an awful and simultaneous havoc. During the earthquake of 1783, the inhabitants, alarmed by the falling of their houses, had taken refuge on the shore, when, in the middle of the night, a prodigious wave, supposed to have been raised by the promontory of Campalà falling into the sea, rushed up the beach, and in retiring swept away nearly 2,500 persons. An appalling cry arose from the survivors, but no sound was heard from

those who had been engulfed. The waters closed in a moment over them and their agony. Upwards of 800 bodies were washed on shore next day. Engulfing oceans, lava torrents, boiling rivers, storms of red-hot stones, some of them larger than St. Paul's church, thrown nine miles at a bounce, and mountains of fire, earthquakes, and awful sounds innumerable, are very common here. But neither watery graves, nor fiery tempests, nor molten floods, nor quivering earth, can frighten the Sicilian from his native mountains, where peace and plenty reign in unrivalled beauty, during these long intervals of fierce desolation.

We landed at Messina, which is one of the three principal cities of Sicily, and beautifully situated at the foot of a range of sunny mountains, covered in some parts with wood, in others with vineyards and olive groves, and broken into every variety of form. The day was quite Sicilian and the sea calm; the shores seemed to be enamelled with the richest hues, passing with magic-lantern-like dreaminess before my eyes. Smiling villages peeped from the midst of luxuriant vineyards, climbing the sides of wooded hills,—churches and towers raised their heads above the forest-tipped mountains,—the perfume from the groves of orange, lemon, and citron, wafted by the gentle sea breeze, made me feel as if I were breathing poetry itself. On the other side towered the magnificent coast of Calabria, whose beauty seems so majestic as to mingle awe with admiration. Precipices of enchanting verdure rise straight from the sea, and the only means of reaching their summits appears to be by following the track of the mountain torrents, which have worn themselves a silvery path among these self-sown forests. Every thing here, both in form and feature, seems almost unique.

It appears as if Nature had wished to prove to Art, that the work of her hand is infinitely more majestic and beautiful than anything that can be produced by expense.

The town of Messina follows the curve of the shore, and presents from the sea an appearance truly magnificent. The noble range of buildings, upwards of a mile in length, which skirts the Morena, conceals from view the narrow lanes, and whatever else offends the eye. Had the design been carried out, this row of buildings would have equalled any thing of the kind in Europe: but many of the houses are not finished, the front wall only having been built, while others have been roofed at half their intended height, and the pillars which ornamented them, being thus as it were cut off in the middle, present a ruinous aspect. The disastrous earthquake of 1783 having destroyed the town, it was begun to be rebuilt on a scale of grandeur to which the funds of the inhabitants were inadequate.

We entered the straits between these lovely shores of Sicily and the more desolate range of the fiery Calabria. No sooner was Etna shut out from our sight than my mind was as much interested once more at the expectation of soon seeing the whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis. I had seen that of Corrievrekin in the Western Highlands of Scotland, and also that of the dark rolling Danube between Linz and Vienna, and I longed to make my comparisons. I had also read Virgil at school, and remembered that Æneas sailed his fleet guided by Palinurus over these very waters, and I naturally felt somewhat interested. Often too had I been in the predicament common to everybody surrounded by difficulties, so that in trying to avoid one temptation I fell into another, or as Bunyan expresses it in the Pilgrim's Pro-

gress, in jumping out of the frying-pan like the poor fish I fell into the fire: a good translation this of *Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdem*. But I soon found that I had been in greater difficulties in many ways than those of Scylla and Charybdis, combined, were likely to involve me in for the present. There are certainly in this narrow strait of the sea two contrary currents, and these meet and whirl the waters round, it is said, with a rumbling sound, but I gaped and gazed up and down, and from shore to shore, and I could only detect a small swell and ripple on the waves beyond the calm waters of the rest of this sea. So still indeed was all around, that I might have passed it a dozen of times in a Highland herring boat without noticing anything remarkable of this terrible and far-famed whirlpool, and if I had not been on the out-look, I could scarcely have detected that which the fancy of the poets has rendered classical by their vivid descriptions. It was nothing more than an eddy and slight surf, caused by the meeting of the main and lateral currents.

Both Ulysses and Æneas were warned to avoid this poetical bugbear, and were we to believe the tales related by Buffon of the fatal consequences of approaching within its influence, we could acquit Virgil of exaggeration when he speaks of its lashing the stars with its waves. So far from drawing vessels into its vortex, and swallowing them up, it is found to repel and drive to a distance any light bodies which may be thrown on its surface. The Marquis of Ormond states that in passing through it the boat was turned considerably from its course, and the wind was lost out of the sail for a moment. And Captain Smith mentions having seen large ships occasionally whirled round on its surface. But our steamer with its powerful paddles clove and crushed the boil-

ing caldron in perfect contempt. I was still more astonished at the unfounded tales of Homer and Virgil as to the relative position of Scylla and Charybdis. I called to mind the miraculous escape of the Argonauts, the advice of Circe to Ulysses when she tells him that these horrors are so near that he might throw a dart from one to the other, and the Priest of Apollo told Æneas it would be better to sail round by the southern promontory of Sicily than incur such imminent danger. Tibullus too calls the passage of these straits "skirting on either side the threshold of death," and Milton and other modern poets say that threading their watery mazes is like attempting to pass a steel between two load-stones. But after all this nonsense, it is remarkable that Scylla and Charybdis are upwards of ten miles apart, and not even within sight of each other. So much for popular impressions, poetical fancies, and the accuracy of mere rumours! But altogether the passage of these magnificent straits is really a sublime sight.

Our next object of attraction was a large boat with a high mast on which a man was stationed attended by several long boats, called *luntra*;—these, I was told, were fishermen. During the spring the *pisce spada* are caught in great numbers, the fishery at that time producing a considerable emolument to many of the inhabitants of Messina. When the fish are there, they are seen by their dorsal fin projecting above the surface. When the man on the look-out sees the fish, he gives notice to one of the smaller boats calling out, *Da, dda hu*, and the pursuit commences. The fish, when struck with the harpoon, dives instantly, and the head of the instrument quitting the shaft carries with it a long line by which the animal is gradually tired out. It is twelve or fifteen feet

in length, and about two hundred pounds in weight. A long bone projects from the upper jaw like a broad two-edged sword, about a yard in length, whence the name.

Out of the straits we bid adieu to Sicily, but still beauty succeeds beauty so quickly that there is not time to admire, and the group of Æolean islands are seen blue in the distance scattered on the sea. Lipari, the largest of these, was passed quite near, and Basiluzzo, Panaria, and a number of others, all manifesting old craters but no longer acting as volcanoes. But they all contain state prisons, and they are filled with unfortunate carbonari, who attempted to establish a constitution at Naples. "Some of them have been confined for twenty years, and their incarceration will only end with their lives,—victims of cowardice and oppression. It is to be hoped," continues the Marquis of Ormond, "that the time will yet arrive when some party may be found sufficiently united—for union is the only thing requisite—to force upon the court of Naples the wholesome truth contained in the American declaration of independence, that 'government is an institution for the benefit of the governed, and that when it becomes subversive of that end it should be destroyed.'"—Certainly it should.

We passed within a mile or two of Stromboli, the everlasting light-house of this sea. This mountain island rises like a cone precipitously upwards of two thousand feet from the level of the ocean, exhibiting at a distance the appearance of an enormous half-burnt pastile. Quite unlike Etna and Vesuvius, and other volcanoes that rage at intervals and then relapse into inactivity, it is in a constant state of eruption, sometimes more violent than at others; but there has been no authentic account during many centuries of its having

been in a state of entire rest. Like most other volcanoes, Stromboli is reported to be one of the passages to the infernal regions, and various are the stories of persons who have been seen endeavouring to escape from its crater—each party consigning to its flames those whom they think ought to be there. It was really very interesting to stand on the deck after dark and count the momentary flashes of flame perpetually rising as if from a thousand furnaces combined. Caverns, specular iron, scorixæ, pulverized lava, pumice stone, and sulphur are seen in vast profusion. The very sand is perfectly black, having precisely the appearance of coarse gunpowder. But the waters all around Stromboli are extremely deep, and as clear as crystal, and it is not a little singular that the deepest side is that nearest the crater: nor has the matter constantly thrown out during such a long succession of ages had any sensible effect on the soundings.

The next object which attracted our attention was Cape Palinuro, a spot immortalized by the disaster of the pilot of *Æneas*: “*Gaudet cognomine terra.*” Virgil here at least was more correct in his statement than in reference to Scylla and Charybdis:

“*Æternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.*”

The promontory appears in the distance like an island: the isthmus connecting it with the mainland being invisible. The ruins of a sepulchral building are pointed out on the shore, which are said to have formed part of the tomb promised by *Æneas* to the troubled ghost of the drowsy helmsman.

Passing the Punta della Licosa, on which is a ruined tower destroyed by Lord Nelson, the ancient temples and tombs of

Pæstum came into view. At a time when Rome contained only a few huts on the Palatine hill, these buildings stood much as they are now seen; they having been erected at a period far beyond the reach of any existing record. Few cities have left such splendid monuments of their architectural skill and magnificence. But Pæstum is now a miserable deserted village, tenanted by emaciated wretches, whose livid countenances bear ample testimony to the baneful influence of the atmosphere in which they exist. Pæstum is situated in an extensive plain, bounded on the one hand by the sea, and on the other by a range of mountains, above which towers mount Alburnus. The walls of the city, forming nearly a square, enclose a space of about three miles. The whole coast presented a succession of rugged pointed hills, skirted seaward by precipices, to the face of which are perched towns which seem almost as if they were in danger of falling into the sea below. Among these Amalfi was pointed out, which boasts, if popular report is to be credited, possession of the body of St. Andrew of Scotland, brought hither by Cardinal Capuano in 1208, and deposited in a tomb under the choir of the cathedral. Again there is Positano, the birth-place of the inventor of the mariner's compass. But now we are entering the winding shores of the beautiful Bay of Naples, and the island of Capri is before us, on the summit of which stand the ruins of one of the palaces erected by Tiberius. A more splendid situation could not be possibly selected.

“Dining one day,” says Boswell, “with General Paoli, and talking of his projected journey to Italy, ‘A man,’ said Johnson, ‘who has not been in Italy, is already conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what is expected

a man should see.'” Accordingly, my first peep of Italy called up a flood of gladness, and of classical recollections—

“*Jamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis,
Quum procul obscuros colles humilemque videmus
Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates
Italiam læto socii clamore salutant.*”

When seen thus in the distance, Italy stands fair to view, even after the traveller has visited Athens, Constantinople, and the plains of Troy. Its lovely islands, scattered along the coast in every variety of picturesque form, delight the eye of the passing voyager. The grandeur and novelty of its burning mountains fill the mind with sublime conceptions of the almighty Creator. The sky is still as cloudless as that of the Levant, but the sun is not quite so fierce, the wind not so burning, and the sultry heat of the atmosphere not so overpowering.—When approached near enough to be noticed in detail, the country looks extremely pretty in every variety of rural solitude and snugness. It often reminded me of the sunny scenes to be found in the lap of the Tyrolese Alps, or of the beautiful little spots which start up now and then in the Highlands of Scotland. Repose sleeps on its lovely shores. Its villages and villas charmed me into the natural belief, that every thing inward, in town and country, corresponded entirely with these fairy scenes. But I could not force myself to forget the degraded position of its people, and the awful tyranny there exercised by popes, priests, kings, and rulers of every grade, all kept up by the state, and protected by military influence.

I have no intention of inflicting on my readers a trite and tame description of the bay and city of Naples. It is more splendid even than the gulf in going up to Smyrna, and

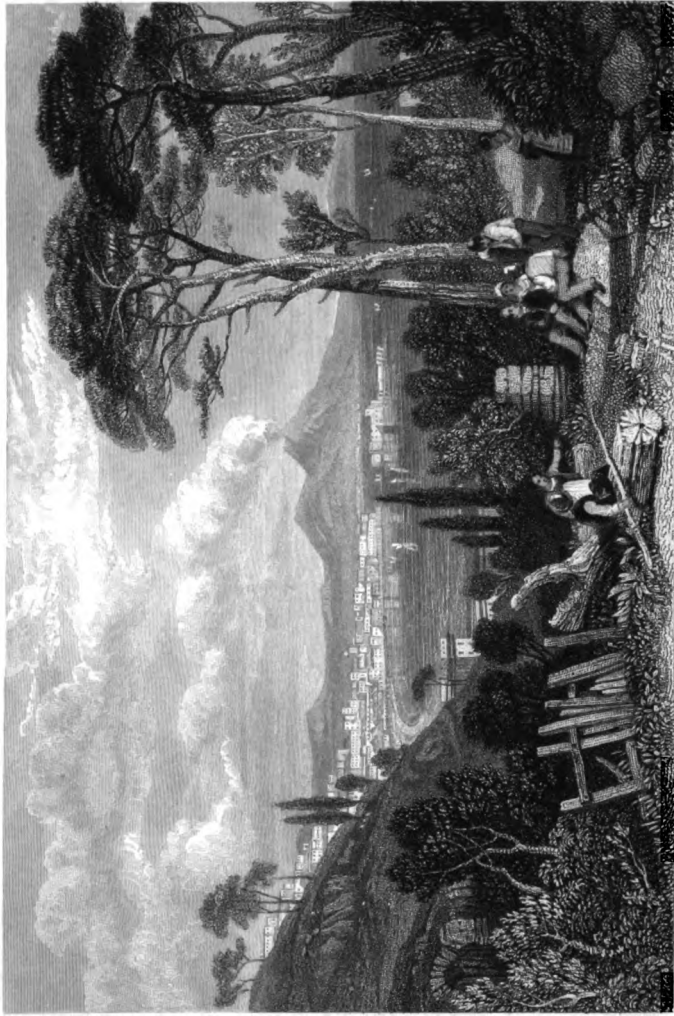
probably there is nothing on the face of the waters altogether more interesting. The islands of Capri, Ischia, and others no less pleasing to the fancy, are presented to the left; the Castel-a-Mare to the right; Vesuvius, the harbour, and town in front; and in fact the whole coast around present a picturesque and finished panorama. But, alas! I was soon convinced that these beautiful islands were but so many excavated caverns, where thousands of miserable victims are rotting out a dreadful existence under the earth and ocean. These vineyards, hamlets, and valleys on the mainland, are but the fair canopy which covers and conceals a mass of human suffering, more tragical than all the annals of the ancient tyrannies. These verdant hills of fruit and flower, are but the swelling domes of dungeons, dark and deep, and the scenes of sufferings, more harrowing in their details than the genius of Shakspeare ever painted. And those who pass along these gay and gorgeous streets, are walking over living tombs, in which thousands of helpless and hopeless beings groan in irons, chained together in pairs.—But let us take special facts.

In a minute after the well known rattle of the chain anchor had ceased, the curtain began to rise, and gradually to disclose the realities of the case. Forthwith a strong posse of police-officers jumped on board the steamer, to inspect the passengers. We were ranked on the deck for the purpose, and counted off like sheep, then we were compared as to age, face, and figure, with the descriptions given in our passports. The chief men of these police-officers next held a private conversation with one another, and with the captain—then they gave instructions to the rest of the party, and went on shore, leaving the remainder as a guard, to prevent

any of the passengers from quitting the ship. In two or three hours after this, a police-officer returned, and handed out to every one of the passengers, against whom there was no existing suspicion, a permit for landing. Down we all jumped into the many boats which were alongside of the ship, when the order was given to take us direct to the maritime police, which may be said almost to stand on a rock in the sea. Here the passengers, on landing, were marched into a large room to be inspected a second time, and minutely examined as to where they had been, where they meant to go, how long they were to remain in Naples, and on what errand they came to their country. Having also passed this ordeal without suspicion, I was called on to ticket my residence, and told that I would not be allowed to leave the office till I did so. The passengers were next conducted to the custom-house, where their luggage was inspected in a very cursory manner, but where their books and letters and papers were examined very strictly,—here the authorities were somewhat puzzled with some of my slips of paper, which were written in the languages of Arabia, Turkey, and Greece. But at last I was relieved, and permitted to drive off to my hotel. Here, again, on my arrival I was ordered to register myself in every particular, as before, and I was told that this description would forthwith be lodged in the general police-office for the city and interior of the kingdom. Thinking now that all this was surely more than enough, I ordered a bath, and was enjoying it, when I was startled by a knock at the door by another policeman, sent to inquire still more minutely. This personage was told to wait till I found it convenient to put on my clothes, when he would be received with all courtesy;

but he went off rather surprised and indignant at my assurance.

Having issued out of the bath and bed-room, and sat down to breakfast, two police-officers, apparently of a higher cast, called, and inquired why I dismissed the former emissary in the daring way I had ventured to do.—I stated the facts in vindication, and when these did not seem to be satisfactory, I threatened to eat my breakfast in silence, unless they became remarkably civil. The landlord interfered, and the peace was maintained between us. These officials were dismissed little more than half-satisfied. I sallied forth to see the lions, when the hint was given to me by a waiter, that my footsteps would be traced by government spies, called inspectors, and every word I spoke would be ascertained and reported at head-quarters. Having nothing to fear in all this, I walked out to the street, and there noticed that the cabman who had brought me from the custom-house to the hotel, was already under examination as to all I had said and done since I landed, two hours before. When sauntering along the streets, a man accosted me in English, asked for news from home, and seemed desirous to point out anything worth seeing. But by and by he began to talk more generally, then he complained of the constituted authorities, and seemed to be pumping up all my sentiments on these subjects. Here, had I not been upon my guard, and probably, whether I was upon my guard or not, the conversation was taken down, and reported at the head-quarters; and it was easy to see that, in this way, simpletons would often be caught in the trap.—When the hour for dining approached, I sat down at *une Table d'Hote bien servie*, when I found at my elbow an intelligent gentleman, who spoke English fluently.



View of a tropical scene, from a sketch by W. H. P. 1840. Engraved by E. P. Fisher.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



He was so remarkably obliging, that my suspicions were excited that he might have an object. He was very delicate and dexterous in trying to draw out my sentiments, but in three minutes I was convinced that he was another government inspector, therefore, when he made his observations, I was not contented merely with being silent, but took care to contradict him, lest he should turn the cat in the pan, and report what he said as if it had been uttered by myself. And thus, from day to day, my steps were traced, and my every idle word recorded, in going out to Herculaneum, or Vesuvius, or Pompeii, or anywhere else; or at the railway station, or at the harbour, or in a cab, or in walking along the street, or by the wayside.

It would be stale and unprofitable to detail the sights of Naples now so familiar to the English, especially after I have been so far and seen so much, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of noticing my visit to the tomb of Virgil, situated immediately above the grotto of Posilipo, which is cut through the Tufo mountains, and lighted by lamps constantly burning. The tomb stands in the midst of an enclosed vineyard, and the path leading to it is almost blocked up by the long clusters of grapes hanging from the vine trellises above our heads. Threading through the narrow path, I descended some rude steps which brought me to the tomb. Straggling shrubs grow over the dome that marks the spot. In the interior are empty niches for cinerary urns. There are two posterior inscriptions, one more ancient and the other modern. What a spot for the grave of the immortal poet, and how commanding and lovely the view beyond conception! It is bounded on one side by the majestic Apennines, with the burning Vesuvius in their foreground, the bright bay washes

its base, which in its turn is bordered by Portici Torre del Greco, and further on by Castel-a-Mare and Sorrento, backed by the lofty mountain of St. Angelo, and the hills towards La Cava. In another direction rises the bright blue island of Capri, while beneath lies the whole city of Naples sleeping at the foot of the mountain, the Elysian fields, Cicero's villa, the smiling bay full of marine activity. A soft hue pervaded the whole scene, blending it in one lovely picture, and throwing around that ideal dreaminess, which is not to be found north of the Alps. I record only one impression which occurred at the time. Virgil and our Saviour were buried much about the same period, when Cicero and Sallust also lived. Their graves and villas are visited by travellers from the whole civilized world, and there are few disputes as to the identities. So millions of Mussulman pilgrims visit Mahomet's coffin every year at Mecca, and again there are no disputes as to identities. Why then should the comparatively few travellers who visit Jerusalem wrangle incessantly as to where the place of the sepulchre is, and whether Golgotha is here or there; and why should every author have a new site for this town in the country, and for that battle-field? Wherefore do they agree upon no one point or particular? Whence comes this war of words, these doubts and endless disputes? Not from our meek and lowly Jesus surely, or from the peaceful spirit of the gospel.

Next I visited Pompeii by the railroad running nearly the whole way close to the sea through vineyards in great luxuriance, excepting where the black lava of Vesuvius has buried the vegetation. From every point and at every turn the view of the city and bay is exquisite and gaining in loveliness. Hundreds of pretty little villas are profusely scattered

about, peeping from the midst of big orchards and vineyards. But on approaching Torre del Greco, huge streams of destructive lava, black, bare, and rugged, may be traced from the midst of the surrounding fertility, onward to the burning mountain, and far up its precipitous sides. Like Catania below *Ætna*, this town has risen again and again, as the Phoenix from its own fires. It was totally buried in burning lava by the irruption in 1794; but the happy and heedless inhabitants have built it anew within the very bounds the destroying monster has so often marked for its own. We stopped below and opposite a rural hotel, elegant and in keeping with all around. I was conducted to the remains of what is called the villa of Diomedes, situated outside of the walls of Pompeii. Numerous skeletons were found in the cellar here, and the impression of a female form is still seen on the wall. The remains of a man with a key in his hand, and another with a lamp and a purse full of gold, were found by the excavators at the gate, evidently in the act of attempting to escape, when they were overwhelmed by the coming destruction. On passing into the street of tombs, my attention was directed to several magnificent cenotaphs of white marble, bearing the names of former inhabitants of the city who were buried previous to its destruction. Their names remain as fresh as if they had been engraven there but the day before. I entered within the walls of the city by the Herculaneum gate, composed of three arches, those on either side being appropriated for foot passengers and the one in the centre for carriages, the marks of the wheels of which, worn into the pavement, are distinctly traced. This gate was, on the day that the city was buried, guarded by a small stone sentry-box, in which the excavators found the ske-

leton of a soldier, with his lance and armour, where he must have remained firm at his post, even in that dreadful hour—true, as the brave soldiers in the sinking Birkenhead, to their military habits of discipline even to the death. But now roofless houses, and shops, and inns, and mills, and private houses of every variety and magnificence are on every hand. When the custom house was excavated, an immense number of curious weights and steel yards were found. Most of the shops, with the different trades to which they were devoted, have still well-preserved fresco painted signs upon their walls and counters. In the bakers' shops, the mills for grinding the wheat are still standing, and many of the ovens were found with bread half baked in them. The name of the proprietor of every house is placed near the door. The Mosaic and inlaid marble floors are perfect as ever, and the exquisite fresco painted walls remain as fresh models for modern artists. It was really a refreshing treat to enter the house of our old schoolfellow Caius Crispus Sallustius, and to think that in this room he slept, and in that he wrote his vigorous but crooked Latin themes, the construction of which has subjected our finger-ends to many a lash from the tawse. It was gratifying to see how spacious and handsome a dwelling the historian had—dining-room, drawing-room, and parlour like ourselves. The walls are painted in pannels of different colours, almost as bright as if only just applied, and inlaid with medallion representations of landscapes, figures, fruits, birds, and fish. In the quadrangle are the remains of a splendid fountain, and a colonnade of eight pillars communicates with several apartments, the larger serving as receiving-rooms, and the smaller as bedrooms. The floor of one was laid with marbles of sur-

prising beauty, and many of the frescoes were exceedingly striking, such as those of Diana and Actæon, of Mars and Venus. Here I remembered his words "*Decrevi procul a republica ætatem agere.*" How I would have been delighted had he met me in *suo otio* at the door, and presented me with a luncheon of bread, and water, and fruit, and falernian wine. What a fine sentence and sentiment the following: "*Omnia certa occidunt, et aucta senescunt; animus incorruptus æternus; rector humani generis agit atque habet cuncta, neque ipse habetur.*"

It would be endless to describe the temples, the forum, the theatre, the public and private baths, the senate house, and still more the numerous fountains still standing in every street. But the *coup-d'œil* of the whole must have been magnificent. Several of the views down the streets in the whole length must have been and still are superb, displaying the bay on the one hand, and Vesuvius on the other, in all its smiling majesty, overlooking the city it once adorned and so utterly destroyed.

In returning I explored all that remains excavated of the magnificent city of Herculaneum. It was buried by the same eruption as Pompeii, which it far surpassed in riches and beauty. But as the streams of lava flowed redhot over it, and when cooled became hard as stone, far less can be done to explore it, than at Pompeii which was only covered by ashes. Moreover, the two towns of Pertice and Nemesia having been built above the ruins, on the bed of lava, before the site was discovered, the researches have not been so successful as they otherwise might, and the chief excavations have been filled up again. I descended a long flight of steps below the ground, and found myself in an open space, from

whence the commencement of several streets led in various directions. But everything is much the same as at Pompeii. The most interesting sight was the prison. Here the bars and links of iron are still seen firm and entire, as if they had but recently secured their unhappy inmates; vases of pottery ware, and marble slabs are embedded in the lava. The wells also are exceedingly curious, and bear the mark worn in the stones by the constant friction of the rope used in raising the buckets. The ovens in the bakers' shops and the coppers of the baths are all nearly perfect. The quay beyond the ancient walls is an interesting sight. The sea both here and at Pompeii retired before the fiery elements and their awful accompanying convulsion, and has never returned to its former bounds; but the fastening for the boats and shipping still remain, and marine shells and pebbles are strewn about.

As Herculaneum is situated at the very base of the volcano, I remained for the night at Portici, and started betimes next morning for the top of Vesuvius. I found it a work of more difficulty and less gratification than I expected, but I was determined to accomplish the feat. However, as the wind often shifts at the top, and blows the smoke and ashes in the face of travellers, sometimes to the risk of their suffocation, I kept at a due distance from the edge of the crater, and contented myself with poking my stick down through the earth to ascertain, beyond all manner of doubt, by taking up the burnt end of it, that the fire below was as active as ever. The view from the top was grand, and much the same as that from Virgil's grotto, but rather more extensive.

Having seen everything by night and by day at Naples,

I at last began to think of departing for Rome. It was my intention to have gone leisurely by land, merely to see the country, and to rest for a day or so at Gæta, and some of the principal stations. I judged it prudent, therefore, to adjust my passport for leaving, and also to make inquiries as to the starting of conveyances. These ascertained, I found that I had two days on hand, and nothing material to do but to procure my passport, and pay my bill at the hotel. Resolving to take time by the forelock, I called a cab, and drove to the interior police for my passport,—there I was told to go to the maritime office, and when I went to it, I was told to go back to the office from whence I came; where, at last, I found the object of my search. Everything being right, and with my passport in hand, I naturally thought that a very few minutes would finish the transaction, but in this I was much mistaken. I was turned from one office to another, my description was recorded in one large book after another, and a dollar was charged by this and by that official; and when at last I expected that all was finished,—and well might I expect it, because I had trotted for four hours, up stairs and down stairs, and round corners, and into nine or ten different apartments,—I was coolly told to come back at four o'clock, when I would receive my passport. I accordingly returned at the hour appointed, but the premises were shut up, and some person told me to come back next morning soon after ten o'clock. I did so, but, lo! it was one of their numerous saint's days, and so there was no help for it but to call again the day after, and in this way I lost my conveyance, which was to take me to Rome by land. After all this running and disappointment, I went to the office rather out of temper, telling the au-

thorities that I would request, as I required, an interview with my ambassador on the subject of my passport. This intimation produced only a contemptuous sneer, and some insulting remark from one of the young officials, which I answered by actually clenching my fist, stretching out my arm, and threatening to punish the offender on the spot. To my surprise, I was politely requested to be seated, and assured that my passport would be forthcoming *securo e momento*, and in fifteen minutes it was in my pocket. Then I hurried back to my hotel, paid my bill, got into a cab, and drove off to the harbour at a canter, and found myself no more than in time for the steamer sailing to Civita Vecchia; whereas I had meant to have travelled by land, had I got my passport in any reasonable time.

I was snug on board, and of course, right glad to be relieved from such pitiful annoyances. The steam was up, and the hour for starting just at hand, when all the passengers were mustered rank and file on the quarter-deck, the list of their names was called over, their passports and persons were inspected, and they were counted and compared, and allowed to sail, or taken on shore again, at the will and pleasure of two policemen, who are sent there in every case for the purpose. Thank God, I was permitted to remain on board, and now the anchor was heaved, and we all moved, fully resolved never to trust ourselves in such hands again.

Another fact requires to be stated; in itself it is apparently trifling, but in my situation it indicated a trap into which I might have fallen, and against the danger of which travellers to Naples should be warned. I found myself in a position in which it was impossible to tell when I might be permitted to leave, and I wrote home to my friend, the

minister of the contiguous parish of Newlands, requesting him to perform for me my duty at a neighbouring sacrament on a certain day, in the event of my being detained. I stated in this letter, that no sooner had I escaped the delays caused in the East by quarantines, than I was involved in Italy with political obstructions, far less reasonable, and perhaps of longer duration, than a five days' imprisonment in a Turkish lazaretto. I have sufficient reason to believe that this letter, which I posted with my own hands, was intercepted, opened, and laid before the prefect of the police, or the minister of the interior, for the purpose of creating a charge, if possible, against me; for of all the letters written from Suez, Grand Cairo, Damietta, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Smyrna, and Athens, the one from Naples alone never reached its destination. Fortunately I was cautious in what I wrote, it having occurred to me that the letter would certainly be opened at the post-office in Naples, and produced against me. Nay, I even hesitated whether it was safe to trust such a crew with a specimen of my penmanship, lest the writers they employ for the purpose might, by imitating my hand-writing, forge grounds of accusation against me.

Here, however, it is but fair to mention, that I suffered no annoyance from the Pope's Nuncio at Naples—on the contrary, at my first call, every thing was adjusted in ten minutes, and the Secretary, shaking my hand, politely wished me a good voyage, and a safe return to England—knowing all the while, from my passport, my profession to be that of a protestant clergyman.

I spoke of my difficulties to an English gentleman on his travels, and he told me how severely he had suffered too in

Naples. He said he had actually been dragged by the police from his seat in the railway train, when setting out for Pompeii, but for what reason he could not conceive, unless it was from senseless suspicion and fear. He added, that it was, in all the circumstances, somewhat remarkable that I was not detained, or more severely handled, because I had just come from Malta, the great retreat of Neapolitan refugees, who were constantly sending out emissaries. And more unfortunate still, I happened to have a long white beard of four months' growth, which was well known to be the badge of the liberal Philosophers, or Red Radicals as they are called. But he assured me that my beard would be quite acceptable both at Rome and Florence.

CHAPTER XX.

ROME, ISLAND OF ELBA, LEGHORN, PISA, FLORENCE,
CORSIKA, AND FRANCE.

WHEN I approached Rome, I was impressed with an intensity of feeling, second to that only which I felt when I caught my first sight of Jerusalem. Notwithstanding all that I had seen on the shores of the Atlantic ocean, the Mediterranean sea, the Levant, the Red sea, the Dead sea, the sea of Galilee; in Phœnicia, Cilicia, Pisidia, Lycia, Caria, Lydia; among the islands of the Pamphylian and Ægean seas; in the Eastern Archipelago; on the shores of the Hellespont, the Marmora, and the Black sea; among the Ionian islands, in Greece, Sicily, and at Naples, I approached with an elevation of sentiment beyond description imperial Rome, the capital of Italy, the seat of the Roman government, pagan and papal, the centre of the fourth great empire, the Lord of the whole earth, and queen of it, the mistress of the ancient and modern world, in population, arts, and arms. I had seen Athens, Alexandria, Grand Cairo, Constantinople, the plains of Troy, and the ruins at Greece, Pompeii, and Pæstum, but all these were inferior in interest to Rome itself, the renowned city founded on the Palatine hill by Romulus and Remus of old, of which Propertius says, l. iii. ix 57:

Septem urbs alta jugis, toto quæ præsidet orbi.

When speaking of Rome Papal, the writer of the Apocalypse describes it in terms so very identical with Proportius as to be almost a literal translation. "A woman seated on seven hills and reigning over the kings of the earth," (Rev. xvii. 9.) But there is a passage in Virgil *Georg.* l. ii. ver. 532 still more to the purpose.

*Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.*

A city so remarkable both in civil and sacred history, might well awaken some curiosity in my mind, when approaching it for the first and last time in my life.

In sailing in-shore along the coast, Puteoli was pointed out, where the apostle Paul and Josephus were both landed on their way to the eternal city: and Gaeta on the coast was noticed, the strong fortress to which the present pope fled, in the disguise of a flunkey, from the Vatican, during the uproars in 1848. I grudged to pass the mouth of the celebrated Tiber, and to be taken fifty miles north to Civita Vecchia, where I was landed merely to travel back along the same coast towards Rome.

This harbour was the Trajani Portus of the ancients, and, according to some, the place where the Apostle Paul first landed on his way to Rome. The entrance to the harbour is guarded by a light-house with forts, and a sort of canal extends from it into the town, along which there is a quay with numerous buildings for the galley slaves. Of these miserable creatures there are here about two thousand, all in fetters, and many of them apparently quite worn out by toil. The dead dull state of Civita Vecchia, was enlivened a little by the disembarkation of French troops, and by the

arrival, while I was in the town, of one of the cardinals sent up from the Vatican to bid them welcome.

I had not travelled long in the Papal States, till I saw that the whole country presented an aspect as deserted and dreary as Palestine itself. The sky was cloudless, the atmosphere clear, and the climate without a fault. But the face of the earth seemed as if under the curse of the Almighty. It was waste and wet,—unfenced, and uncultivated, and thinly peopled,—full of willows, briars, and thorns,—overgrown with weeds,—and worn out with scourge-cropping and all manner of mis-management. A solitary dwelling, standing like a square tower, is to be seen here, and another not nearer than a mile or two distant, and between the two nothing seems to exist. No cattle, comparatively speaking, are grazing; no farmers with their family or servants are working in the fields; no ploughman whistling between the stilts; no shepherd with his flocks and herds; all is solitude equal to that in the valley of Gilgal, in the plains of Galilee, or on the reeking swamps of Asia Minor. Every eight or ten miles along the road there is a station, presenting a variety of stone walls, and dead-like dwellings, surpassing far, in deserted dreariness, the resting-places in the Desert between Grand Cairo and Suez. Forth from the one door of the inn there issue a few hostlers, lazy and dirty, who talk, and yawn, and rub their eyes, and by and by commence to unharness the horses. This once accomplished, they begin to think of bringing forth the other lean lubberly animals, which are doomed to drag the menagerie to the end of the next stage. The harness is shifted from the cavalry which have done the work to those which are about to begin, and no inquiries are made to ascertain whether the collars fit or not.

Meanwhile, a swarthy female, dirty and negligently dressed, looks out through the window, with a smile and a nod to the driver, who is treated soon after for his civility, with brown bread, and wine, and water; and at length the machine actually begins to move again somewhat at the rate of one of Wombwell's caravans, or a *little* faster.

I state it as a positive fact, that, from Civita Vecchia, and almost till I reached Rome, our cavalcade met, on this grand approach from the only harbour of the capital of Italy, neither more nor less than two empty carts driven by a peasant, who had evidently been to town with fruit. The picture of civilised life is as lamentable as can well be imagined. No single trace of happy, prosperous, well-paid industry greets the eye along the whole road from one end of it to the other. Rags, filth, ignorance, and superstition are the prominent features that meet the observation of a traveller. There are no schools but for the education of young priests. And in the cultivation of the fields there is an evident neglect of all the approved modes of turning land into profit. I believe the roads have not been repaired since the death of the twelve Cæsars. On every hand there were dreary flats, thinly scattered over with barren hillocks crowned by solitary towers,—the only objects seen for miles. Now and then we passed a few black, ill-favoured, and starved sheep, straggling by the roadside. Sometimes we crossed a brook, whose rippings were the only sounds which broke the general stillness; or we approached the sea, and the rumble of the waves answered to that of our *veturino*, and to nothing beside.

About thirty miles south from Civita Vecchia, half-a-dozen of armed dragoons scampered up, and said something

to the several vetturinos or drivers, when they turned their carriages aside, and almost into the ditches, and got down, and held their horses by the head apparently with great care. After a time a rumble of several carriages and cavalry was heard. When these passed us at a hand canter, our drivers seemed to tremble, and they bowed themselves to the dust. On inquiring, I found that the party consisted of the cardinal I had seen at Civita Vecchia; who was now galloping home to St. Peter's, to be in time for his dinner.—Humble, pious lad!

About sunset we reached a station, where everything reminded me of the inn at Brighthouse, in the county of Peebles, in my own neighbourhood at home, as I first came to it nearly thirty years since. I shall never forget the locality, on another account. We were now within a dozen of miles of Rome, and an American gentleman came up to me, and holding up an old cotton blue umbrella like a spy-glass, he desired me to look along it. Then pointing the top of it downward, he asked me if I had observed any building or portions of it. I said that I had noticed something like a huge cupola or dome in the distance. Exactly, said Jonathan; and already you have had your first sight of the top of St. Peter's. I gazed again with natural avidity, to catch something else, and if possible a little more interesting; but nothing was to be seen but this great bulb of blue metal, hanging high in the air, like a balloon in the sky; the vale of the Tiber both up and down, and the blue Sabine mountains beyond in the far distance. I took my seat beside the driver. I saw a cluster of hills, with green pastures on their summits, enclosed by thickets. Here and there a white house built in antique style, with open portico that received the bright

gleam of the evening sun, just emerged from the clouds, and tinted the meadows below. At a time the spacious plain began to show itself, in which this most warlike of nations reared their seat of empire. Beyond I saw the rugged chain of the Apennines, and I thought that it was upon this vast surface that so many illustrious actions were performed, and I thought I had not seen a position where so mighty a people could have chosen a grander theatre. Here was space for the march of armies, and verge enough for encampments,—levels for martial games, and room for every variety of roads and causeways leading to the provinces. How many triumphant legions have traversed these flats! How many captive kings! What throng of cars and chariots galloped and glittered along! and savage animals drawn from the interior of Africa, and the ambassadors of Indian princes, followed by their exotic trains, to implore the favour of the Roman senate. Often did I look out to get another glimpse of Rome, something of antiquity worth looking at, but in this I was disappointed. The road began to descend into a broad vale, terminated by a ridge of hills; and ere long darkness came on, so that I saw no more of Rome till we reached the gate of the city.

Here we were admitted into a city as if in a state of siege; military, and police, and custom-house officers in crowds were on every hand. By this time I was an old stager in travel; so I kept my seat and my temper, and parted with nothing but my passport, and not even with it till I ascertained correctly that the legal authority had got it, and till I received a proper receipt in exchange. In the midst of the confusion a myrmidon from the custom-house got up beside me, and told me, in an Italian whisper, that if I gave

him quietly a small sum of money he would affix a permit to my luggage, which would free me from all further annoyance, and let me get forward to my bed: but otherwise, "there was his open knife," and he would proceed to cut every rope, and rip up my portmanteau. I thought discretion the better part of valour; and soon the carriages were rattling over the bridge, and there below its arches flowed the Tiber, and along its dusky banks lights shone from many a window, like stars in the sky. I shall never forget the sensations I experienced in thus crossing the bridge over the Tiber, and beholding the squares, the domes, and the long perspective of streets in the Eternal city. Ere long we reached a German hotel in a street nearly opposite the residence of the British Consul.

This little incident as to inspection at the gate, taught me how readily Bibles might be smuggled into Rome. For any thing the police and custom-house officers knew or cared, I might have had hundreds of them in my possession at the time, and half-a-crown would have passed them all easily at the gate. I only regretted that I had nothing of the sort in the native language. I had sent my Italian copy of the scriptures onward to Leghorn, in the pocket of an English physician there, as he assured me that it might get me into trouble at Rome. Having many years since been harassed in Salzburg, in the south of Germany, with something in this way, I thought it better to be cautious, as times were more than ordinarily suspicious in Italy. But nowhere had I less trouble with my passport and luggage than in this city, filled as it was with Popish priests, Jesuits, spies, policemen, custom-house officers, and foreign troops.

I felt disappointed at my first survey of Rome; but the

more I saw, the more I considered, and the longer I remained, my feeling of wonder rose, like the mercury in the barometrical tube in dry weather, into awe, admiration, or disgust, as might be. St. Peter's, the paintings, the statuary, the ruins, the classical recollections as to by-gone years, and the gorgeous grandeur of every sight, are simply overpowering. There is no worldly picture of earthly carnality at all to compare to it on the face of the earth. If ever the Devil really held a Vanity fair in this world, and set up in it toy shops, swinging machines, hobby horses, panoramas, shows, circuses, theatres, brothels, shooting galleries, billiard tables, brandy palaces, and gaming houses, it must have been in Rome. I had heard of the craters of mount Etna, of Stromboli, and of Vesuvius being the mouths of hell, but they are not half so like it as this city is, filled with all manner of spiritual and temporal abominations. I had seen the filth of Smyrna, of Cairo, and of Constantinople, with the dead dromedaries and donkeys mortifying in the burning sun; but these were nothing to the corruptions and carnalities of Popery on the banks of the Tiber. I had read of the criminalities and cruelties of Nero and of Turkish despots, who imprisoned, scourged, and killed the bodies of their saints and subjects. But what is that to the ignorance and error infused into the mind, or to the heresies and incestuousness chaining down the soul till it be made meet to become a partaker of hell? Here Satan has been loosed out of his prison to deceive men, that he might cast them into the lake of fire and brimstone. Verily has this Babylon the Great become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird, and all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornications. Here,

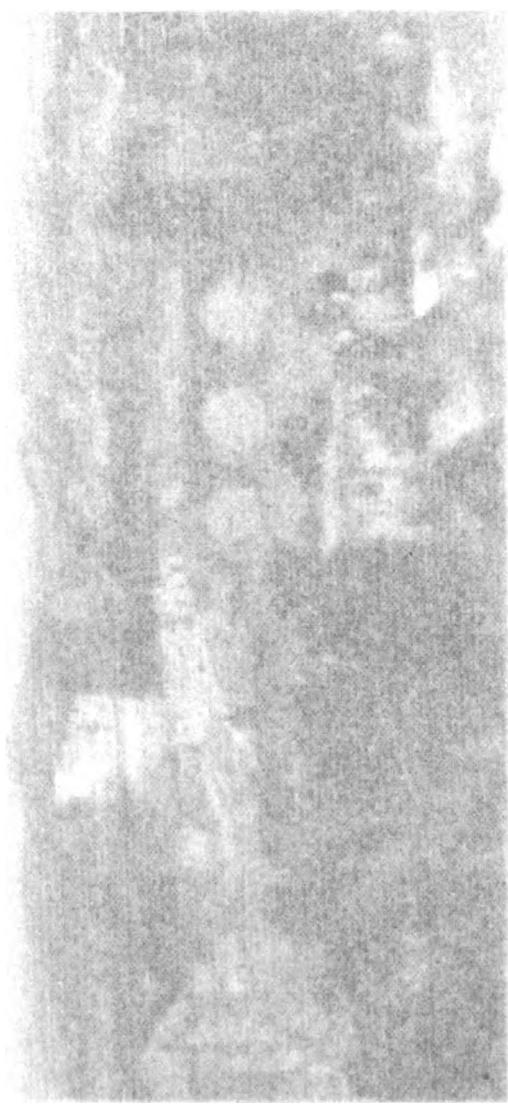
sitting on every one of the seven hills, sleeping in the Vatican, and performing high mass in St. Peter's, may certainly be seen the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication.

Had I been condemned to be hanged, beheaded, and quartered at sunrise on the morning after my arrival at Rome, I could not have passed a more restless night than the first I endured. I had been tossed on the ocean, and jumbled almost into jelly on the hard road in the lumbering vetturino, and I required sleep above all things. But my mind was elevated at the notion of my being where I was; I was impatient for the dawn, that I might see something classical to satisfy my eager curiosity. Neither the fatigues of a long journey, nor the allurements of sleep, could induce me to remain in bed after the day began to clear up in the light of the sun. First, I went up to a terrace on the top of my hotel, to take a peep at the domes and palaces on every side. There were hanging gardens, filled with orange trees and flower pots, and adorned by pavilions open on all sides, and sloping terraces formed by gentle hills. Every thing I saw manifested luxuriance and laziness. The contemplation, however, of this little living panorama soon satisfied me; and I determined to find out a spot from which I might see the majestic ruins, where the busy swarms of two millions of sovereign people once filled these scenes with active life.

Thus desirous of seeing some vestiges of Rome's former magnificence I set out for the Vatican, and at once was convinced that nothing I had ever seen could rival the church of St. Peter's. I absolutely marvelled at its vast splendour, its gigantic arches, its spacious approach, its refreshing cascades, all worthy the habitation of a Pope. Gibbon pro

nounces St. Peter's to be "the most glorious temple that ever was raised for the purpose of religious worship." At each successive visit it grows upon the mind in vastness and beauty not applicable at all to other edifices. Every thing is stupendous, and beyond anything the eye has previously seen, in architecture, so rich, exquisite, and magnificent. Then the interior how immense its space, how soothing its stillness, how calm its atmosphere! No matter what may be the temperature without, summer or winter; within this world of beauty, and beneath this firmament of glowing and golden splendour, the subdued and softened air has ever the same grateful soothing to the senses.

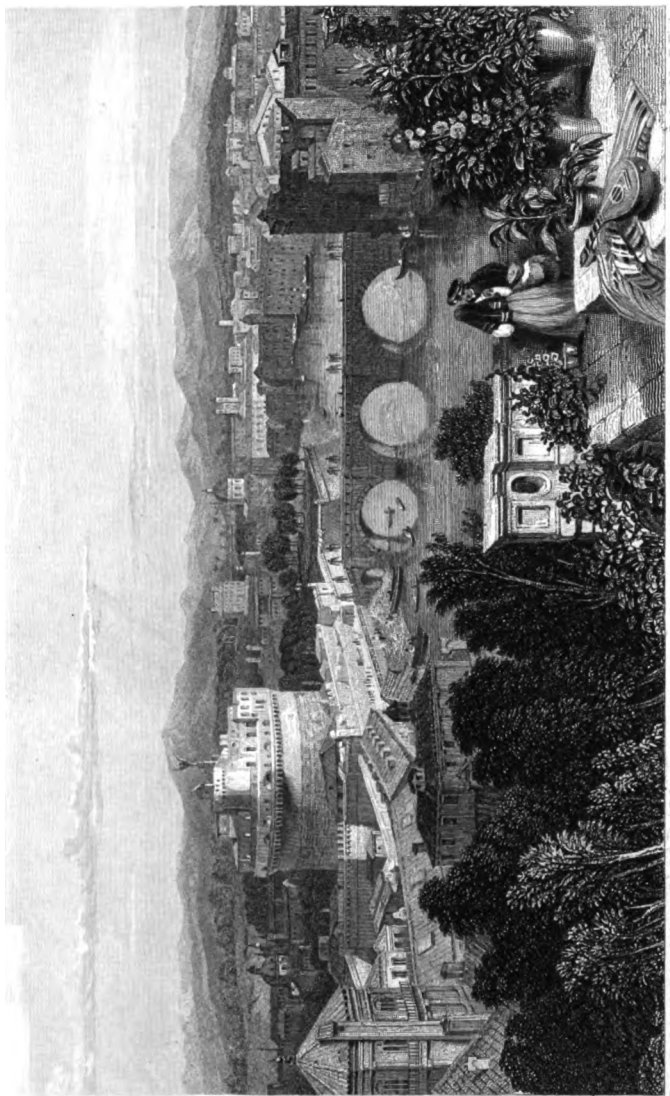
But no idea of magnitude or grandeur can be formed unless by an ascent to the summit. There are no flights of common steps apparently interminable, or dark and stifling staircases; but a broad paved road constructed *a cordoni* wide enough for the passage of a laden waggon, and of so gentle an ascent that horses go constantly up and down with their burdens. Arrived on the principal roof, there is a little village of workmen, with dwelling houses, heaps of implements and materials, fountains of water, and every other symptom of permanent residence. From this immense field of sheet lead, three domes arise like large churches, and the centre one is more like a hill. The architecture, ornaments, and proportions are perfect. From this, there begins a long series of short flights of steps and narrow passages of inclined planes. About half-way up, a doorway opens on a railed gallery running round the interior. The stupendous spectacle which bursts so suddenly on the view, produces on the mind a powerful impression of awe, solemnity, and overwhelming magnitude, growing larger and larger till it



the first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

the eleventh is the fact that the
the twelfth is the fact that the
the thirteenth is the fact that the
the fourteenth is the fact that the
the fifteenth is the fact that the

the sixteenth is the fact that the
the seventeenth is the fact that the
the eighteenth is the fact that the
the nineteenth is the fact that the
the twentieth is the fact that the
the twenty-first is the fact that the
the twenty-second is the fact that the
the twenty-third is the fact that the
the twenty-fourth is the fact that the
the twenty-fifth is the fact that the



Designed by E. Frickan

Engraved by G. Kneller, A. Kneller, & others, according to the original designs.

THE CITY OF ROME.

ends in bewilderment. The first moment I leaned and looked over, and down, I shuddered at the dim space below, but a steadier gaze showed me many fascinating wonders of beauty and grandeur. There were hundreds of people on the pavement, like so many diminutive specks moving along the field of marble.

From this point the next stage of ascent is to another inside gallery of smaller circumference at the top of the dome, and at the foot of the conical-shaped neck that surmounts it, called the lantern. Here the glimpse below is into a reeling dizzy vacancy, which is almost maddening when the eye plunges into it. Next, I ascended a wooden staircase, and then an iron ladder, inside the narrow stalk to the rod of the ball, against the very top of which I pressed my head; but as the metal was heated by the power of the sun, I soon withdrew it.

In coming down I enjoyed the view from the gallery which encircles the outside of the lantern, a view not surpassed either in the picturesque or beautiful, in stirring interest, in recollections of the past, or in striking objects of the present, or in undefined shadows of the future. Every point is a landmark of the world's history, the scene of classic fable, or the haunt of immortal genius. For miles on every side the melancholy *campagna* is spread out. Nearer, as if beneath the feet, lies the Eternal city itself—Rome ancient and modern, a tragic theatre. What a scene of silence and decay hovers around these time-worn palaces, grey ruins, and mouldering walls, and fallen bulwarks, all the emblems of mockery! What another scene of wealth and pomp, and grandeur and corruption, of temples, domes, and palaces, surrounding the ruins of this city of the *Cæsars*!

How true that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise: and things that are despised hath God chosen: yea, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are."

Again I remarked the silence and even solitude of the scene. The morning was now advancing; but, in surveying all below, I saw no smoke arising from a single factory, I heard scarcely a sound to denote the presence of a population congregated in a social state. The city stood silent, without the hum of industry, or any thing to bespeak gaiety. Rome, in short, seemed to be in a sort of physical stagnation; like a corpse lying in state, which strangers crowd to see and admire. Beyond the walls there was an immense plain, bounded to the south-west by the sea, to the south by the Latium mountains, to the east and north by the Sabine hills. There was the Alba-Longa, Hannibal's camp, the abodes of Horace, and Mæcenas, Adrian's villa, the site of Tusculum, the ruins of Palestrina, the Campus Martius, the seven hills, the capitol, rocks, caverns, pathways, surrounded with the halo of antiquity, touching the heart, and recalling many recollections. A belt of snow encircles the plain on either side. This is the crest of the Apennines, and the silver streams are branches and feeders of the Tiber.

The Coliseum, what a ruin! Yes, what a mighty ruin! Walls, palaces, and streets, have been reared from the materials of this gigantic building, and yet one wonders whether indeed it hath been plundered or merely cleared. Yonder, too, is the Tarpeian rock, beneath the capitol. Slowly the eye begins to take in the more distant objects of dazzling whiteness, beneath the rays of the brilliant sun. When told their names, how familiar! The very sound of these little

towns brings back the memory of ages, and beyond these, scattered along the verge of the plain, or revealed from amidst the shadows of the mountains, are seen again the more distant peaks of the snowy Apennines, towering above all. And there and everywhere is the classic Tiber. But there is no end of description here. Then let me go down to the pictures and frescoes of the Vatican.

And now for the Transfiguration, the last and best production of Raphael, which was hung over his bier as the body of the artist lay in state previous to its burial. Truly would it seem as if the pencil of that master had been dipt in the effulgence of light, so powerfully has he represented the visible glory of Him, "whose face did shine as the sun," and whose raiment became white as the light. The figures of Moses and Elias who talked with Jesus, and of the three disciples who seem overwhelmed with the heavenly vision, are admirably represented. But to write of these works of art, or of the statuary, all marvellous in their variety of form and attitude, in countless figures, were utterly impossible. Here galleries, gardens, churches, museums, statues, paintings, are seen and remembered like the brilliant medley of the kaleidoscope, and the words, "stupendous," "lovely," "exquisite," "divine," and such expressions, fail entirely to transmit to the mind any adequate impression.

I had read the Scriptures as applicable to the locality of St. Paul's bay at Malta, on the banks of the Nile and the Jordan, on the shores of the Red and Dead Seas, at Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Bethany, at Tyre and Sidon, at Carmel and Lebanon, and on a high rock of a Sabbath evening overlooking Athens, and the hill of Mars; but never did I peruse a portion of holy writ with more honest

conviction that it applied to the spot where I was for the time, than when in Rome I read St. John's vision of the great whore sitting on the scarlet-coloured beast, arrayed in purple and scarlet, with a golden cup in her hand, from the drinking out of which she was drunken with the blood of the saints. When from the top of St. Peter's I counted, as pointed out to me by a native Papist, the seven hills on which the city is built, viz. the Mons Palatinus, Capitólinus, Aventinus, Quirinalus, Cœlius, Viminalis, and Esquilinus, I trembled at the angel's interpretation to St. John of the mystery of the beast, and of his seven heads which are seven mountains on which the woman sitteth. And the ten horns are the ten kingdoms of modern Europe. "And the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication. And upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon the Great, The Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth." Yes; every street, every square, every church, every mass, the Pope, every cardinal, and every priest, the Vatican, its gardens and groves, fountains and fawns, were to my mind just so many interpretations of the mystery of the beast, and of the woman, the great whore, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth.—Rev. xvii.

When I observed the French and foreign troops parading in the squares at Rome, I thought of the following remarkable passage in Revelations: "Another beast that was, and is not, and yet even is, he is the eighth king—and when he cometh, he must continue a short space." And I said how

very exactly the present position of the land of Popery, as visited in 1851, verifies the fulfilment of this prophecy. "He who was, is not, and yet is." Such is the present Pope in every sense and signification. He was Pope as much as other Popes ever were since the time of St. Peter himself. "He is not." How was this fulfilled when he exchanged his proud pontifical robes, his precious stones, and pearls, for the livery of a footman! How exactly was the prophecy fulfilled, when he threw away from his hand the golden cup full of abominations and filthiness of fornication, and fled from the Vatican, and from his own dominions, to the fortress at Gæta, and to the kingdom of a foreign potentate! What a pity he did not come to Holyrood palace at Edinburgh. "And yet is." Now he is Pope,—but after what a fashion, and upon what terms! Can he now command Europe, and set his foot on the neck of kings, and have them to hold his stirrup-irons while he mounts his scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy? Let the words of the prophet answer, and then let the reader compare the facts with the predictions.

"And the ten horns which thou sawest are ten kings, which have received no kingdom as yet; but receive power as kings one hour with the beast. These have one mind, and shall give their power and strength unto the beast. For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled." What happened when the Pope was a prisoner and exile at Gæta? God diffused throughout the whole of Europe a feeling of pity for fallen monarchy, which induced even the Protestant Queen of England to write the Pope a letter of sympathy, and which prevailed on infidel France to

march troops into the Papal States, and it is by this protection that he has been permitted to return to the Vatican, and to act as Pope at this time. Thus is he Pope; and no Pope, but pinchbeck. "He is, and is not." He is Pope, and he is not Pope, but a puppet both of temporal and spiritual power. I was told in Rome by the people, that if the French troops were to be withdrawn for one twenty-four hours, the citizens would cut the throat of every priest in Rome, from the Pope down to the most insignificant mendicant friar. But for a time God has willed it otherwise. The ten kings have one mind, and they have given their power and strength unto the beast, for God hath put it into their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and to give their kingdom unto the beast until the words of God be fulfilled. When did the kingdoms of modern Europe agree so long before? Not in their history since their first existence. There has been peace in Europe now for nearly forty years, and how cordially did nations in all portions of Europe, and of all religions, and of no religion, agree in lending their united power and strength unto the beast, and to give him his kingdom again until the words of God be fulfilled!

How long matters are to remain in their present anomalous position at Rome it were presumptuous in any man to predict. With God one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. But this we know, that the time and times will be fulfilled, and Popery will fall like Lucifer, never to rise. These kings are to receive power with the beast, but for a limited period,—one hour. They shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them, for he is the Lord of hosts, and King of kings, and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful.

These kings are to agree only until the words of God are fulfilled, for after these things, says St. John, "I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory. And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues: for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities. Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double, according to her works: in the cup which she hath filled, fill to her double. How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her: for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her. And the kings of the earth, who have committed fornication, and lived deliciously with her, shall bewail her, and lament for her, when they shall see the smoke of her burning, standing afar off for the fear of her torment, saying, Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city! for in one hour is thy judgment come."

In the mean time Popery is gaining strength, and that especially in the island of Protestant, free, and unconquered

Great Britain. Our legislators are healing the wounds of the beast, they are protecting Popery and feeding her priests. They have endowed the college of Maynooth, and if we don't take care, they may also endow the Popish clergy. They have permitted a cardinal to insult our church and queen. They have mocked the Protestant people of England, by feeding their souls, when hungering after righteousness, with spiritual poison. Their late act of parliament is deceitful, and empty as the mirage of the desert. How has it been followed up by her majesty's ministers, and men of the long robes? What do Papists care for it? How do they insult the majesty of our law? Will any government, past, present, or to come,—whig, tory, or radical,—Christian, Jew, or infidel, put forth their paw to curb Popery? Will they withdraw the Maynooth grant? Will they repeal the Catholic emancipation bill? No, they will not: no, not one of them. The Duke of Wellington is pledged by what he said in 1829, when the Catholic emancipation bill was passed, to repeal it if it did not work. How has it worked, but for mischief—agitation, agitation, agitation—political power, and spiritual dominion, to destroy the reformed churches of our land. But still even his grace will not redeem his own word. And I repeat, that Popery will fall. The time and times will be accomplished; the words of God shall be fulfilled. And like as John saw the mighty Angel take up a stone, like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea; thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all. In saying all this, I write not as a politician, but as a Protestant.

The religious doctrines and practices maintained by the

church of Rome, as contained in the decrees of the Council of Trent and the Creed of Pope Pius IV. subjoined to it, seem to be a soul-destroying system. Popery is a powerful and popular device, the invention of man, and contrary to all Scripture and reason and evidence of the senses. The rule of faith which Rome practically imposes is the dogmas of a few of her own divines assembled in council. She professes to adopt Scripture and tradition, but she adds the authority of the church to both. Being distrustful as it were of her own imposed rule, she requires her members to abandon the exercise of their own judgment and to give implicit obedience to the church; i. e. those in communion with Rome. This is the prominent feature of the system; the very rallying point of Popery. But neither tradition nor the church ought to be the guide; the Bible is the only rule of faith. This Bible teaches us to be humble and mindful of death, broken in spirit, and contrite in heart, and to confess our sins before God, that we may obtain justification by faith in Jesus Christ through the aids of the Holy Spirit, and in the mercy of a merciful judge. But in spite of sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling, Popery teaches that her seven sacraments confer grace, *ex opere operato*, by the mere administration of them. These sacraments are Baptism, Eucharist, Confirmation, Penance, Extreme unction, Orders, and Marriage. But five of these were never instituted by Christ, or accompanied with an outward element.

The church of Rome teaches that Christ hath established a tribunal upon earth, for the pardon of sins, in which priests are the judges. Upon this supposed judicial power of the priest to forgive sins, is based the practice of auricular confession, in which every sinner whispers his sins into the ear

of a priest. Accordingly, at Malta and in Rome I saw long rows of stalls in which were seated fat sleepy-headed priests, and beside them, but out of the box, there were poor sinners pale and trembling, throng confessing with their mouths at the dull ear of the priest. Every stall has a signboard, and these are in all the different languages of Europe but the English, and as my son observed to me in the church of St. John in Valetta, this circumstance itself contained a whole volume of ecclesiastical history. I marked the striking contrast between the keen piercing eye of the penitent with the sharp, anxious, quivering features, and the sulky, listless, ogle, flabby, greasy face, and yawning mouth of the priest. But the sinners were old brown hags, shrivelled in the sun like burnt parchment, and the detail of their failings could scarcely be interesting to the pious and pure-minded saints of the church clothed in flesh. But what an awful infringement upon the prerogative of the Most High! How delicate in its character that mothers, daughters, and wives, must thus kneel at the foot of a young priest and narrate all their most secret thoughts and mortal sins! How many immoral results have flowed from these confessionals! How many priests have perished their own souls in this way, and as the natural consequence of their celibacy! The interrogations of the confessional are immoral and unhallowed, and the printed questions as to fornication, adultery, and incest, intended for the instruction of young communicants, are so full of the most obscene suggestions that they must not be transferred to these pages. The examination of conscience as prescribed in "The Garden of the Soul," a well known Romish Prayer Book, is so polluted and filthy as to be fit only for the abodes of hell.

The church of Rome teaches that baptism takes away original sin, and restores the soul to its first purity, and that justification is effected by it. It teaches that good works are meritorious; that justification can be increased, and that justification can be lost. Whereas in the Bible, justification, or the accounting of a sinner as righteous, is always united in the word of God with faith, and not with the mere performance of a rite. Christ, by his obedience unto death, has wrought out a righteousness for those who believe. Hence says the Apostle, "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification." Hence it is written, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Justification by baptism is wholly without authority in the Bible: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Good works are not meritorious: "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." "In thy sight shall no man living be justified." Not baptism, not penance, not purgatory, but faith is the instrument by which we are justified. "Therefore we conclude, that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law," Rom. iii. 28. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." "Not of works, lest any man should boast." Good works are the evidences and fruits of salvation, not in any case the cause. "By their fruits ye shall know them," Matt. vii. 20. "But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness," Rom. iv. 5. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost," Titus iii. 5.

The doctrine of the church of Rome as to the sacrament of the Lord's supper scarcely requires a confutation. She teaches that the bread and wine are actually converted at the dispensation of every sacrament into the body, blood, soul, and Godhead of Christ, and therefore the host and consecrated wafer are worshipped. But the passages of Scripture quoted in support of this dogma are figurative and spiritual. It is said, "this cup is the New Testament," "this is my body," but the cup is not literally the New Testament, therefore the bread is not literally the body. In a word, the literal acceptation of these passages would be contrary to common sense, and to Scripture use, and to the testimony of the senses; and to a certainty the host is made of flour and water, and baked in the oven. On the same principle, there can be no sacrifice of the mass in which the same Christ who was offered on the cross is offered for souls in purgatory as well as for the living.

The Council of Trent declares that there is a place of punishment called Purgatory, where the souls are confined immediately after death, previous to and preparatory for heaven. In this place of fiery torment the souls of the pious make expiation for a certain period, that an entrance may be opened, through the prayers of the faithful, the priests on earth, into that eternal country where nothing that defileth can enter. And money is paid by surviving friends to push their deceased relations through purgatory, and masses are made by the paid priests to help, and prayers are said, and alms offered up, by which they may be delivered. But it is evident that believers, on the contrary, when they die enter into their rest. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God,

an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," said Jesus to the malefactor on the cross. In the city of Leghorn, in the north of Italy, when coming out of the door of my brother's house with his daughter, there stood before me a Popish priest, so tall and thin, that he reminded me of "Praise God Barebones" among the Puritans in Cromwell's time. He held up a silver jug, and rattled the money which had been put into it by others, and asked me to contribute something, that he might offer masses and prayers for the souls of my departed relations; who, he assured me, were in purgatory. I refused, and said that many departed shades, and one lately gone, was so dear to me that I would give all I had to procure their salvation if money and masses could do it. But I told him, your own St. Peter says, "forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." He started as if I had stabbed him under the fifth rib with a stiletto; then the young lady told him, in better Italian than mine, that I was a Protestant.

The church of Rome divides religious worship so as to give God, the Virgin, and the saints, equal portions. She offers up prayers to the saints reigning with Christ, and their relics are held in veneration. In their idolatry they say, "Mary is our queen, our advocate, and mediatrix. Mary is the gate of heaven. Mary is the star which guides and

conducts us to the harbour of salvation. Mary is the mother of grace." We read in the Chronicles of St. Francis, that brother Leo once saw in a vision two ladders,—one red, at the top of which was Jesus Christ, and the other white, at the top of which stood the Virgin Mary. He observed that many who endeavoured to ascend the first ladder, after mounting a few steps fell down, and on trying again were equally unsuccessful, so that they never attained the summit. But a voice having told them to make trial of the white ladder, they soon gained the top, the Blessed Virgin having held forth her hands to help them. What an insult this to the all-merciful Jesus, "who ever liveth to make intercession for us, and who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him;" and who says, "Come unto me, all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." *

There is a work exhibiting extraordinary talent and vigorous expression, entitled "The Handbook of Popery, or Text-Book of Missions for the conversion of Romanists: being Papal Rome tested by Scripture, History, and its recent workings. By James Begg, D.D." Here the author has four objects chiefly in view. 1. To discuss within a small space the most salient points of the greatest controversy that ever agitated the Christian church. 2. To arrange the Protestant argument in a more logical order than sometimes exists. 3. To throw the whole question into a

* Glories of Mary, p. 176, Dublin, 1841, as quoted by Mr. Blakeney in his Manual of Romish Controversy—one of the best books I ever read, being a complete refutation of the Creed of Pope Pius IV. *Mulum in parvo*. In merit I rank this Manual with Butler's Analogy, Pilgrim's Progress, and Vincent on the Catechism. Mr. John Hope lets young abstainers and others obtain it at 1s. 6d. instead of 2s. 6d. the selling price. !!!

plain and popular shape, so that the masses of the people may understand it. 4. The proofs have been purposely taken, in so far as possible, from recent sources of evidence. The Dr. earnestly longs and prays for the salvation of Papists, and rejoices to find that many are at this moment, by the blessing of God, effecting their escape from the snare of the Romish fowler. He adds, "May the God of truth and love hasten the glory of the latter day, when 'every plant which His own right hand hath not planted shall be plucked up,' and 'all flesh shall see his salvation,' for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

I have seen an edition of the Psalms published in Rome, and sanctioned by Papal authority, 1834, where the words Lord and God are changed into those of the Virgin Mary. Take the following specimen from the third Psalm, which begins, "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me;" whereas, the Papists have it, "LADY, how are they increased that trouble me." Or take the hundred and forty-eighth Psalm, which begins, "Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens. Praise him in the heights;" whereas the Papists have it, "O praise our Lady of heaven. Praise her in the height." The Papists assign mercy to Mary, and justice to Jesus; therefore they fly to Mary with more confidence than to Jesus. Hence they thus accommodate the Psalms of David to the worship of the Virgin. In the same way Papists give religious worship to images, and to the holy wood of the cross, which they adore with kneeling, incensing, kissing, and chaunts, entreating the sweet wood and sweet nails to save them. And because the second commandment forbids the worship of images, they have scored out every word of it from their catechism; and

divided the tenth commandment into two commandments by way of keeping up the stated number. I have in my own possession a catechism of this sort, and in looking at it, I have often thought of the following words added by St. John to the end of the last book of the Holy Scriptures: "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."

It were endless even to mention one half of the gross errors and corruptions of the church of Rome, and of the Popish system of salvation. But justice and candour require a short reference being made here to the doctrine of indulgences, and to Popish sanction of persecution. Papists affirm that there is a superabundance of the merits of Christ and his saints, which may be applied by the Pope and priests for the remission of the temporal punishment of sin, and the relief of souls from purgatory. These indulgences are given to those who repeat certain prayers to the Virgin Mary, to saints, and guardian angels, who wear the cord of the order of St. Francis round the middle, which is blessed for the purpose, and also to those who wear the miraculous medal, struck off in obedience to the command of the Virgin in the year 1829. They have often also been sold for money, to any body and every body who had money to buy them, and had sins which they were desirous to indulge in with impunity. "If any man," said the sellers of these indulgences, "purchase letters of indulgence, his soul may rest secure

with respect to salvation." "The souls confined in purgatory, for whose redemption indulgences are purchased, so soon as the money tinkles in the chest instantly escape from that place of torment, and ascend into heaven." According to a book called the Tax of the Sacred Roman Chancery, in which are contained the exact sums to be levied for the pardon of each particular sin, some of the fees are stated thus:

For procuring abortion,	7s.	6d.
For taking a false oath,	9	0
For robbing,	12	0
For burning a neighbour's house,	12	0
For defiling a virgin,	9	0
For murdering a layman,	7	6
For keeping a concubine,	10	6

and so on. "Lo!" said these preachers of indulgences, "the heavens are open, if you enter not now, when will you enter? For twelve pence you may redeem the soul of your father out of purgatory, and are you so ungrateful that you will not rescue the soul of your parent from torment?" It was these indulgences which brought about the reformation in Germany, where Martin Luther first began to expose the fraud. Since that time the Pope has been more sparing in the selling of indulgences, but it is said that a great trade is still carried on with them to the Indies, where they are purchased at two reals apiece, and sometimes more according to the rate of the market. It is also said that a gentleman not long since being at Naples, in order that he might be fully certified respecting indulgences, went to the office, and for two sequins purchased a full remission of all sins for himself, and for any two or three persons of his friends, whose names he was empowered to insert.

On this subject take the following from Dr. Begg's Handbook of Popery. "As if it were not enough to overturn the gospel and subvert the law, to institute a training-school for vice in the confessional, and hold out a great encouragement to sin in absolution, Popery sells for money blank permissions to sin, which the purchasers may fill up according to their own minds. This whole system of indulgences brings to a climax the guilt of the Church of Rome, as a deliberate abettor of wickedness for the sake of gain. There is in it something so flagrantly criminal, that modern Papists have invented unfounded distinctions for the purpose of concealing its true nature; whilst, at the same time, in true keeping with the 'mystery of iniquity,' a traffic so lucrative is eagerly prosecuted.

"It can scarcely be necessary to refer to the assumption, that the holy Saviour has made over his merits to the keeping of a wicked and blasphemous priesthood. As to the supposed merits of creatures, they have no existence even in true saints, whose 'righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' As to the notion that any temporal punishment requires to be suffered by a true Christian washed in the blood of Christ, it is utterly unscriptural. And even if it were otherwise, there is not a shadow of ground for alleging that anything but the blood of Christ can cleanse or remove the punishment of sin, temporal or spiritual, here or hereafter. But this modified theory of indulgences is adopted simply to mislead; for the undoubted fact is, that Rome professes to have power to give men dispensations to commit sin, and this impious pretence is only a natural extension of the theory of priestly absolution. For if Rome can forgive sins after they are past, it does not seem unnatural to suppose

that she can also forgive them by anticipation, or before they are committed. It is only changing the date of the transaction. And that this is the true theory, is clear from history. The nature of indulgences first comes out at the time of the crusades, whose object it was to recover the Holy Land from the infidels. Those who engaged in that war were promised the forgiveness of all their sins; and as Mahomet had promised immediate admission into heaven to all who should die fighting for him, the Pope, in order not to be behind Mahomet, made a similar promise to all his warriors.

“As a system of professed religion, the whole thing is monstrous. The only adequate description of it is that of Scripture, which represents the agents of this system as ‘having their consciences seared as with an hot iron,’ and as setting themselves ‘above all that is called God, or that is worshipped.’ But as a political device for prostrating nations at the feet of the priesthood, mark how perfect the whole system is! By absolution, they claim the power of wiping out all past guilt. By confession, they lay bare before them all the present secrets of men’s souls. By indulgences, they claim a power greater than that of God, and over all the future. It was only last year that Bishop Gillies of Edinburgh published an offer of indulgences on certain usual conditions, of which the priests know so well how to avail themselves.”

One paragraph more. Dominus Dens and Saint Thomas Aquinas teach that as murderers should be put to death, so should heretics; and those are heretics who deny any article of Pope Pius IV.’s creed. The object of the third canon of the fourth council of Lateran, recognised by modern authorities, the Diocesan synods, and the Epitome

of the works of Benedict XIV., published in the works of Dens, in 1832, at Dublin, and of Lignore, is the complete extirpation of those who do not submit to the teaching of Rome. In consequence of this horrid principle thus solemnly established in council, terrible persecutions have been carried on in Germany since the Reformation, by which the blood of Protestant saints has been made to flow like rivers of water. It were better, however, to refrain from reciting these dreadful scenes of horror, cruelty, and devastation, and even to show what superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism are capable of producing. But this single remark may certainly be made in all sincerity, that were Rome ever to gain the ascendancy in England, for which she is struggling so hard at present, then persecution, the rack, the torture, and the stake would become as common as before. There is not a country under heaven to which the church of Rome has given religious liberty. One word more of advice: let travellers beware of going to Rome, or at any rate of remaining long in that city of spiritual temptation. I trembled for a time at some of the sights and sounds; then I saw and heard these with complacency, then with pleasure and desire to see and hear them again. When I shut my eyes in the splendid Vatican, at one of the high masses, and listened to the gorgeous sounds of the grand music, verily I thought I was going by railway to heaven in a first-class carriage well cushioned, and altogether very comfortable. But I began to feel that I had taken my seat in a down train, and I left Rome as fast as I could for fear.

The new position which Popery has taken in Britain and Ireland cannot fail to have opened the eyes of many who formerly regarded it as harmless, because powerless. At

all events we have been fairly warned. Louis Vaulot, a distinguished French Jesuit, has plainly told us that we are "on the eve of a recommencement" of crusades for the extermination of Protestants. And at home the priests, with that ferocious creature, Dr. Cahill of Londonderry, at their head, have been no less explicit in their information, telling us, in so many words, that wherever they *can*, and shall think it *expedient*, they will certainly "hang" all of us. What effect such threats and training is likely to have upon an ignorant, excitable, and superstitious people, it is not difficult to imagine. They are now taught to regard the slaughter and plunder of the people called Protestants as a meritorious act—a religious duty. For my part, I can see no common sense course open to Protestants, but forthwith to put an end to all such teaching.

But notwithstanding all the temptations of Popery before me, I did not fail to inspect in detail the ruins of ancient Rome, and also the statuary and paintings in St. Peter's, the Pope's palace, and in the churches and galleries everywhere. I went on high again for another bird's eye view, and saw the vast campagna so fertile in producing an annual harvest of malaria and death, when I thought it might be drained to produce corn. I visited the capitol; the triumphal arch dedicated by the people and the senate to Septimius Severus, the temples of Fortune and of Concord, famous for the assemblies that the senate held within its walls; the portico of Antoninus, the arches belonging to Titus, and in commemoration of Constantine's victories, Trajan's basilica, Vespasian's circus, where the Romans feasted their ears on the frightful shrieks of their fellow-creatures torn to pieces by wild beasts as a pastime. I saw hundreds

other such vestiges of Rome's former magnificence. The vast size of the Coliseum, and all its complete ruins, has not diminished its grace and beauty. It was one of the grandest works of man on earth, almost equal to St. Peter's, and inferior only to the Pyramids. But this primal wonder, the centre of all that is left of the most beautiful amidst ancient Rome, is degraded by a variety of trumpery crucifixes and paltry representations of our Saviour's passion, erected round the area of this majestic ruin. This disgusted my eye, and vexed my heart. I went round and through the ruined palace of Julius Cæsar, led by an obliging cicerone, who rode in my hired carriage while I walked for the most part. It might be taken for a fortress, it is so encircled with solid walls. I noticed the elm, the laurel, the fig-tree, brambles and thistles and nettles growing in wild confusion all around. On its top, cabbages and artichokes and other classic vegetables grow. But here once dwelt Catilina and the Gracchi, and there are the gilded palace of Nero, and the magnificent baths of Livia. Here kings attended of old as courtiers, and waited the favour of a smile from one of the twelve Cæsars, and crowds of flatterers filled these squares, the swelling sounds of melodious instruments were heard amidst these delicious gardens, and the noisy voice of revelry burst from these windows. But now I saw nought but a few solitary goats; yes, on the high pinnacle of that turret where the Roman eagle was formerly perched, and from whence it looked down upon the whole known world, there sat an aged and ill-omened owl, and the minute I saw it, I noted the circumstance, and said, this goes into the Book. I marked another striking contrast, the French troops were drilling and drumming all around the ruins of Cæsar's palace, and in his

delicious groves, anciently ornamented with the masterpieces of Grecian statuary, and I thought that if a ghost were only permitted to revisit Rome, he would have given me, with the help of his ninth legion, a running commentary on the words, *Omnis Gallia divisa est in tres partes*.

I left Rome about five o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived again at Civita Vecchia about five o'clock in the morning, and in plenty of time to get breakfast, and to have my passport adjusted. Once more upon the waters in another French steamer, bound for Livorno, or Leghorn, as it is called by Englishmen, the voyage was alike devoid of comfort, incidents, and disasters. The vessel was crowded and crammed in every locality. My bed would not have been roomy enough for my coffin, had I been properly stretched out as corpses generally are. Every thing was scarce, dirty, and dear.

The only incident at all interesting when sailing along the coast of Tuscany, was the little island of Elba. We approached it on the afternoon of a Sabbath, past several islands in size and situation not unlike the Liliputian empire of the fallen sovereign. I soon found that nothing could be more provoking, than to ask one of the officers, or the man at the wheel, or even one of the crew, whether that headland before us was Elba; how many leagues it was to it; when we would reach it. Was it like a prison? Why was Napoleon sent to it? What a pity it was he broke out of jail, to be defeated at Waterloo, and sent to die like a mangy old dog on the barren rock of St. Helena, belonging to the English. At last it became evident that Elba was undoubtedly direct ahead of us. Being still off the coast of Tuscany, the sky was quite Italian, and as the French were singing and gambling below, I stood upon the deck that I might see every

feature of what Bonaparte called his "very little island," and also that I might once more enjoy another gorgeous sunset, unlike the dim, dirty, coppery warming-pan appearance of the sunset in Scotland, even of a summer evening, and on the face of a cloudless sky, not of oriental indigo, but of a slaty water and milk hue. On that occasion the sun went down like a bridegroom coming into his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to finish his race. This my last sight, probably for life, of the Mediterranean sunset was exactly over the island of Elba, and I was pleased to see that it was altogether almost as rich as I had seen it from the hill over Athens, or from the sea off Patmos; but the associations were neither so pious, nor pure, nor classical, but very interesting still.

The country seemed to be mountainous, and to have all the florid vegetation of Italy, but in general of a more romantic character. It seemed to be liberally productive of vines, olives, fruits, and maize, and altogether to possess much both of beauty and variety. I halted at Porto Ferrajo, the principal town of Elba, which has a very fine harbour right under the batteries, and saw the Hotel de Ville to which poor Bonaparte was conducted by the governor, the prefect, and other official persons of the island, preceded by a wretched band of fiddlers. Here did he illustrate his memorable remark, "that there was but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous." But to the mind of a truly religious man, this was probably a more sublime sight, because humbling, than when he rode in the panoply of war, in front of his battalions at the field of Waterloo, with all the martial bands playing national airs as he passed them in succession. Little knowing, or probably disguising, the rest-

less and powerful turning of his mind, he spoke of himself as politically dead, and professed his intention to devote himself exclusively to science and literature. But the Lord of Hosts had more work for him still, and another battle in store to humble him, and another prison for him, where he was destined to endure exile and death.

But the four and twenty hours were got over, and we reached the harbour of destination in the vigour of active health. The bustle of a thriving well-frequented port struck me very forcibly; signs of traffic were observable everywhere, and in this free port there were ships of all nations. The number of foreigners who resort thither as a general mart surprised me. The Babel of tongues was hardly less striking than the variety of dresses, both giving the scene something of an oriental cast. In this Amsterdam of Italy I had little difficulty with my luggage or with anything else, but in finding the house of my brother, who has retired here on his half-pay as a surgeon of the navy, and to practise a little as an English physician. When I did reach his habitation I was disappointed to find that he had left some time before for London to see the exhibition, and to return on a pleasure jaunt through Germany. But his daughters were exceedingly hospitable and affectionate, while I remained for days to refit my linens, and so forth, for the rest of the journey.

I reckoned myself fortunate in having been introduced here to Mr. Thomson, a countryman of my own, who for many years has kept in Leghorn one of the best hotels in Italy,—meaning by the term one of the cheapest, best frequented by families of rank, and most elegant and comfortable any English gentleman and his family could desire anywhere. Mr. Thomson himself is one of the most intelli-

gent, sagacious, and obliging men I ever met. Since my return to Scotland I have heard but one opinion of this establishment, and strong expressions of gratitude and respect to Mr. Thomson and his family from travellers of every variety; and I feel that it would be ungrateful in me to remain silent in merely doing justice to an individual who deserves my warmest thanks. Mr. Rae Wilson, in his *Records of his Route through France and Italy*, says, p. 133, "His house is managed with the greatest order and regularity: and affords all those conveniences which an Englishman values more than ever after experiencing the want of them in other countries."

There is little to be seen in Leghorn; but I visited the Jewish synagogue, and also the English burying-ground, a spacious area handsomely laid out, and well kept up, and enclosed by low walls and iron rails. I was desirous to see the spot which covers the mortal remains of the celebrated and eccentric novelist, Tobias Smollett. Among the many others interred here whose memory is dear to every Englishman, is Francis Horner. I had also much pleasure in visiting the hospitable manse of Dr. Stewart of the Free Church, in every respect one of the most influential Englishmen, not in Leghorn only but in the north of Italy. All the English residents respect, and most of them attend, his ministrations. His Lady, a daughter of Lord Cockburn, retains, with all her aristocratic feelings and Italian polish, a warm heart for everything coming from her native Scotland.

In approaching Pisa, I observed the lofty tower, whose peculiar appearance told me at once the name of the town. Pisa has a historic charm, and calls up a thousand images of grandeur now gone, of high achievements and of

characters familiar to us in the poem of Dante. But Pisa is not what it formerly was in the time of the free and formidable republic. It was the first of the Roman colonies which united itself to the Empire, so it was the first to assert its independence. It took a very prominent part in the crusades, and not only became a formidable rival to Genoa, but so early as the tenth century it was the head of all Tuscany, and soon after the Pisans were masters of the Mediterranean. But now it is fallen in population to one-tenth of what it was in its prosperity. It has a silent and deserted look, destitute of gaiety and bustle. But it is still distinguished by the course of the Arno, which intersects the city, and flows along between spacious quays on which stand palaces and palace-like houses. There is an air of picturesque grandeur in the architecture of the buildings which are lofty and of solid construction. The streets are spacious, well paved, and clean, quite equal to Florence itself. The Duomo is an extraordinary pile, presenting a grand inlay work, carved columns, and marbles of different colours, and a variety of mosaics, of which our Gothic architecture affords no instance. Nearly in a line with the front of the Duomo stands the baptistry, filled to the depth of about ten feet with earth brought from the Holy Land by the crusaders, and a little to the south of its eastern end the eye catches the campanile, remarkable for its inclination out of the perpendicular; reminding me of the court of Teinds in Scotland, starving the clergy and their families. And on the north side of the area, containing these three buildings, is the exterior of the Campo Santo, all prodigies of art, which carry with them the impress of the period when they were reared.

Rattling again along the railway, I halted for the day at

San Mineato, a few miles from the station, and remarkable for its beauty and rural simplicity. Here a very high pinnacle of a hill rises in the shape of a sugarloaf from the plain, having a large tower on the top of it. After tea and before sunset, I ascended them both, guided by my friend Francisco Corsi, his wife, his mother, and sister. Here the whole of Tuscany lay flat before me, like a picture, and the whole course of the Arno from the sea up through Pisa, and up through Florence, and up still to its sources towards the Apennines. The whole scene is one of the richest and most varied in Europe. Every spot is full of classical and historical recollections, with all of which my friend was familiar. Again the beams of the setting sun lightened all the vales, and cast its golden rays with great effect through the gorges of the mountains. The streets and squares of Florence, of Pisa, and of Livorno, were distinctly traced almost at our feet, while Genoa, and the islands of Corsica, Elba, and even Sardinia were pointed out in the far distance.

The glorious semicircle of the Apennines met my eye all around, their numerous soft swellings and deep cavities, rich in the sunshine and shade of the setting sun of this gorgeous climate, were peculiar features of the scene. Then I gazed on the palace-like villas around Florence, and upon the countless dwellings of every rank nestling in the mountain hollows, and spreading out their bright variety through every field of this great Tuscan garden. Yonder was the far-famed hill of Fiesoli, most beautiful in its isolated elevation, beautiful in its bold outline, beautiful by the convent that crowns its summit and the tower beneath it, and far more beautiful still by the poetic halo that has settled around it, and which can never fade while language lasts

and hills endure, with historic and poetic reminiscences all alive. How pretty and how peaceful did Florence appear in the evening sunshine, and what a bustling succession of recollections crowded over my mind! And I thought of my amiable, pious, and active friend and fellow-labourer in the vineyard, the Rev. Dr. Black of the Barony, Glasgow, and I said, Peace be to his mortal remains, his soul is in paradise.

Another rattling trip on the same railway brought me next day in two hours' time to Florence, and I thought of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio as I beheld its towers, and that of the Palazzo Vecchio and the majestic dome of Brunelleschi. Here the traveller unconsciously stands still and gazes with wonder and delight at everything he sees within and without. I have no space now to describe the Duomo, the dome of which suggested to Michael Angelo the idea of that of St. Peter's, the Baptistry, the Campanile, the Sasso de Dante, the Arno, with the paltry appearance of which shallow, broken, lazy river I was much disappointed. Then in this city there are pictures among the finest in the world, in vast profusion everywhere; so many of which crowd on the memory, that it is difficult to select, and impossible even to name;—the Salvator landscapes, the conspiracy of Catiline, the Madonna della Seggiola, so gentle, sweet, and fond; then the landscapes of Rubens, the picture of the Fates by Michael Angelo, Murillo's Madonna, the portraits by Titian, Vandyke, and Rubens, Raphael's three portraits in one composition, Leo X. in the midst. But I may stop at once, for it is impossible to select favourites out of such crowds of perfection. But amid this world of wonders, I took care to see the Venus de Medicis, a work so marvellous as to have sustained its fame for ages. I am no judge of such works of

exquisite art, but I felt at once that there was about this little statue a retiring modesty, unoffending simplicity, and gentle delicacy, a purity, and a grace beyond the reach of art. A miracle seems to be attached to the formation of this worshipped marble. There are figures of the dancing fawns, of the knife-grinder, the Apollino, the wrestlers, the forms, positions, and attitudes of which I shall never forget, and cannot describe. Here too is the Laurentian library, where is deposited the oldest manuscript of Virgil extant, and the Pandects, the original of all the Pandects past, present, and to come,—a Horace which belonged to Petrarch, and a finger of Galileo stolen from his coffin. In returning from the railway station I had a view from one of the bridges, that of the Santa Trinita, up and down the river very charming, and equal to the one I had long ago from the bridge at Dresden. Here the Arno looks best.

But enough of Italy, for I am off on the waves again, and for the Island Corsica, where I halted mainly because it was the birth-place of Napoleon. But Napoleon more properly belonged to Florence than to Corsica, and the armorial bearings of the family are to be seen on several houses in that city. During one of the civil wars the family were exiled from Tuscany and took refuge in Corsica. Hence this mountainous island was destined to derive its future importance chiefly from the circumstance, that in it Bonaparte was born. His father was educated at Pisa to the study of the law, and is said to have possessed a talent for eloquence, and a vivacity of intellect which he transmitted to his son. As a patriot and soldier he assisted Paoli against the French. But Napoleon took his character from his mother, who was a woman of great firmness of mind. Shortly before she was delivered of the

future emperor she accompanied her husband on horseback in some of the military expeditions. We read with interest that his mother's good constitution and bold character of mind having induced her to attend mass upon the day of his birth, she was obliged to return home immediately, and as there was no time to prepare a bed, she was delivered of the future victor on a sofa, covered with an ancient piece of tapestry representing the heroes of the *Iliad*. I saw the tower of Ajaccio where he was born, and also the country retreat of the family during the summer. Going along the sea shore from Ajaccio towards the island Sanquimere, about a mile from the town occur two stone pillars, the remains of a door-way leading up to a dilapidated villa formerly belonging to Madame Bonaparte. The house is approached by an avenue overhung by shrubs which luxuriate in this fine country. Almost enclosed by the wild olive, the cactus, the clematis, and the almond-tree, is a very singular and isolated granite rock, called Napoleon's grotto. This was Bonaparte's frequent retreat, when the vacations of the Royal Military School at Brienne, at which he studied, permitted him to visit home. It is said in the island that the ominous plaything of the boy was the model of a brass cannon weighing about thirty pounds. "We leave," says Sir Walter Scott, "to philosophers to inquire, whether the future love of war was suggested by the accidental possession of such a toy, or whether the tendency of the mind dictated the selection of it: or lastly, whether the nature of the pastime, corresponding with the taste which chose it, may not have had each their action and reaction, and contributed between them to the formation of a character so warlike." But these circumstances, and the line of study which was fortunately

opened up by the governor of Corsica interesting himself in the young Napoleon, whereby he was brought up for the engineer and artillery service, were the doings of the Almighty, to fit him for the work to which, like Cyrus, he was appointed beforehand.

Having crossed the Gulf of Genoa, we steered into the Gulf of Lyons, skimming along the coast of France, and so near Toulon, that we could almost have pitched a biscuit at the batteries. I thought of the siege where Bonaparte and Junot and Duroc became known to one another, and where the dauntless Sir Sydney Smith set the French ships on fire. The rising conflagration growing redder and redder, seemed at length a great volcano, amid which were long distinctly seen the masts and yards of the burning vessels. At once a shock like that of an earthquake, occasioned by the explosion of many hundred barrels of gunpowder, silenced all noise save its own, and threw high into the midnight heaven a thousand blazing fragments, which descended threatening ruin where they fell. It was upon this night of terror, conflagration, tears, and blood, that the star of Bonaparte first ascended the horizon: and although it gleamed over many a scene of horror ere it set, it may be doubtful whether its light was ever blended with those of one more awful.

After passing Toulon, and when within a league of Marseilles, I was sitting on deck in a clear calm morning of lovely repose, chatting gayly with a loquacious Frenchman, when a momentary bolt of wind lifted up my broad-brimmed straw-hat, which I purchased in Malta when outward bound, and wore through all the regions of the east, and carried it and my wig in the crown of it, over into the ocean. I made an effort to save it, and might have fallen overboard had not

Monsieur caught me, crying out, *Mon Dieu* so loud that every body turned round. These well-worn relics of my pilgrimage had scarcely fallen into the sea, when a monster of the deep, with a mouth like a mill-door, snapped them down to the bottom. I was right glad that my head was not in it. My black hat which I had taken from Europe had perished long before, so that I put a large white handkerchief round my head like a turban, and being dressed from top to toe in white linen well-washed at Leghorn, I landed at the focus of French commerce with the Levant altogether in the costume of a Turk. But I soon bought another straw-hat, which is now snug in the manse, to be forthcoming on some warm summer day when I visit my son William, who has taken a store-farm on the coast of the Western Highlands.

On landing at Marseilles, innumerable indications of wealth and *bien-être* of the inhabitants manifested the mercantile importance of the place and the luxury and civilization which are the concomitants of successful trade. The harbour is magnificent, but it is the most offensive smelling-place in Europe. There being no tide in the Mediterranean, there are no natural means of carrying off the filth which accumulates from the ships in harbour. I spent a day at Marseilles, and took care to get my passport properly adjusted, and both as to the passport and the luggage I found the authorities very civil.

I went up to Avignon, following the beautiful windings of the rushing Rhone, pausing on my way before many a shrine worthy the devotion of a classic mind. There were the stately amphitheatres of the Romans, the fortifications of the Saracens, the donjons of many a noble knight and crusader, palaces and watch-towers all in ruins. And with what a

lavish hand nature has scattered her fairest gifts! Art also has bestowed its most enduring monuments upon this southern land of France, still the rival of resplendent Italy. The vineyards were ripening for the winepress. The earth, the sea, and the skies, were deepening into the warm-toned gorgeous tints of autumn, and all seemed so soft, so fair, and bright, that no cold and colourless words could delineate the beauties of the scenes. I gazed wistfully at every bend of the railway on the blue bays of the Mediterranean, and I took my last look of it with extreme regret. I had floated so long on its waves, I had seen so much on its shores, and often felt so intensely all its beauties, classic reminiscences, and religious impressions; but still I was glad to shut myself out for ever from everything of the sort, and resign myself to the solitary and social pleasures of my own family, to the steady discharge of my parochial duties, and to a habitual preparation for eternity. Now I noticed, for the first time during fourteen weeks, that the sun set in a rich drapery of scarlet-coloured clouds, gorgeous no doubt, but it was no longer the sunset I had so often admired.

Still winding up the Rhone, hills, and rocks, and crags, rise from the margin of the river, crowned with many a noble ruin, the relics of feudal France, and old baronial castles which played their part as important fortresses in the days when Provence was a separate sovereignty governed by its counts. Valence, Tournon, and Vienne, considerable towns on the immediate banks of the river, are reached before coming to Avignon. The windings of the river, doubling round a variety of sudden turns, add much to the beauty of this ancient and interesting place. The fine old turreted

walls and massive towers indicate the grandeur of the place, and render the approach extremely imposing.

The murder of Marshal Brune, with its horrid cruelties, and their ill-usage of Bonaparte on his way to Elba, showed how high party spirit ran here in favour of the Bourbons. Here the fallen Emperor heard the execrations of "Perish the tyrant!" "Down with the butcher of our children!" To avoid assassination the ex-emperor disguised himself as a postilion, anxiously altering from time to time the mode of his dress. The mob brought him his own effigy dabbled with blood, and stopped his carriage till they displayed it before his eyes. The unkindness of the people seemed to make much impression on him: he even shed tears.

When passing through the fertile provinces of the Nivernois and the Bourbonnais, I remembered Sterne's Sentimental Journey. But his eloquent postilions, his interesting maniacs, and the graceful peasant girls with which he peopled his pages, were the inventions of a prolific brain. But notwithstanding the pathos of his language, his mind was sadly perverted, and there is much to blame in his writings. We entered Lyons, so beautifully situated at the confluence of two fine rivers and in the midst of a lovely country. It is the second city of France, with splendid quays, noble public buildings, great wealth, and flourishing commerce, but it is dirty, miserable, and degraded-looking.

Through lands teeming with corn, wine, and oil, and after a long and toilsome journey, I reached Fontainebleau, and visited the royal chateau, and whether it is considered in regard to its regal pile, or its historical recollections, or the beauty of its surrounding scenery, it is very interesting. Bonaparte signed here his act of abdication, 3d April, 1814,

and a brass plate is affixed to the table on which the event took place. By the by, what splendid roads he constructed in the south of France, and what enormous docks he reared at Antwerp! I was quite surprised when I saw them a dozen of years ago. Certainly he was a great man, a man of a thousand years.

But Paris is at last in sight. It is a huge flat tame city, full of gaiety, profligacy, infidelity, and radicalism. What a crowd of military, not less than a hundred and twenty thousand! But everybody has been at the exhibition in 1851, and they have seen Paris, and I need say nothing of it. Besides, the space allotted me is now filled up; when writing this it is far past midnight; everybody is in bed hours ago; the fire has burnt out; there is not half-an-inch of candles before me; my feet are cold; and to-morrow morning I must start by six o'clock to attend the General Assembly, of which I happen to be an insignificant member. So, without saying a word of Versailles, which I visited on the day of the eclipse, or of anything else in France, I must bid the reader good morning, and get into bed as snugly as I can. Now, although I say it, that should not say it, I have made out as long and interesting a journey in as short a time, and on as little expense (averaging a sovereign a day for four months), as any white man not an American ever accomplished. But whether I have written as good a volume or no it is a different story.

EDINBURGH:

MILLARTON AND MACNAE, PRINTERS, LEITH WALK.

U.S. DEC 9 1937



